

# Turning News Into Movies: The Making Of the Deal

The hottest-selling items in Hollywood these days are sequels and headlines. There was a time when studios and producers took chances and risked a lot of money on an original script or an unknown actor. They'd spend their time talking about their commitment to new talent and the pursuit of art. But the I.R.S. helped put a stop to much of that, ruling that movies are no longer first-rate tax shelters. Today, producers must have winners each time out. The result: they play it safe.

And what's safer than a pretested property? Remake *King Kong* or make the Gary Gilmore story. Dust off *A Star Is Born* or take an option on *Entebbe*. A sequel cashes in on an idea that has already demonstrated its box-office appeal. When a property starts as a news story, it receives press attention beyond the wildest dreams of a William Morris agent. Walter Cronkite himself teases your film—for free. Barbara Walters. *The New York Times*. *Time* and *Newsweek*. Every time Gary Gilmore made noise, his life story (ponder that one) jumped in potential box-office value.

Unlike sequels, movies from headlines have no simple genesis. The news epic requires a complex deal. And on the next pages, *Esquire* shows what might happen (although in this case it did not) to a typical story that starts in your local paper and ends up in your neighborhood theater. Some of the names have been changed to protect exclusive life stories. Other names are real, since many of these people could not have been invented. The phenomenon itself is *very* real: as you read this, negotiations are proceeding for movies or TV movies about reporter Don Bolles and the circumstances surrounding his death; gas-station operator Melvin Dummar and the Howard Hughes fortune; Richard Speck; and the Peter Reilly murder case, to name just a few.

How do they happen? They begin with an item in the newspaper—big or small—like the one below. From then on, it's not unlike a Chinese fire drill.

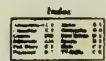
SIDNEY, Neb., Oct. 8 (UPI)—Skunks by the hundreds have invaded this town of 8,000 people since the start of summer, causing extensive property damage and raising concern among state public-health officials.

The reason for the sudden invasion is not known, though some town officials speculate that recent drought conditions have dried up the animals' rural water supplies, forcing the pests to come into town for water. The skunks have also found a large supply of grubs nearby, which they feed on avidly.

The police department reports that town officers have shot nearly 200 skunks so far.

The news story on the previous page offers the bare facts, ingredients enough for a promising thriller. Except for one thing: movies based on real life invariably involve *somebody's* real life, and that somebody, claiming to own all rights to his life, will want to make a killing by selling them off to the right packager. In this case, say there's somebody named Warren Grubbs, a veterinarian and part-time justice of the peace, who, throughout the skunk scare, handled the media, maintained calm and generally kept the faith, until a divine solution came to Sidney, Nebraska: it rained.

**1** To most newspapers, the Sidney story qualifies as a bottom-of-the-page filler item at best. However, one or two papers, those that butter their bread with this kind of thing, play it for all it is worth—and more. Warren Grubbs gets his name in the paper for the first time.



## The Daily Dispatch

LATE CITY EDITION

POL. CTRY. (IN 47/51)

IN CTRY

### Terror Skunk Invasion: Town Holds Breath

**2** Two days later, Barbara Walters closes her evening newscast with a short item about the skunk invasion. Warren Grubbs is mentioned by name.



Walters

**3** Magazines are searching for relatively small, interesting stories that they can blow out of proportion. In this case, Larry Goodhart, a newspaperman from Lincoln, looking for extra dough to cover his alimony payments, sells four thousand words to an aggressive, public-spirited news-feature magazine. The story is put on the cover when Robert Sam Anson's epic profile of The Fonz is detained in the mail.





**4** An assistant to independent producer David Susskind reads half the *New Times* story, clips it, forwards it to Susskind with a covering memo about Warren Grubbs. Susskind reads half the memo and takes a movie option, paying Grubbs \$2,500 for exclusive use of his role in the Sidney skunk invasion.



Susskind

**5** Susskind sends the clipping to an unnamed and unknown screenwriter, who writes a ten-page story treatment, its working title: "The Big Stink." Susskind sends it by courier to the West Coast, asking the advice of the prominent agent Sue Mengers. She immediately replies: "It's got a chance if you can get Nicholson, Hoffman or De Niro." Susskind wonders about Chevy Chase; the suggestion is pooh-pooed by Mengers.



Mengers



Nicholson



Hoffman



De Niro

**6** Represented by literary agent Scott Meredith, writer Larry Goodhart gets a book contract from Simon & Schuster (advance against royalties: \$7,000). Meredith quickly sends Goodhart's outline to Evart Ziegler, another prominent West Coast movie agent.

**7** Beginning his research for the book, Goodhart requests an interview with Warren Grubbs. Grubbs refuses, on the advice of his lawyer. "It's my life," Grubbs says. "I own it and I've already sold it to some fella in New York. If anyone's gonna make money off of it, it's me."



Yablans

Meanwhile, back in Hollywood, Robert De Niro agrees to play the part of Warren Grubbs. But Susskind won't—or says he won't—meet De Niro's price. Mengers has lunch at The Polo Lounge with Frank Yablans, a hot producer for Twentieth Century-Fox. He learns of the skunk project. Yablans can and will meet De Niro's price; he buys the property from Susskind, who's off trying to sign Brando for a film about Wounded Knee.

**9** Yablans signs Stirling Silliphant to write the screenplay. He also signs Jacqueline Bisset and Art Carney for supporting roles.



Silliphant



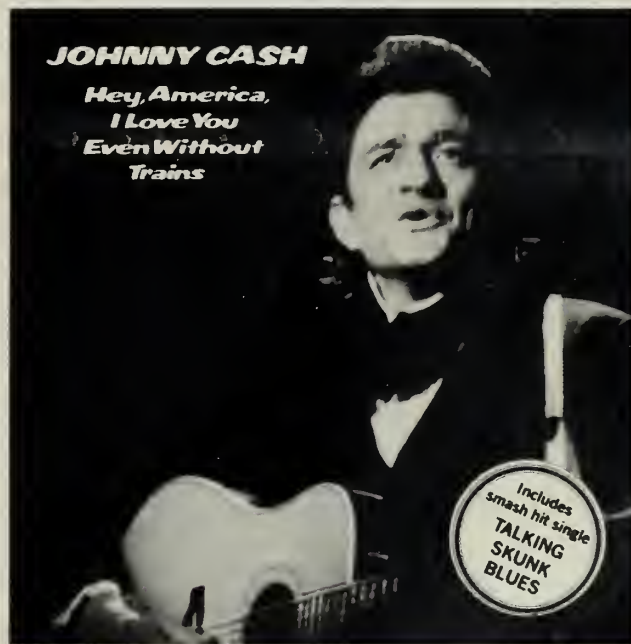
Bisset



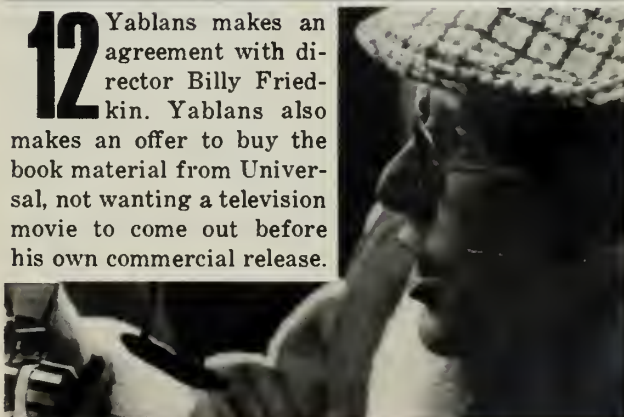
Carney

**10** Across town, Universal Studios buys the rights to the Meredith-Goodhart outline for a made-for-TV movie. (Universal is not aware that Goodhart's book, without Grubbs's cooperation, has run into difficulty and that somebody or other has forgotten to mention it.)

**11** Nashville gets into the act. Music and lyrics by Shel Silverstein.



**12** Yablans makes an agreement with director Billy Friedkin. Yablans also makes an offer to buy the book material from Universal, not wanting a television movie to come out before his own commercial release.



Friedkin

**13** Universal declines. Warren Grubbs sues Universal for the unauthorized use of his life story. "If I told you once I told you a million times," he says, "I own it. If anyone's gonna make money off of it, it's me."

**14** Stirling Silliphant gives the screenplay to Yablans, who loves it. The screenplay is called *Stink!* Yablans shows it to De Niro, who hates it. Silliphant refuses to make changes. To placate his star, Yablans brings in screenwriter Robert Towne to revise. Yablans can live with the revised script. De Niro can't. Yablans regretfully releases De Niro and signs Chevy Chase.

**15** James Brady commissions Marie Brenner to write a story on the movie infighting for *New York* magazine.

## Why Hollywood's Holding Its Nose

by Marie Brenner

"You just wouldn't believe it," said one veteran insider. "There are so many rotten egos you can smell them as far as The Polo Lounge...."

**16**

Jann Wenner fires three of his top editors when the Brenner story appears and causes a sensation. "Assholes!" he is quoted as shouting. "Why didn't we have that?"



Wenner

**17** Nora Ephron writes an *Esquire* Media column about the firings.

*Nora Ephron*  
Media  
The Wenner of our discontent

**18** The filming of *Stink!* begins in Sidney, Nebraska, with a mainly local cast.

**19** In Hollywood, the Universal project is still in litigation. The studio finally drops out when a court upholds Warren Grubbs's claim to his life story. "See?" says Grubbs.

**20** The screenplay of *Stink!* is sent to Jeff Brown at Warner Books, who assigns a writer for novelization. (This is the process by which forthcoming movies are turned into paperback novels. For certain struggling novelists, this kind of work pays the rent. Few ever put their own names on the books.) Brown, after considerable study, commissions a longtime publishing acquaintance, James B. Mason, to novelize *Stink!* In fourteen days a three-hundred-page manuscript is back on Brown's desk. Warners maps a major publicity effort.



**21** A rough cut of *Stink!* is shown to Pauline Kael, who, jumping the gun before she turns the column back to Penelope Gilliatt, calls it "a moralistic tour de force." Her review reverberates throughout the media.

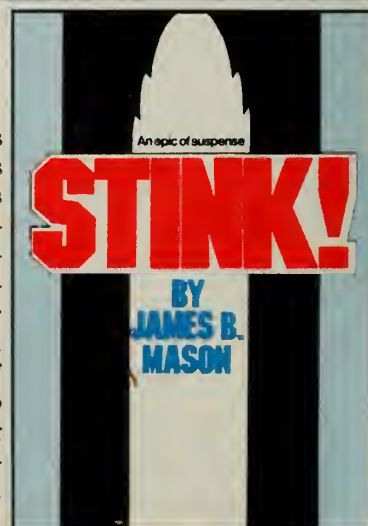
## THE CURRENT CINEM

*Plain and Potent*

"**S**TINK" is a moralistic tour de force. Imagine the indignation of Zola combined with the slick absurdist vision of Kubrick. Not since "Nashville" has an American film of this dimension...

**22**

Brown, at Warners, is astonished when he is besieged with calls from hard-cover publishers. In an unprecedented deal, the paperback is finally sold for hard cover to Richard Snyder, president of Simon & Schuster, who has been smarting ever since Larry Goodhart refused to return his \$7,000 advance.



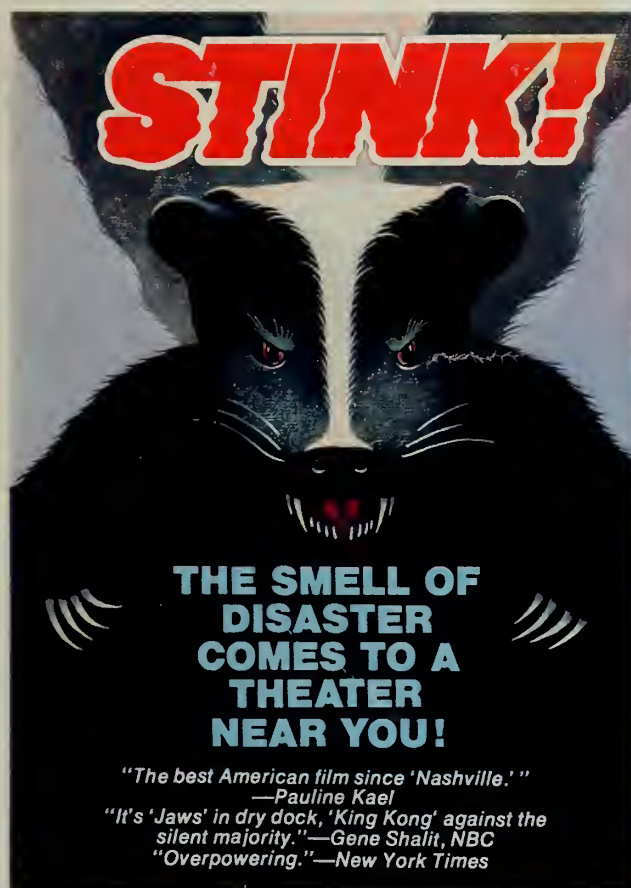


**23** Simon & Schuster breaks typesetting records and rushes *Stink!* into the bookstores. Author Mason does the talk-show circuit. *Stink!* begins to edge up The New York Times's Best Seller List.

**24** The movie *Stink!* has its world premiere in the only theater in Sidney, Nebraska, where the consensus is that "Chevy Chase is too skinny to be Warren Grubbs." Grubbs, whose contract calls for two and a half percent of the gross, tells a local reporter: "This movie is the greatest thing since sliced bread—it's gonna do a ton."

**25** *Stink!* opens in New York, followed by a supper given by super press agent Bobby Zarem at the Tavern on the Green.

**26** New York notices are mixed. Canby loves *Stink!*; Simon hates it. Lines form at the box office. Chase and Friedkin do the talk-show circuit.



**27** *Stink!* enters the culture. Spin-offs include trading cards, T-shirts, toys, jewelry, posters, perfume and hats.



**28**

*The Real Stink!*, a quickie paperback published by Fawcett, comes out. It is about the behind-the-scenes making of *Stink!* and it's written by Artie Blume, the movie's unit publicist. This is the last gasp of the hype machine until, you guessed it, negotiations begin for *Stink II!*

**THE REAL STINK!**  
BY ARTIE BLUME

The unexpurgated behind-the-scenes story of the making of STINK!

Notice to all interested producers, studios, agents, publishers, networks and merchandisers: This five-page package has been optioned to Dino De Laurentiis, who wants to make a black comedy about media influence in America. Paddy Chayefsky, screenwriter. Mel Brooks, director. Our agent tells us we're holding out for Robert Redford. No calls, please.

# Who's Turning What Into Movies?

by Mitch Tuchman

*A report on Hollywood's headline machine*

**I**nstant everything. Instant books and instant movies, instant celebrities and instant producers. Instant deals. GARY GILMORE FIRES LAWYER, HIRES AGENT. Headlines become the movies. Half the work of exploiting an idea has been done. A businessman knows a bargain when he sees it.

There were seventy-six trips to the Watergate well, not counting two hundred ten volumes of transcripts and documents. Quadrangle, Bantam and Simon & Schuster went there five times each, and Viking, four times.

Four dozen real-life happenings and happeners, dead or alive, are due or done as books, feature films, or TV movies, mostly in fictional form. Adventure: Entebbe, *Survive!*, Mexican prison breaks and maybe Melvin Dummar. Crime: Gilmore, Chowchilla, Don Bolles and maybe Melvin Dummar. Farce: love letters to Richard Nixon, John Dean cleans up his act and maybe Melvin Dummar. Sex, politics, and soap opera: Elizabeth Ray.

Every publisher, editor, film producer and network program developer, combing the tabloids with the thoroughness of a strip miner, has these celebrities and events in mind. Are they gripping enough? Are they long-lasting enough?

A producer who had considered a documentary on the last twenty-four hours of Gary Gilmore recently lamented, "I got driven to the point where I thought there should be a film like *Ace in the Hole*, about how all the vultures and vampires get together only to find out CBS was already planning to do it."

Actually ABC was planning to do it. CBS is planning to do *Wolves and Jackals* about ABC's planning to do it. "We're doing the exploiters, of which we are one," said David Goldsmith of MGM, who is developing the project for CBS.

"In ninety-nine percent of the cases," Allen Rivkin, a screenwriter and publicist for the Writers Guild, explained, "an independent exploitation producer takes an option on a news story, writes a treatment, then shops it around for financing and release. In one percent of the cases there is a race."

At least eight entries were posted for a race called the First Annual Uganda Film Festival. The winner was David Wolper. On July 4, the news of the Israeli raid was broadcast. On July 5, he called ABC. On July 10, he had a deal. On July 12, his screenwriter, Ernest Kinoy, and his producer, Robert Gunette, went to

Israel to do research. They were gone three weeks. A first-draft script took six weeks; a polish, two more. Pre-production began in October; shooting, in November. Nine days after the last shot was made, *Victory at Entebbe* was on the air.

"I was in total wonderment that we got the picture out," said Wolper. "But we worked twenty-four hours a day." The Wolper production used videotape, a much faster process, instead of film. Three cameras took long, medium and close shots simultaneously. Editing was done in the camera. All scenes, including the raid, were staged indoors, where there was greater sound control, and cassettes of each scene were air shipped worldwide for dubbing or subtitling. The picture opened theatrically in Oslo three days after its American premiere on ABC.

To be number one, Wolper turned the year's most exciting event into its dullest picture. "I don't think the story is the raid," he said, justifying the film after its disappointing ratings. "The story is the hostages, what was happening for the days they were there." A crowd of people on a single stage is a slow story told fast.

Number two, quick but no quickie, tried harder. Edgar Scherick's *Raid on Entebbe* began shooting three weeks before *Victory at Entebbe* but, because it used film and exterior locations, it wasn't finished until after Wolper's project. "There were a thousand different approaches one could take," Scherick noted, promising a film that would be "heroic, linear and damned exciting." It was. CBS scored a higher rating than ABC and Wolper.

Other Entebbe hopefuls: Murray Schwartz, a hostage, announced plans for a film, *The Odyssey of Flight 139*. The producer would be his employer, Merv Griffin Productions. It was grounded along with Universal's *Rescue at Entebbe*, Elliott Kastner's *Assault at Entebbe* and Paramount's *90 Minutes at Entebbe*, for which the studio had optioned a Bantam paperback. Warner Bros. dropped its *Untitled at Entebbe* shortly after purchasing the Wolper Organization last fall.

On the book front, the race to publish an account of the daring assault at Entebbe was won hands down by Bantam. If some publisher placed second it was never recorded. Bantam invented the instant book when it published *The Report of the Warren Commission* in 1964. Since then there have been fifty-nine Bantam "extras" on news and fads, "not exploitation,"



NEW YORKER

OPENING WED.  
"THE GARY GILMORE STORY"



FINAL THE EVENING NEWS  
FLYERS TIE RANGERS  
KNICKS AND NEW YORK

4-4  
TEN

★★★★  
**FINAL**

Vol. 58, No. 164

THE EVENING NEWS

15¢

*The Latest Verdict:*  
**GILMORE  
TO DIE!**



says Marc Jaffe, senior vice-president and editorial director, "but journalism in book form." There have been three on the Middle East, five on Watergate, more on Congress and its reports. Several are done in collaboration with *The New York Times*. The publishing miracle that took the Warren Commission report from government manuscript to bookstore in eighty hours established a procedure that includes round-the-clock editorial and production work and a copious use of chartered air cargo. *90 Minutes at Entebbe*, by William Stevenson, was available to readers July 25, just twenty-two days after the raid.

No other publisher has a record to match this. Dell tied Bantam on the White House-Watergate tapes: one hundred two hours. They had *The Washington Fringe Benefit* under contract long before Elizabeth Ray talked to *The Washington Post* about Wayne Hays. The book, largely written then, was completed and rushed into print in a few weeks.

Pocket Books had no Entebbe—Bantam was already there—but at the time of the Chowchilla school-bus kidnapping, Agnes Birnbaum, a Pocket Books editor, "read in *The New York Times* that someone remembered a book like this and wondered if the people who did the crime had read it." It took her a week to exhume *The Day the Children Vanished*, an eighteen-year-old novella by mystery writer Hugh Pentecost. Doubled in length and published as "the terrifying and prophetic story written before the Chowchilla kidnapping," it took nine weeks to hit the racks and one week to die on them.

Chowchilla wasn't very popular with exploiters. Its plot lacked clarity and motive and was unresolved.

Bantam declined a book offered by the Madera County sheriff and later one from the bus driver himself, Ed Ray, because it could not get them exclusively. The film offers that poured into Chowchilla were chary. The first attractive offer Ray got for his exclusive cooperation came through an actor, Don "Red" Barry: \$25,000. Ray's attorney dickered.

Meanwhile, Wolper decided not to film, fearing legal complications. "Headline stories are murderous. Releases and energy are not worth the effort."

Roger Gimbel, whose *A War of Children*, based on news accounts of the war in Northern Ireland, won an Emmy in 1973, was ready in a week with an up-to-date teleplay that could accommodate late-breaking news. But no network would touch it, partly because of an F.C.C. ruling against showing children in jeopardy.

Don Barry made Ray a second offer: several thousand on signing the contract against a greater sum on the first day of actual shooting. Ray agreed. Barry announced it in the trade papers. "I had six production offers on that deal, and that's the way it should have been done. But it took three months to get the rights settled, and everything else fell through." Among those making proposals was Chuck Fries, a front-runner among headline chasers. He, too, had a script on Entebbe, "a fix on Hughes," a deal on *Terror on the Fortieth Floor*, a bid on *The Washington Sting*. He co-owns Gary Gilmore, he produced *Foster and Laurie* and he is developing a film based on an imagi-

nary trial of Lee Harvey Oswald, the unwitting father of the made-for-TV movie. Fries withdrew. Barry is still promoting, waiting. But there will probably be no Chowchilla movie and no Chowchilla book.

If Entebbe was good, Gilmore looked better. If Entebbe was a horse race, then the Gilmore execution was the world heavyweight title bout. The lawyer Gilmore fired was Dennis Boaz, his biographer cum counsel, whose royalties were to double as legal fees; he was the man who upheld Gilmore's right to die. The agent he hired was Scott Meredith, the man who upheld his right to die in style. Meredith, who is to other agents what Fries is to other producers, explained, "Toward the end of his life, Gary Gilmore recognized the fact that he had suddenly become 'a hot property.'"

"We were called on the same day by two people. One was Boaz, asking if we would represent Gilmore's interests as far as the sale of various rights was concerned—motion picture, book, magazine, foreign, and so on. On the same day we were called by David Susskind, who said that he was one of the people in the running, and would we, as a favor to him, because he thought it was a complicated situation, come into it. He felt that it would be to his advantage, even though we're tough negotiators, to have somebody who knows how to divide these rights and how to protect these rights, handling them.

"We were a little reluctant to do it at first, just on the grounds that Gilmore seemed so unsavory, and then we agreed when Boaz told us that forty percent of the monies was going to the families of the victims. Shortly after that, Boaz was fired, and shortly after that, Susskind found that he was not getting the property, that two television companies had banded together and had made a better offer. They were Chuck Fries and a company called New Ingot, which is Lawrence Schiller."

Barry Farrell, who chronicled the match in a *New West* piece, *Merchandising Gary Gilmore's Dance of Death*, noted: "Schiller bidding on Gary Gilmore was in character, 'the first jackal at the table,' but he conducted himself very well. He made sure the victims were involved in the money to be made, that ethical preconditions existed, that each principal had adequate counsel and full knowledge of what he was signing. He was as different from Susskind and the *National Enquirer* as night from day."

Schiller convinced Gilmore to give power of attorney to his uncle, Vern Damico, contingent upon Gilmore's naming Schiller sole proprietor of rights to portray, represent and impersonate him in one or more motion pictures, TV shows and books based on his life and experience. That agreement concluded, all the other principals fell into line: Nicole Barrett, Gilmore's girl friend, her mother, her sister and her grandmother, as well as Gilmore's mother, his cousins and his aunt and uncle.

Fries backed Schiller with cash, including a reported top of \$150,000 for Gilmore, if the whole package were successfully marketed. Then, with rights in hand, Schiller began offering bits of the package around. ABC took an option for a TV movie, then dropped it ("business reasons"). Fries (*Continued on page 149*)



# Turning You Into Movies

by Charles Rembar

*Who—besides you—owns the rights to your life?*

**K**aren Quinlan, Patty Hearst, Melvin Dummar, Peter Reilly, Lt. Col. Nethanyahu and Idi Amin, Carl Bernstein and Robert Woodward, Gary Gilmore. Good guys, bad guys, in-between guys—they all have this in common: a film or a book is being made about them, or has been made, or is planned. (Or, in the case of His Excellency Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada, several films, befitting his size and station.) If you can gain such notoriety, you can become a property. Writers, publishers, producers, directors, actors, theater owners, networks, sponsors—they will all make money they wouldn't make except for what you have done or suffered.

Our money for your life, or part of it. But do you own your life? Can you charge for the right to use it? Well, says the law, yes and no.

Until very recently (as the law measures time), the law simply said no. Then, in 1890, an article appeared in the *Harvard Law Review*. It was written by two practicing lawyers, former partners and still friends. One of them was Samuel Warren, a proper and prominent Bostonian. The other was Louis Brandeis.

Warren had married a Senator's daughter and the couple embarked on an active Back Bay social life. A Boston newspaper that specialized in blue-blood items gave their parties lots of attention. Warren, annoyed, consulted his ex-partner. The result was a magnificent essay in creative legal thought.

Brandeis and Warren felt (and not merely because Warren disliked the attention his parties were getting) that among the citizen's legal rights there ought to be a right of privacy. They had some feeble precedents, unfocused judicial gropings. They built them into a legal concept.

Our law can be altered in two ways. Congress and state legislatures can make new law through legislation. Courts can change the law, though not too abruptly, by decisions in specific cases; the common law is pliant. Warren and Brandeis argued that certain past decisions, though based on other legal theories, really meant the common law included a right of privacy.

In the next few years, a number of courts, citing the article, agreed. Not, however, the highest court of New York. It was a heartthrob case. Pretty little Miss Rob-

erson had her picture taken. Bad old Franklin Mills Company got a hold of the picture and used it to advertise the flour they sold. They made 25,000 posters of it, which were "conspicuously posted and displayed in stores, warehouses, saloons and other public places." As a result, Miss Roberson's complaint went on, she was "greatly humiliated by the scoffs and jeers of persons who recognized her face and picture on this advertisement and her good name has been attacked." No matter, said the court.

The decision was handed down in 1902 (as one might guess from the kind of hurt alleged). There was immediate outcry. Critics said the court was backward and unjust. One year later, the New York legislature passed a statute to remedy the situation. It empowered a person "whose name, portrait or picture is used . . . for advertising purposes or for the purpose of trade . . ." to sue for injunction and damages, including punitive damages. Meanwhile, the courts of other states, much influenced by the article, began to establish a right of privacy without benefit of legislation, and almost all the states now recognize that right one way or another.

Right away there was a problem. Newspapers use people's names and pictures. So do periodicals, and films and television. Almost all of them do it "for the purpose of trade"; very few are eleemosynary institutions. The courts, however, found a way. They held the statute was not intended to inhibit news reporting, and "news" was broadly defined. It could even be old news, as William James Sidis, the former child prodigy, found out. (Among other things he had lectured, at the age of eleven, on four-dimensional bodies to distinguished mathematicians.) *The New Yorker* ran an intrusive profile of him when he was no longer a child, no longer prodigious, and only wanted to escape the glare he had been subjected to. He sued and lost.

But, the courts added in other rulings, the exemption of news did not extend to fictionalization. If the actual events were changed—too highly dramatized or falsified—a plaintiff would win his case.

A good few of the cases based on the newborn right were brought by actors and athletes. There was something strange about these cases. The right of privacy that Warren and Brandeis and the judges and legislatures had in mind was the right to be let alone, to keep to oneself, to be free of public notice. These actor and athlete plaintiffs had no such inclination. They were people who, unlike Miss Rob- (Continued on page 144)

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*Charles Rembar, an attorney and the author of *The End of Obscenity*, writes frequently on the cultural and political aspects of the law.*

# Convertibles: On a New Age Dawning

by Jim Williams

Just seven years ago, Detroit's automobile manufacturers offered 375 models to the public. When new cars were introduced this past fall, there were 295, often with little more than chrome trim and nameplates to distinguish one model from another.

Among the missing models was the convertible, that once grand flamboyance.

The last domestically produced rag top, Cadillac's Eldorado, went out of production in April, 1976. Contrary to what many people may think, convertibles were not banned by the government for safety reasons. The truth is that by 1970 the convertible market was already in serious decline. In 1965, Detroit built more than half a million convertibles, accounting for 5.5 percent of that year's total output of cars. By 1970, only slightly more than 90,000 convertibles came off the line, representing a paltry 1.4 percent of the market. The growing popularity of air conditioning, the fear of theft (no real convertible was immune from knife-wielding thieves) and the American consumer's desire for luxury (opera windows, cut-pile carpeting, etc.) moved convertibles to the expendable column.

(ARTICLE continued on page 80)





# Psychic-Drug Tests Put Data Into Shape

## Debate Over Right to Change Normal States Is Pressed

Special to The New York Times

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Dec. 14 — When they moved to this quiet Dutchess County village of 1,700 inhabitants in August, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert made no splash in the placid waters of its disposition. They were generally regarded as agreeable men of neighborly demeanor and only vaguely remarkable background.

Most residents did not begin to be fully aware of the men's renown until one after another of the major national magazines (Look, Esquire, Time, The Saturday Evening Post and others) appeared at the village newsstand with long, mostly uncomplimentary, articles on the work the two men have done with hallucinogenic drugs.

Fascination with the effects that such drugs produce in the human consciousness cost them their positions as lecturers at Harvard earlier this year. Dr. Leary attempted to carry on his work by opening a combined resort and psychic drug research center in Mexico. This foundered in June when the Mexican Government expelled him for engaging in activities not permitted to a tourist.

The two psychologists are now living deep inside an enclosed 2,500-acre estate here. They have established another of their "transcendental" multi-family communities, with seven adults, six children, three dogs and seven cats, in a rented 53-room house with 10 baths. Dr. Alpert, 32 years old, is a bachelor, but Dr. Leary, 43, is married and has two children.

Another psychologist, Dr. Ralph Metzner, 27, and his family are working and living with them in a house at the end of a long private roadway lined with craggy old trees on an estate that once employed several dozen gardeners but has not been manicured lately.

The house is an old white wood mansion with a wrap-around porch and a red brick chimney running up the front side. A big iron bell and a pumpkin flank the entrances to the porch.

### Men Collate Research

The doctors say that they are doing no active research with what they call the "consciousness-expanding drugs." They are having no sessions in which doses of lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), psilocybin or mescaline induce visions, hallucinations or mystical experiences in subjects.

They cannot now legally get the restricted drugs, which were available to them as members of the Harvard faculty and in Mexico. They have only some morning glory seeds that have similar properties. They did not



The New York Times

**SCIENTISTS IN RETREAT:** Drs. Richard Alpert, left, and Timothy Leary chat with Mr. Leary's daughter Susan on street in Millbrook, N. Y. The men have stirred controversy with their experiments on hallucinogenic drugs.

want to say when they had last been in a transport by their use.

Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert are living in retreat from what they regard as the unwarranted hostility of the medical and psychological professions. They are living on savings, income from writing and the contributions of a few supporters. They are consolidating the results of their former very extensive research and are speaking occasionally before college and professional groups.

Dr. Leary has been president of the International Federation for Internal Freedom, but he said it was dissolved yesterday because restrictions on the use of the drugs had made it impossible for the group to set up centers where people could come for sessions.

He said that 500 persons had signed up for sessions in Mexico in beautiful surroundings. Dr. Leary said that "the setting in which a person takes the drug is what is crucial to the kind of experience he will have."

Although not very widely used, LSD is generally available to psychiatrists as an experimental therapeutic agent.

"Our debate with psychiatrists about the use and control of psychedelic (mind opening) drugs involves the right, right now, of thoughtful Americans to change their own consciousness," they say in a paper completed this week. The paper adds:

"The LSD experience is so novel and so powerful that the more you think you know about the mind, the more astounded and even frightened you'll be when your consciousness starts to flip you out of your mind. A new profession of psychedelic guides will inevitably develop to supervise these experiences."

The things that happen to subjects under the influence of hallucinogens are often likened to making a "journey" or "trip," sometimes in the sense of leaving the body and getting free of the restrictions of time and space.

Psychedelic guides would be "a new group of experts whose expertise comes in part from having had this experience," Dr. Leary said. Such guides would take the drugs with the subjects and would in a sense accom-

## 2 Scientists in LSD Dispute Accepted in Upstate Village

pany them on "a sympathetic, supportive, collaborative trip," he said.

"A person never goes on his first journey alone," Dr. Alpert said. He explained that if a subject thought his body was dissolving he would think the scientist was doing that to him and would be frightened. But if the guide had also taken the drug he could say to the subject, "Well great, my body is dissolving, too."

The experiences of those who take the drugs are unpredictable and of very great variety, as excerpts from reports of several show. One wrote of seeing "vivid, flashing colors" in "intricate art motifs" and "dancing celestial eagle gods" and of being engulfed in a "warm red glow," among many other effects.

Another wrote of seeing a little emerald green man, "robe about him, long legs and arms wrapped about himself, bald head shining with light, long thin ears, bright green eyes, sly wide grinning mouth."

To another it seemed that "the limbs of one's body as well as those of the other people in the room suddenly appear isolated and independent; they glide or soar away and interpenetrate, or coalesce into each other."

Proponents say that the after benefits include a new understanding of beauty and art, more ability to be oneself, and a greater understanding of human relationships. Some speak of finding new directions for their lives.

Dr. Alpert said they had found that it was not psychiatrists and physicians who were interested in such changes of consciousness but writers, scholars, philosophers, artists, theologians and divinity school students.

At Harvard, the experiments the men were doing exerted a powerful attraction on students. Many of them sought eagerly to enlist as subjects, a fact that appalled the guardians of that institution, especially when some of the rebuffed students began to obtain hallucinogenic drugs from bootleggers who came to hawk them near Harvard Yard.

Now the 60-acre campus of Bennett College, a stylish and expensive two-year girls' school, is in walking distance of the former Harvard lecturers' transcendental manor.

"As a precautionary measure," the president, Donald A. Eldridge, has declared the estate "out of bounds" for Bennett's 330 students, who have been made to understand that expulsion might follow any violation of this rule.



# Disaster lurking in sexual roles

by HOLLY PRADO

**The Mermaid and the Minotaur: Sexual Arrangements and Human Malaise** by Dorothy Dinnerstein (Harper & Row: \$10.95)

Men and women are in deep trouble, according to this book. We're trapped in our sexual roles and, all too often, willing to stay trapped. These roles, continues Dinnerstein, pervade our inner and outer worlds, causing personal agony along with historic disaster. This book, a more-than-10-year project by a professor of psychology at Rutgers University, reads with frightening urgency. By the end of the last chapter, I, for one, had to agree that, "The male-female collaboration to keep history mad . . . has become impossible to sustain."

The book takes its mythic characters, the half-human, half-beast mermaid and minotaur, as representations of the only partially realized people most of us are. With admitted roots in Freudian psychology, the thrust of the book is that our failure to become fully ourselves stems from the overdomination of women in earliest child-raising. We carry, our whole lives, the vast need for mother love, and the equally vast resentment of mother rejection. These conflicts poison our visions of ourselves and of the opposite sex.

In Dinnerstein's writing, old themes take on new energy. The themes come, in part, from Freud himself, Norman O. Brown, Simone de Beauvoir, Herbert Marcuse. Their ideas are respected, then challenged. The result is exciting: The reader gets caught in the action and begins to ask even further questions. There's also a plea for sanity here, through rediscovery of our own inner selves. Consciousness doesn't come easily to anyone, and the book doesn't assume that it does. But the word "self-creation" recurs often enough to give some hope of leaving childhood behind.

The difficulty with reading "The Mermaid and the Minotaur" is its very fullness. The book leaps into psychology, history, anthropology, myth and philosophy as if all these things fit in one place. They do, and they don't. In addition to the regular text of the chapters, there are introductions to chapters, notes at the bottoms of pages, boxes that re-explain previous points. There are further notes at the end. All this demands such shifts in attention that the reader may be tempted to slam the book down before exploring the real value of such an ambitious project. Hopefully, though, anyone willing to face the difficulties of what it means to be human will be willing to face the format of this book.



## CORRECTED SEVERE MENTAL ILLNESS

# 'Brain Pacemaker' Success Reported

BY LOIS TIMNICK

Times Human Behavior Writer

TORONTO—Success in treating schizophrenics and other severely mentally ill persons with a brain pacemaker has been reported by a New Orleans psychiatrist-neurologist.

Ten of the 11 patients who have received the tiny device, which corrects electrical disturbances in the brain much like a cardiac pacemaker regulates heart rhythms, are leading close to normal lives after up to 20 years of hospitalization, drugs and shock treatments.

They are no longer receiving medication or other treatment, said Dr. Robert G. Heath, chairman of the department of psychiatry and neurology at Tulane University's school of medicine.

Heath spoke Sunday at the annual meeting of the Society of Biological Psychiatrists here.

The operation has been performed on five schizophrenics, four uncontrollably violent persons and two

neurotics. The single failure was a paranoid schizophrenic found to have brain damage in the area in which the pacemaker's electrodes must be implanted.

Heath said that while it is too soon for conclusive results—the first pacemaker was implanted in February of 1976, the last this March—the treatment should be considered for patients who have failed to respond to conventional therapies, particularly those who are developing undesirable side effects from drugs.

(Long-term use of antipsychotic drugs can cause tardive dyskinesia, a condition characterized by spasms,

tics and speech disturbances.)

A similar device is being used in several other medical centers to treat epileptics and spastics. However, this is the first reported use for behavioral disorders.

The pacemaker consists of 20 tiny platinum disc electrodes placed on the surface of the cerebellum, the hind part of the brain at the lower back of the head. These are attached to a receiver about the size of a quarter in the left side of the chest, just under the collarbone, by threadlike wires grouped into four silicone-coated bundles running under the skin. None of this is visible from outside.

An antenna, which can be removed for bathing or swimming, is strapped over the receiver. Its battery-powered transmitter is carried in a pocket. Eventually, Heath hopes for a completely implantable unit with a long-lasting power source. At present, the batteries must be changed every week or 10 days and so must be carried outside the body.

Please Turn to Page 31, Col. 1

## THE WEATHER

National Weather Service forecast: Slight chance of a few showers today. Fair tonight and Wednesday. Highs today near 70 and Wednesday, 74. High Monday 73; low, 54.

Complete weather information and smog forecast in Part 1, Page 28.

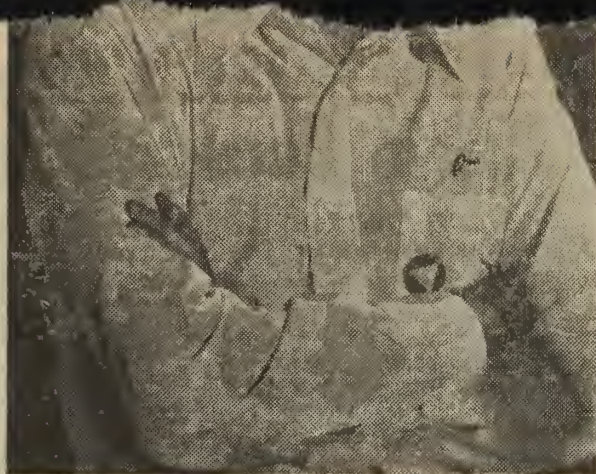
...-old son. You put a label on." McKuen added, "This is not an issue of sexuality, it is an issue of human rights."

—Elizabeth Blunschy, 54, a lawyer and widowed mother of three, assumed Switzerland's highest office. It came little more than six years after Swiss women won voting rights in the confederation. Mrs. Blunschy was elected president of the 200-member National Council, the lower house of parliament, which by protocol is the top-ranking position in the 700-year-old democracy.

—Joan Little, acquitted two years ago of a murder charge in the stabbing death of a white jailer in North Carolina, began training in Raleigh as a dental assistant under dentist David P. Lane. Miss Little, 22, of Chocowinity, N.C., is in the second year of a 7-to-10 year prison term on a breaking and entering conviction. She will be eligible for parole in September. She plans to commute by bus, returning to prison after work each day.

—Actor Marlon Brando was sued in a Los Angeles court for more than \$2 million by his former wife, actress Anna Kashfi Brando Hannaford, who claimed Brando refused to permit her to see their son although a court had granted her "reasonable visitation" rights in 1974. The youth, Christian Devi Brando, will be 19 on May 11. Brando and Mrs. Hannaford were divorced in 1959.

—More than 8,000 Scots from Scotland and abroad participated in the opening march of the international gathering of the clans at Meadowbank Stadium in Edinburgh. Leading the American contingent was former New York City Mayor John V. Lindsay.



McKuen as he lashed out at Anita Bryant.

AP Wirephoto

—Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby, who is recovering well from a back injury suffered March 3 when he fell 20 feet from a stage, celebrated a "very, very low-key" 73rd birthday and had a "nice, quiet dinner" at home in Hillsborough, Calif., with his son, Nathaniel, said butler Alan Fisher. He said best wishes came by telephone from Mrs. Crosby, Kathryn, and their daughter, Mary Frances, who are appearing together in Dallas in a production of "The Latest Mrs. Adams."

—By Jennings Parrott

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Atty. Gen. C ... House and Se ... bers announce ... a proposed rev ... nimal code. So ... sion would esta ... ing guidelines ... the 1940 Smith ... cating violent ... government a ... gan Act that ... munications ... ment to influ ... bill also wou ... possession of ... marijuana an ... rights laws to ... tion offenses.



# 'BRAIN PACEMAKER' SUCCESS

Continued from First Page

The brain is stimulated at five-minute intervals with a pulse that lasts one-four thousandth of a second at three to six volts.

The rationale behind this is that a patient's emotional state can be altered by activating, through electrical stimulation, precise brain pathways. Heath said that many forms of mental illness, whatever the cause, are characterized by electrical disturbances in the brain—for example, misfiring of certain cells.

The areas of the brain that control emotion, however, are deep-seated, and previous attempts to stimulate them have meant digging well into the brain, using electrodes that exited from the scalp and limiting the stimulation to brief periods. The results were inconsistent and short-lived.

Heath said that those deep-seated centers can be reached indirectly by stimulating a precise half-inch area of the cerebellum previously thought to be concerned primarily with motor activity.

Animal and human studies, he said, have shown that stimulation of this easily accessible part of the brain activates cells in the septal region, or "pleasure center," while inhibiting those of the hippocampus and part of the amygdala, the presumed seat of rage, fear and violent feelings.

Patients accepted for the operation had been pronounced incurable by at least two psychiatrists or neurologists. Family consent had to be given as well.

The first patient to undergo the operation was a 19-year-old boy, slightly retarded from birth, who had repeatedly tried to kill himself or relatives. He was confined to a Louisiana state mental hospital. There he was maintained on huge quantities of drugs, kept in physical

restraints much of the time and dismissed as hopeless.

His parents, in a moving (and recorded) discussion with Heath, decided that "if this is the only chance he's going to have, let's take it."

Films of him following the operation but before activation of the pacemaker show a still-sedated, anxious, fearful, uncommunicative and self-destructive boy suffering from the grueling, involuntary movement of tardive dyskinesia.

"From the day the pacemaker was activated the patient's outbursts of violence ceased," Heath said. "His tardive dyskinesia gradually diminished. His behavior has continued to improve. He is now a pleasant and sociable young man. He was enlisted in a vocational rehabilitation course and he is now ready for job placement. Psychological tests, including IQ scores, have shown significant improvement."

"Clinically, the patient has had a complete remission. He copes adequately with the vicissitudes of everyday life. He is receiving no medication. It was necessary for him to visit the state hospital where he had last been a patient before physicians and nursing staff could believe that it was possible for him to live outside an institution."

The videotapes attest to his progress.

Dr. J. R. Smythies, a University of Alabama psychiatrist, sent Heath a 41-year-old physicist who once was a scientist with the U.S. space program. The man has been completely disabled for the past eight years and either hospitalized or drugged constantly.

A dramatic videotape of before and after interviews showed the transformation within weeks of a man tormented by hallucinations, violent urges (at one point he tells Heath he feels like choking him and actually lunges

toward the psychiatrist; he tells of hearing voices that told him to kill his wife) and severe depression into a bright, relaxed and cheerful person, free of his old symptoms.

He was discharged, with no medication, less than two weeks after activation of his pacemaker, but it is not known yet whether his intellect is sufficiently undamaged after years of schizophrenia to enable him to resume his career in physics or if he must choose a less demanding job.

Smythies noted that Heath's procedure carries a low risk, does not involve slicing deep into the brain itself and, unlike the old lobotomies, does not interfere with the person's capacity to experience anger, albeit "a controlled anger." Feelings of pleasure are increased, while those of rage and violence are decreased, but the person still has a full range of emotions.

Nor does the operation erase memory.

"It does not affect the patient's bank of memories," Heath said. "Rather, it alters awareness, emotional state and perception, making it possible for the person to perceive differently, and only through this gradually modifies behavioral patterns based on background memories."

This explains, he said, why improvement was slower in those patients who hadn't had periods of lucid thinking for many years.

Many psychiatrists attending the national meeting called Heath's work "exciting;" others are skeptical because his study involves only a few patients over a short period with no controls.

Regardless, he seems to have had remarkable results so far.

Said one patient, a 43-year-old woman from Mobile, Ala., who underwent surgery eight months ago after drugs and electroshock failed to make a dent in her anxiety, depression and obsessive-compulsive behavior:

"I don't feel anxious or fearful any more. It's like living in a calm after a storm has ended. . . .

"I feel better than I did before I was sick. Life is full of nothing but good. It's like Christmas."

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# o Preserve Old-Time ned With Extinction

art form that ended almost half a century ago, manufactur-  
ers now stamp out identical fiberglass horse bodies from  
molds.

That distresses the carousel freaks.

Says Mrs. Williams, who owns four of the wooden  
horses, "They aren't just antiques. They're in a totally se-  
parate category. They're, just, well, the merry-go-round."

"If I had more money, I would buy more. If I weren't  
working as a teacher (of preschool children) I would de-  
vote full time to historical research on the carousel." A  
smile. "I'm crazy."

Her bible, for now, is a book by Frederick Fried—"A  
Pictorial History of the Carousel"—that traces them back  
to AD 500.

He writes lovingly about the creatures (both kindly and  
malevolent) that have been the merry-go-round "horses"  
down the years—dragons and dogs and whales and uni-  
corns, then adds—

"Though the world may be full of new ideas, new inven-  
tions and great devices for making a better existence, no  
one will ever devise a greater or better object to give joy  
than the merry-go-round."

Barbara Williams calls them the eighth wonder of the  
world. "I've often stood there in a stupor, watching the ca-  
rousel go around. You can forget everything else . . ."

A sign over the doorway of the carousel on the Santa  
Monica Pier says a little of the same thing:

"Come aboard and close your eyes and listen to the mu-  
sic and forget your troubles"—the message made more en-  
ticing by the whirl of colors and the music of the organ,  
now pumping out "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

Inside, over the 77-year-old Wurlitzer, another sign  
grandfather, mom and dad

## First Lady Entertains Carter's Staff With Jazz, Lunch on Lawn

WASHINGTON (AP)—First Lady Rosalynn Carter gave  
a box lunch Monday on the south lawn of the White House  
for President Carter's staff. The President attended, put  
his foot up on a piano bench and listened to Dixieland jazz.

"It's a rare occasion," Carter said, and thanked members  
of the Jazz Minors band from Oregon for the music.

Members of the staff, mostly secretaries, ate roast beef  
and ham sandwiches and drank sodas provided by the  
White House social office for \$3. President and Mrs. Carter  
did not stay long enough to eat, but circulated through the  
crowd and shook hands.

They were accompanied by actor George Peppard.

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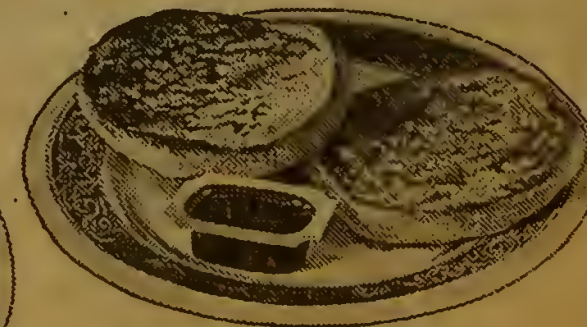
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SPECIAL OF THE MONTH

# Sausage and Eggs

Hash Browns and English Muffin



\$1 29



# JBL CHANGES THE PICTURE OF SOUND.



*You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone. JBL's new L212: a totally new picture of high performance sound, from the people who wrote the book.*

You hear the whole sound first. And when you catch your breath you search for words to describe the depth, the detail, the etched precision of the music.

That stunning pair of three-way speakers is sending clean, undistorted sound to every corner of the room. At every frequency. At every level. Loud or soft. High or low. It doesn't matter. The energy is constant.

You're experiencing three-dimensional imaging: Vocal up front. Lead guitar two steps back and one to the left. Drums further back. The piano closer, almost off the right edge of the sound.

Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated

with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.

Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated,

blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too. They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the

whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

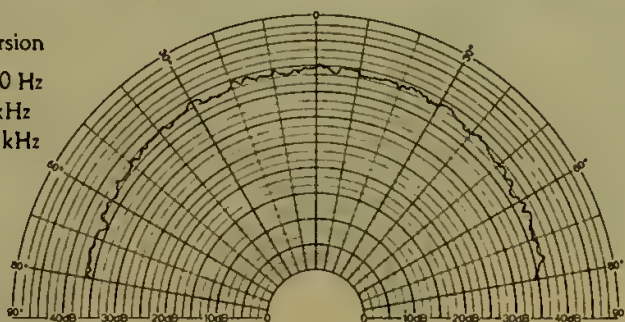
That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is \$1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.

Frequency Dispersion  
~~~~~ at 400 Hz  
at 2 kHz  
at 10 kHz





## Behind the Scenes



# Norman Seeff: every photo tells a story

By Julia Orange

LOS ANGELES

ONE LONG, HOT afternoon at photographer Norman Seeff's studio, singer/songwriters Don Dunne and Michel Rubini stood about looking strenuously suave in cream-colored suits. Suddenly, Seeff, a wiry and blond fellow with the bright but slightly surprised look of a half-hatched chicken, unsquashed his nose from behind his Nikon and confronted the pair.

"I wonder," he asked, "what do you want from this?"

An awkward pause, then, "I dunno," said Dunne, a little embarrassed. "I think I just want to look as beautiful as possible." They both burst into laughter, and in an instant came that decisive moment, as Cartier-Bresson calls it. The Nikon started clicking. . . .

NORMAN SEEFF, 38, whom I interview above his studio in three monkishly bare rooms scattered with holy books, has been a photographer for eight years. Before that, he was a doctor, a professional soccer player and a successful artist and sculptor in South Africa, where he grew up. He left South Africa "rather quickly" in 1969, because his situation was becoming "difficult

politically." He landed in New York with \$60. With his Nikon, which his father had given Norman when he was 16, Seeff began stopping people on the street and taking their pictures.

"At that time," said Norman,

"I was busy making images. . . . People were objects you could light. When it got to me that there was a person in there that had to be dealt with, I became a seeker."

SEEFF'S PHOTOGRAPHS aren't famous for being innovative or quirky or brilliantly abstruse. He works almost exclusively in black and white against plain backgrounds, using his original Nikon. His subjects are stars, rock and cultural, caught laughing, crying, creasing brows, tweaking their nipples. . . .

But in Seeff's shots, when people are laughing it looks right, not bogus. His ability to coax his subjects out of their protective wrappings fascinates people; so much so that two years ago Seeff was joined by a collective of filmmakers, who have been recording the Seeff photo sessions for a full-length feature film.

It's not clear yet which stars will sign releases for the film, but since they have included the likes of Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon, Ike and Tina Turner, Al Green, Helen Reddy and Timothy Leary in various and intriguing stages of psychic undress, the as-yet-untitled and partially edited film is a hot topic in the industry. The two-hour film, which Seeff calls a musical of the Seventies, will attempt to follow faithfully the structure of one of Seeff's photo sessions. The star turns up at the studio on Sunset Boulevard with teeth gritted; in clips from the film, we see Joni Mitchell giggling nervously while she photographs

Seeff, who also giggles nervously, and Temptation Melvin Franklin frowning moodily into his armpits, saying, "I don't wanna show no sweat marks."

"It's a very vulnerable place, having your photo taken," said Seeff in his gentle British accent. "I'm dealing with the so-called heroes of society, but they're the same as us. A lot of them are very nervous, very frightened, wanting to be hugged, wanting to have fun, wanting to be communicated with . . . and wanting to look as natural as possible."

Seeff turns each of his sessions into a kind of free-floating party—friends cram into the tiny narrow studio, there's food, music, conversation, dancing. And in the middle of this chaos Seeff "hangs out" with his subjects.

He's rarely the same at any two sessions. Sometimes he's intense and talkative, flirting with Joni Mitchell, or half drunk, sometimes mumbling, "I think I'm fucking up," and dropping cameras. Before he photographed Baba Ram Dass, one of his associates, Ginny Winn, said, "He shook with nerves. Then they started to talk. Then they meditated together."

Although Seeff insists, "What I do is not significant, it's just a game," for some, the experience of not having to be anything but themselves in front of the camera is a genuine breakthrough—Timothy Leary knelt to embrace Norman the night after his session. "You have brought us," he said, "to one of the highest moments of our life. I like your look,

your feel, your smell. We consider you one of the top technicians in the world."

"People light up when they understand that it's okay to be



themselves," said Seeff. "There's this absolute thing that overcomes them. That's our moment—the connection to the Self."

"It's a strange place I've arrived at, one foot in the spiritual world and one foot in the material. I get a strange sense of déjà vu with this film. I know it will be a great success and I know it will make a lot of money and then I might give it all up." He grins cheerfully and, his personal party never ending, finishes off his bottle of wine. 🎵

*Seeff in focus: the endless party (top left); Carly Simon from 'Playing Possum' sessions; Seeff (bottom, kneeling) shoots Jose Feliciano for film*





## WEDNESDAY'S TV PROGRAMS

## MORNING

- 6:00**  
 (2) (8) Summer Semester  
 (3) (8) PTL Club—Religion  
 (4) Knowledge—Education  
 (7) Mystery el Art  
 (8) Meet the Mayors  
 (9) University of the Air  
 (10) Litas, Yoga and You  
 (11) Don't Waste Your Sorrows
- 6:30**  
 (2) Roal Estele and You  
 (4) Not for Women Only  
 (5) Cerrascloendes—Children  
 (7) Michael Jackson—Talk  
 (8) Wallstreet—Education  
 (9) Super Talk—Graham  
 (10) Coosultation  
 (11) Boze's Big Top—Cartoon  
 (12) Magilla Gorilla/Peter Petamus—Cartoons  
 (13) Romantic Rebellion—Art  
 (14) Captioned ABC News  
 (15) Villa Alegre—Education  
 (16) Backyard—Children

- 7:00**  
 (2) (8) News—Hughes Rudd  
 (4) (8) Today—Topical Affairs  
 (5) 700 Club—Religion  
 (6) Poppye; Magoo—Cartoons  
 (7) (3) (10) Good Morning America  
 (9) Lassie—Children  
 (10) Dennis the Menace—Comedy  
 (11) Speed Racer—Cartoon  
 (12) Sesame Street—Education  
 (13) Steek Market Opening  
 (14) Yoga for Health  
 (15) Festival of Faith  
 (16) Joy in the Morning
- 7:30**  
 (2) Bollwinthe—Cartoon  
 (3) PTL Club—Religion  
 (4) Yogi and Friends—Cartoon  
 (5) Hercules—Cartoon  
 (6) Buy Low, Sell High  
 (7) Mister Rogers—Children

- 8:00**  
 (2) Captain Kangaroo  
 (3) 700 Club—Religion  
 (4) Jetsons—Cartoon  
 (5) Sunup—Discussion  
 (6) Felix the Cat—Cartoon  
 (7) Electric Company—Children  
 (8) Ask the Options Expert  
 (9) Zoom—Children  
 (10) Festival of Faith  
 (11) Ripples; Femiles
- 8:30**  
 (2) The Rock—Religion  
 (3) The Archies—Children  
 (4) Body Buddies—Health  
 (5) Porky Pig—Cartoon  
 (6) Betmen; Aquamen; Superman  
 (7) Commodity Line—Colton  
 (8) (15) (24) Villa Alegre  
 (9) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (10) Lowell Thomas Remembers

- 9:00**  
 (2) (8) Here's Lucy—Comedy  
 (3) PTL Club—Religion  
 (4) Sanford and Son  
 (5) Gallery—Discussion  
 (6) Teava It to Beaver  
 (7) AM Los Angeles  
 (8) Nine in the Morning  
 (9) Mike Douglas—Celebrities  
 (10) I Love Lucy—Comedy  
 (11) I Dream of Jeannie  
 (12) Fryngans West  
 (13) Steaks; Bond Report  
 (14) Sesame Street  
 (15) Dr. Cene Scott Presents  
 (16) Phil Onahue Shew  
 (17) Understanding Our World; Cell  
 (18) Ceptain Consumer

- 9:30**  
 (2) (8) Price Is Right  
 (4) (10) Hollywood Squares  
 (5) Dick Van Dyke—Comedy  
 (6) Let Smart—Comedy  
 (7) Hogan's Heroes—Comedy  
 (8) Remper Room—Children  
 (9) College for Canines  
 (10) Market Update—Peterson  
 (11) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (12) Man Builds, Man Destroys

- 10:00**  
 (2) Wheel of Fortune—Game  
 (3) Movie—Sci-Fic (1952)  
 (4) "Flight to Mars," Cameron Mitchell, Marguerite Chapman. (1 1/2 hr.)  
 (5) Perry Mason—Drama  
 (6) (3) (10) Hoppy Days  
 (7) (3) (10) Ghost and Mrs. Muir  
 (8) College—Variety  
 (9) Market; Jeanno Pelmer  
 (10) It's Everybody's Business  
 (11) Big Blue Marble—Children  
 (12) You're On—Game  
 (13) Villa Alegre—Education

- 10:30**  
 (2) (8) Love of Life—Serial  
 (4) (8) It's Anybody's Guess  
 (5) (3) (10) \$20,000 Pyramid  
 (6) Andy Griffith Show  
 (7) Wildlife Adventure  
 (8) Mister Rogers—Children  
 (9) Market Update; Stocks  
 (10) Electric Company—Children  
 (11) High Adventure—Variety  
 (12) Cultural Understanding

- 11:00**  
 (2) (8) Young and Restless  
 (4) (8) Shoot for the Stars  
 (5) Edge of Night—Serial  
 (6) (3) (10) The Better Sex  
 (7) Movie—Drama (1955)  
 (8) "Six Bridges to Cross," Tony Curtis, Julie Adams.  
 (9) News—Ashman, Minyard  
 (10) Gomer Pyle—Comedy  
 (11) Market Update—Gracis  
 (12) Man Builds, Men Destroys  
 (13) Sesame Street  
 (14) Love Special—Variety  
 (15) Asian Culture

- 11:30**  
 (2) (8) Search for Tomorrow  
 (4) (8) Chico and the Meo  
 (5) Best of Groucho  
 (6) Divorce Court—Drama  
 (7) (3) (10) Family Feud—Game  
 (8) Let's Rap—Discussion  
 (9) Nanny and the Professor  
 (10) Market Coverage; Update  
 (11) Big Blue Marble

## AFTERNOON

- 12:00**  
 (2) Noontime—Wina, Llewellyn  
 (3) That Girl—Comedy  
 (4) Movie—Drama (1945)  
 (5) "Captain Eddie," Fied MacMurray, Lynn Bari. (2 hr.)  
 (6) Ryan's Hope—Serial  
 (7) (3) All My Children—Serial  
 (8) News—Barney Morris  
 (9) News—White, Haines

- 11:00**  
 (2) Movie—Drama (1939)  
 (3) "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," Jean Arthur, James Stewart. (2 1/2 hr.)  
 (4) I Dream of Jeannie  
 (5) Litas, Yoga and You  
 (6) Commodities; Market Update  
 (7) Sesame Street—Children  
 (8) MacNeil/Lehrer Report  
 (9) Ahora Los Angeles  
 (10) News—Hutchinson, Owen  
 (11) Behind Scenes; The Word  
 (12) Student News Conference

- 12:30**  
 (2) (8) As the World Turns  
 (4) (8) Days of Our Lives  
 (5) Family Affair—Comedy  
 (6) All My Children—Serial  
 (7) Courtship of Eddie's Father  
 (8) The French Choi  
 (9) Market Coverage; Auster Com-modities  
 (10) Yoga for Health  
 (11) Un Canto De Mexico  
 (12) Praise—Religion  
 (13) Mosele—Education

- 1:00**  
 (2) That Girl—Comedy  
 (3) Ryan's Hope—Serial  
 (4) News—Chris Harris  
 (5) Major Adams—Western  
 (6) Basic Belko—Education  
 (7) Market Closing; Bow 30  
 (8) Mystery of Art  
 (9) "Chicago Symphony Orchestra: Soli Conducts Wagner"  
 (10) Super Show—Variety  
 (11) Teach Us to Pray  
 (12) Classroom Discipline

- 1:30**  
 (2) (8) Guiding Light—Serial  
 (4) (8) The Doctors—Serial  
 (5) I Love Lucy—Comedy  
 (6) (3) (10) One Life to Live  
 (7) Divorce Court—Drama  
 (8) Spauld for Mexico  
 (9) Charting the Market  
 (10) Festival of Faith  
 (11) Don't Waste Your Sorrows  
 (12) Faces of Change

- 2:00**  
 (2) (8) All in the Family  
 (4) (8) Another World—Serial  
 (5) Big Valley—Western  
 (6) Dick Van Dyke—Comedy  
 (7) TV Movie—Drama (1969)  
 "Lost Flight," Lloyd Bridges, Anne Francis. (2 hr.)  
 (8) News—Charlie D'Donnell  
 (9) Consumer Survival Kit  
 (10) Focus on Britain '77  
 (11) History of Art  
 (12) Black Journal  
 (13) Un Demono Con Angel  
 (14) Enjoying Marriage  
 (15) MacNeil/Lehrer Report  
 (16) Teaching Self-Defense

- 2:15**  
 (2) (3) (10) General Hospital
- 2:30**  
 (2) (8) Match Game '77  
 (4) Leave It to Beaver  
 (5) Bollwinthe—Cartoon  
 (6) The Munsters—Comedy  
 (7) Book Beat—Report  
 (8) Litas, Yoga and You  
 (9) Magic of Oil Painting  
 (10) Festival of Faith  
 (11) Charismatic Theology  
 (12) Woodcarver's Workshop  
 (13) Chicago Symphony Orchestra

- 3:00**  
 (2) (8) Tattletales—Game  
 (4) Gong Show—Game  
 (5) Love American Style  
 (6) Popeye/Bugs Cartoon Hour  
 (7) (3) Edge of Night  
 (8) Movie—Drama (1969)  
 "Onco You Kill a Stranger," Paul Burke, Carol Lynley.  
 (9) Perry Pig—Cartoon  
 (10) Cilligan's Island—Comedy  
 (11) The Fersyte Saga—Drama  
 (12) Once Upon a Classic  
 (13) History of Art  
 (14) Pichimahlida—Serial  
 (15) Dinah!—Celebrities  
 (16) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (17) Sesame Street—Children  
 (18) Teke 30—Pennock

- 3:30**  
 (2) Mike Douglas—Celebrities  
 Scheduled: Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Mark Hamill, Pete Rose and Tom Seaver.  
 (3) Movie—Comedy (1960)  
 "Wake Me When It's Over," Ernie Kovacs. (2 hr.)  
 (4) Medical Center—Drama

## 5 DINAH! NOW ON CH. 5

## ★ BETTE DAVIS SALUTE

- (5) Dinah!—Celebrities  
 Scheduled: Bette Davis, Robert Wagner, Jane Fonda, Peter Strauss.  
 (7) TV Movie—Sci-Fic (1973)  
 "Genesis II," Alex Cord, Marlette Hartley. (1 1/2 hr.)  
 (8) Brady Bunch—Comedy  
 (9) Valley of the Dinosaurs  
 (10) The Three Stooges—Comedy  
 (11) Studio See—Education  
 (12) Real Estate and You  
 (13) PTL Club—Religion  
 (14) Banana Splits and Friends  
 (15) Cousteau: Oasis in Space

- 4:00**  
 (2) New Mickey Mouse Club  
 (3) Emergency One—Drama  
 (4) Maverick—Western  
 (5) The Monkees—Comedy  
 (6) Felix the Cat—Cartoon  
 (7) (24) Sesame Street  
 (8) Villa Alegre—Education  
 (9) Manana Sera Otra Dia  
 (10) Hollywood Squares—Game  
 (11) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (12) Zoom—Children  
 (13) Ultra Man—Cartoon  
 (14) Nova—Science

- 4:30**  
 (2) Te Tell the Truth  
 (3) Cilligan's Island—Comedy  
 (4) Archies—Cartoon  
 (5) Puffinbl/Lidsville  
 (6) Mister Rogers—Children  
 (7) Christ the Living Word  
 (8) El Precio de un Hombre  
 (9) The Gong Show—Game  
 (10) Electric Company  
 (11) Addams Family—Comedy

- 5:00**  
 (2) News—Chung, Benti  
 (3) News—Joss Marlow  
 (4) Benazee—Western  
 (5) Courtship of Eddie's Father  
 (6) News—Hambrick, Henry  
 (7) News—Lawrence, Morris  
 (8) Wild, Wild West—Drama  
 (9) News—Greene, Clement  
 (10) New Mickey Mouse Club  
 (11) I Dream of Jeannie

- (2) Sesame Street—Children  
 (3) PTL Club—Religion  
 (4) Lucy Show—Comedy  
 (5) One Way Came—Children  
 (6) (24) Mister Rogers  
 (7) F Troop—Comedy  
 (8) Washington Week in Review

- 5:30**  
 (3) Adam-12—Drama  
 (4) Room 222—Comedy  
 (5) Please Don't Eat the Daisies  
 (6) Get Smart—Comedy  
 (7) Litas, Yoga and You  
 (8) News—Spanish  
 (9) Bewitched—Comedy  
 (10) Behind Scenes; The Word  
 (11) (15) Villa Alegre  
 (12) Leave it to Beaver

## EVENING

- 6:00**  
 (2) News—Walter Cronkite  
 (3) (10) News—Reasoner, Walters  
 (4) News—Moyer, Lange  
 (5) Voyage to Bottom of Sea  
 (6) Gomer Pyle—Comedy  
 (7) News—Dunphy, Lund  
 (8) Gunsmoke—Western  
 (9) Partridge Family—Comedy  
 (10) Alias Smith and Jones  
 (11) Journey to Adventure  
 (12) Man Builds, Man Destroys  
 (13) Electric Company—Children  
 (14) Christ the Living Word  
 (15) La Usurpedore—Serial  
 (16) News—Chancellor, Brinkley  
 (17) Don't Waste Your Sorrows  
 (18) Making It Count  
 (19) Little Rascals—Comedy  
 (20) Zoom—Children

## 2 MYSTERY SUSPENSE

## ★ "THE SMUGGLERS"

- (2) TV Movie—Drama (1968)  
 "The Smugglers," Shirley Booth, David D'Orto.  
 (3) News—Bill Huddy  
 (4) News—Walter Cronkite  
 (5) Merv Griffin—Celebrities  
 (6) Andy Griffith—Comedy  
 (7) Black Journal  
 (8) Business News  
 (9) Voice of Calvary  
 (10) News—Paul Bloom  
 (11) Teach Us to Pray  
 (12) Man Builds, Man Destroys  
 (13) Rehab—Children

- 7:00**  
 (3) Emergency One—Drama  
 (4) News—Chancellor, Brinkley  
 (5) Stars Club—Game  
 (6) My Three Sons—Comedy  
 (7) News—Reasoner, Walters  
 (8) To Tell the Truth  
 (9) Concentration—Game  
 (10) I Love Lucy—Comedy  
 (11) The FBI—Drama  
 (12) Almeta Speaks With  
 (13) Korean Drama Serial  
 (14) Man Builds, Man Destroys  
 (15) MacNeil/Lehrer Report  
 (16) Festival of Faith  
 (17) 24 Hours—News  
 (18) Cross Wits—Game  
 (19) Praise—Religion  
 (20) Real Estate and You  
 (21) McHale's Navy—Comedy  
 (22) Studio See—Education

- 7:30**  
 (2) Name That Tune—Game  
 (3) Love American Style  
 (4) Odd Couple—Comedy  
 (5) Match Game P.M.  
 (6) \$128,000 Question  
 (7) The Joker's Wild—Game  
 (8) Wild World of Animals  
 (9) Bewitched—Comedy  
 (10) MacNeil/Lehrer Report  
 (11) 28 Tonight—Report  
 (12) Stars Club—Game  
 (13) Enjoying Marriage  
 (14) Six Beldebecke Festival  
 (15) Tales of Wells Fargo  
 (16) Once Upon a Classic

- 8:00**  
 (2) (8) Good Times—Comedy  
 Thelma's favorite teacher visits the Evanses and falls for J. J. (Repeat)  
 (3) Grizzly Adams—Drama  
 Ben is captured by an animal trainer. (Repeat)  
 (4) Big Battles—Documentary  
 "The Battle of the Pacific." Films of the Japanese onslaught in the Pacific. (2 hr.)  
 (5) Movie—Comedy (1966)  
 "Not With My Wife," Tony Curtis, George C. Scott.  
 (6) (3) (10) Donny and Marie  
 Anne Meara, Milton Berle, Nipsey Russell and Paul Lynde guest. (Repeat)  
 (7) Movie—Drama (1969)  
 "The Carolakers," Polly Bergen, Robert Stack, Joan Crawford. (2 hr.)  
 (8) Wild World of Animals  
 (9) Perry Mason—Drama  
 (10) Nova—Science  
 (11) Korean Variety Hour  
 (12) The Forsyte Saga—Drama  
 Soames files for divorce naming Jo in his suit, and June and her half-brother go to South Africa. (Repeat)  
 (13) Festival of Faith  
 (14) Lucha Libre—Wrestling  
 (15) Dwight Thompson  
 (16) Austin City Limits—Music  
 (17) National Subscription TV

- 8:30**  
 (2) (8) Marilyn McCoe and Billy Davis—Variety  
 Louis Nye guests.  
 (3) Cross Wits—Game  
 (4) News—Korean  
 (5) Jimmy Swaggart

- 9:00**  
 (2) Movie—Drama (1967)  
 "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Taylor. (2 hr.)  
 (3) GPO Sharkey  
 Sharkey is forced to reconsider after refusing to allow a celebration at the end of boot camp. (Repeat)  
 (4) (3) (10) Barella—Drama  
 Barella poses as a drug dealer to trap two thugs ripping off other criminals. (Repeat)  
 (5) Merv Griffin—Celebrities  
 Scheduled: Wild Cherry, Jack Carter, Mark Hamill, Patsy Barbutti, Ren Woods.  
 (6) The Virginian—Western  
 (7) Korean Home Drama  
 (8) Piccadilly Circus  
 (9) Great Performances  
 "Beyond the Horizon." The McCarter Theater of Princeton, New

- Jersey, performs Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize-winning play about two brothers who love the same girl. Richard Backus, Edward J. Moore, Merla Tucci, James Broderick, Geraldine Fitzgerald and John Housman star. (2 hr.)  
 (10) Dr. Cene Scott Presents  
 (11) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (12) "About Us: A Deep South Portrait"

- 9:30**  
 (2) (8) Comedy Time  
 A widowed chief of police learns the law enforcement is easier than being both father and mother to a trio of daughters. Stars Michael Constantine.  
 (3) La Criada Bien Criada

- 10:00**  
 (4) (8) Kingston: Confidential  
 Kingston investigates the "accidental" death of a colleague.  
 (5) News—Fishman  
 (6) Movie—Drama (1936)  
 "Bullets or Ballots," Humphrey Bogart. (1 1/2 hr.)  
 (7) (3) (10) Charlie's Angels  
 The Angels investigate a call-girl operation. (Repeat)  
 (8) News—Borman, Kaestner  
 (9) "A Matter of Size"  
 (10) Israel Today—Variety  
 (11) PTL Club—Religion  
 (12) El Beni Amado—Serial  
 (13) Let's Just Praise the Lord  
 (14) Nova—Science

- 10:30**  
 (11) News—Attebery, Ashman  
 (12) News—Delz, Hirtes  
 (13) News—Spanish  
 (14) News—Chung, Benti

- 11:00**  
 (2) News—Chung, Benti

- (2) News—Bill Huddy  
 (3) News—John Schuback  
 (4) Love American Style  
 (5) News—Dunphy, Lund  
 (6) News—Tom Lawrence  
 (7) Inside—Drama  
 (8) News—Greene, Clement

## 11 Meet A Live Indian On

## ★ "FERNWOOD 2NIGHT!"

- (1) Fernwood Tonight—Comedy  
 (2) Marcus Welby—Drama  
 (3) Anyone for Teaspoon?  
 (4) Dialogues  
 (5) Open Mind—Discussion  
 Richard Helmer's guest is former U.S. Sen. James L. Buckley.  
 (6) PTL Club—Religion  
 (7) Una Piegaria En El Camion  
 (8) News—Paul Bloom  
 (9) MacNeil/Lehrer Report

## — 11:30 —

- (2) (8) Movie—Western (1970)  
 "Macho Callahan," David Jensen, Joan Seberg.  
 (3) (10) Johnny Carson  
 Scheduled: Joan Rivers.  
 (4) Movie—Drama (1930)  
 "Condemned," (1 1/2 hr.)  
 (5) (3) (10) The Rockles

## 11 She Whips Men Happy

## ★ At Her Leather Castle "TABLOID" TONIGHT!

- (1) Tabloid—Magazine  
 Carl Gottlieb, Miranda Dunne and Jason Lasky cover unique people, places and things.  
 (2) (24) Captioned ABC News  
 (3) Movie—Spanish  
 (4) Behind Scenes; The Word

- 12:00**  
 (5) Twilight Zone—Drama  
 (6) Movie—Drama (1969)  
 "Color Me Dead," Tom Tryon, Carolyn Jones. (2 hr.)

- (1) News—Ashman, Minyard  
 (2) Movie—Comedy (1948)  
 "Free for All," Robert Cummings, Ann Blyth. (1 1/2 hr.)

## — 12:30 —

- (5) Dragonet—Drama  
 (1) Movie—Drama (1944)  
 "Cry Havoc," Margaret Sullivan, Ann Sothern. (2 hr.)

## 1:00

- (4) Tomorrow—Snyder  
 Guest: The Earl of Carnarvon.  
 (5) Movie—Mystery (1941)  
 "The Monster and the Girl," Ellen Drew, Paul Lucas.

- 1:30**  
 (2) News; Editorial  
 (3) Movie—Mystery (1951)  
 "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte, Julie Adams.

## 2:00

- (2) Movie—Mystery (1947)  
 "Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Robert Alda. (2 hr.)  
 (3) Movie—Drama (1951)  
 "Appointment With Danger," Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert. (2 hr.)

## — 2:30 —

- (5) News—Fishman  
 (1) Movie—Comedy (1949)  
 "The Judge Stops Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

- 3:00**  
 (5) Movie—Adventure (1972)  
 "Tyrant," Richard Johnson, Martha Hyer. (2 hr.)

- 4:00**  
 (3) Movie—Drama (1944)  
 "Two Thousand Women," Flora Robson, Phyllis Calvert. (2 hr.)

- 4:30**  
 (1) Movie—Sci-Fic (1957)  
 "Attack of the Crab Monsters," Richard Garland, Pamela Duncan. (1 1/2 hr.)

CONFERENCE—Host Hal Linden and producer Lester Cooper discuss a new segment of the ABC children's series, Animals, Animals, Animals.  
 Times photo by Judd Gunderson

## CECIL SMITH

## Linden Talks for Animals

Continued from First Page

"If they're going to damn us for what we do wrong, why don't they give us credit when we do something right?" he asked. "A lot of parents who loudly object to what their children watch on television seem to have no idea what else is on and make no effort to guide their kids to a show that might be beneficial. They're careful about what their kids eat, what they wear, the things they read—yet they feel no responsibility for what they watch. They expect networks to do their work for them."

"The only one of the organizations of parents that has really accomplished anything with broadcasters and government agencies is ACT (Action for Children's TV). And those ACT housewives and mothers are as quick to point out good programs as they are to scorn the bad..."

Cooper has been a recipient of much ACT praise. His new ABC series Animals, Animals, Animals, shown on Ch. 7 Sunday mornings at 11:30, won an ACT Prize for excellence last spring and followed up by winning the prestigious Peabody Award, broadcasting's Pulitzer. It's Cooper's second Peabody—he won the prize with the program Make a Wish, which had a five-year run preceding Animals.

## Persuasive and Eloquent

Parents groups would be wise to corner Cooper for their conferences. He's a persuasive and eloquent fellow. Getting Hal Linden to do Animals is prime proof. As Linden explained: "I'm a city kid. I didn't know one end of an animal from another. When they came to me to do an animal show, I said: 'Why? I'm too young to die.' People go into animal shows after a series folds, like Lorne Greene and Bill Conrad. It's something to do."

"But me, I'm up to my neck in Barney Miller, which goes back into production next week with or without Abe Vigoda. (Vigoda, who plays Det. Fish, is in a legal dispute with producer Danny Arnold that threatens to reach the courts.)"

"Barney Miller is an exhausting show—we work our tails off to make it work. I keep reaching, trying to get more human quality into Barney. And I'm a singer. When I get time off from Barney, I do musicals. I just got back from a tour of the Midwest in 'Kismet.' What do I need with an animal show? I don't like animal shows..."

But then Cooper got to him. As he'd explained to Elmer Lower and Elton Rule and other ABC brass, Animals, Animals, Animals is to your ordinary TV animal show as Shakespeare is to Sherwood Schwartz.

"We approach each creature that we examine from his place in history, in mythology, in literature, in art, in music," Cooper said. "We deal with every living creature, fish, fowl, insect. I hope someday to do a show on the most complicated animal of all: man."

## Every Tool in the Book

Cooper uses every tool in the film-maker's book—animation, documentary footage, stills, graphics, paintings, even original songs, charmingly sung by Lynn Kellogg. He not only convinced Linden to narrate the program, but Hal insisted he be a part of the action, going wherever it was necessary to find the subjects.

"As a result, I've been chewed by a camel, crawled over by a tarantula, butted by a bull, clawed by an eagle, wrestled by an alligator and peed upon by virtually every creature on earth," Linden said. "The toughest—the bear. I'm standing by this black bear telling people how unpredictable bears are and how dangerous. And this bear is growling and quivering. I was terrified. Acting at ease for that shot was the best performance I ever gave..."

But Linden, who has four kids of his own, said the real motivation for doing the show was that it was that rare program that was not an insult to children. Hal's the soul of the show, giving it an easy charm, a wry wit and, at times, a naive that matches his youngest viewer. He has a nice way of gathering in the elements of the show. In last Sunday's repeat on wolves, he talked not only of gray wolves and red wolves but of wolves in sheep's clothing, people who cry wolf, Thomas Wolfe, the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood's grandmother, even Irish wolfhounds, "which are not wolves but hounds." Next Sunday's show is on hounds.

## 'The First Show to Go'

He worries that anybody's watching—"Who looks at television at 11:30 on Sunday morning? And that's here. In some places, they put it on at 6 in the morning! Anytime there's a Sunday ballgame, we're the first show to go."

Where the show is placed is not Cooper's concern—it's programmed by ABC News. That's the oddity. Cooper is not an entertainment guy—he's spent his career in news. He had a distinguished record as a news writer and producer long before he considered kid shows. He produced prize-winning documentaries like "Heart Attack" and Dave Garroway's 11-part series on astronomy, "Exploring the Universe."

He explained: "ABC News has three Sunday half-hours—a show on religion: Directions; one on politics: Issues and Answers; and a show for kids. Elmer Lower, my boss, called me in six years ago and told me to fill the kid spot. At the time, Laugh-In was TV's hottest show. Everybody told me: 'I wish you could do a kid's Laugh-In.' I heard it so often I did a show on wishing: Make a Wish..."

Linden left the mollusks and put on a scarlet wetsuit and dived into the Marineland main tank to talk about the sharks and eels and barracuda and other denizens of the sea. Later, he tackled the killer whales in the next tank. He said the troubles with Vigoda had nothing to do with doing a show on fish. I wonder.

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# Bowie's Latest Profile: 'Low'

BY MARY BLUME

PARIS—The man in tweeds drinks beer, smokes Gitanes and has a 6-year-old son who, he says, is going to be very rich. "He's into the process of living, not the result."

The boy's name is Zowie Bowie. Dad is David Bowie who as a pop star wore full makeup, wild-hued hair and, on occasion, a dress. Now he's in these tweeds, with an open-necked plaid shirt, a gold cross at his throat and a wryly avuncular manner. His hair is what hairdressers court-teously call ash blond: light brown. He is, by gum, wearing Argyle socks. But lest anyone be tempted to take the costume too seriously, he also has on a pair of exceedingly nasty gray perforated shoes.

After the urgent exhibitionism of his days as King of Glitter Rock, Bowie has discovered Switzerland and privacy: "I suppose I should say at this point that I want to be a pig farmer," he says. "It's about time."

His last album had the word "Low" printed over a side view of Bowie but to his disappointment no one realizes it should therefore be called "Low Profile." This may be because since he burst on the rock scene his profile has been screeching high. "The persona I put out is eclectic, vibrant," he says.

"Low" is Bowie's favorite album because it reflects his new interest in experimental music, sound as texture rather than music he has called it. His second favorite is "Aladdin Sane" (1973) which is, he says, "the height of cliché of the early '70s—the neodeconstructive schizophrenic thing that was happening that was spearheaded by fashions. At that time, people's minds sounded like they looked."

What about today? "I don't know. I'm out of touch with the young," he says.

Bowie turned 30 this year. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me. Until 30 I was a dedicated artist. Now I've

## Susan Davenny Wyner at Bing

BY ALBERT GOLDBERG  
Times Staff Writer

Susan Davenny Wyner, who was heard in Mahler's Eighth Symphony at Hollywood Bowl last week, sang a first recital here Monday night at the County Museum of Art.

The young soprano, who is better known on the East Coast, was assisted at the piano by her husband, composer Yehudi Wyner, in the series sponsored by Anna Bing Arnold.

Mrs. Wyner is a singer of intelligence, taste and enterprise. Her voice is ample in size and suggests operatic possibilities. The quality inclines to be warmer and more appealing when used moderately than when opened up to full power. In more strenuous moments the voice is apt to be forced to a certain amount of edginess that also entails a loss of character and color. Otherwise it serves the singer's interpretive intentions faithfully and responsively.

A refreshingly unhackneyed program reflected Mrs. Wyner's concern for style and sheer musical values. Three songs by Purcell were set forth with ingratiating simplicity and more clarity of line than of English enunciation.

A Schubert group, rather oddly assembled under the title of "Songs of Love and Nature," started a bit tentatively and shakily with "Die Vogelf" and "Amalie." But warmth and emotional involvement soon came to the fore in reflections of "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Autumn Song," "An die Nachtigall" and "Ganymede" that were in the best tradition of lied singing.

Wit, charm and beguiling humor marked the singer's way with Stravinsky's two "Balmont Songs" and three "Japanese Lyrics." Not a little of the success of these incisive miniatures could be attributed to the glittering accompaniments provided by Yehudi Wyner. Here as elsewhere he proved himself and accompanist of stellar quality.

The pianist was also represented as composer in "Memorial Music," two songs on biblical texts, with effective, dark-hued harmonic background supplied by three flutes played by Jonathan Drexler, Jill Shires and John Heitmann.

Five fairly unfamiliar songs by Brahms closed the program with more sweep and dramatic abandon than the singer had elected to display earlier, winning her two encores from an impressed audience.



DAVID BOWIE  
"... Into the process of living."

discovered privacy, I've lost contact. My writing's better, my music's better, I've played more music in the last year-and-a-half than in all my life." The music has been for himself. "It seems so certified when you put it on vinyl. I'm not interested in certified music." His next album, not yet written, will be put together in a Berlin studio with a three-week time limit and the help of "Low's" synthesizer whiz, Brian Eno.

As an extraterrestrial creature who leaves behind his loving, if slimy, family to come to our planet, Bowie has just had his first starring film role in Nicholas Roeg's "The Man Who Fell to Earth." The film's pace is such that you can feel your fingernails grow during it. "It's very slow," Bowie agrees. "It's one of the slowest movies I've ever seen in my life. One of the saving graces is the speed it moves at."

This summer he will play the painter Egon Schiele for director Clive Donner, then will portray the French actor and theorist of the theater of cruelty, Antonin Artaud. He wants to direct film and has had wide directorial experience mounting his extravagant and cunning stage appearances.

"I brought in aspects of the theater that hadn't been used in rock before—Kabuki and Expressionism," he says. He states that his influence has been immense: "I see lots of bands dressing up now." That is immense? Yes, says Bowie, because it changes the audience-performer relationship.

Born David Jones in a London suburb, Bowie wanted to be a painter but instead in 1963 joined a group called the King Bees, later leading an offshoot called David Jones and the Buzz. "Being a rock star was nothing I was aiming for," he says. What he wanted was fame: "It was a choice of either being a failure or famous."

By 1972 he had cut his hair, created a character named Ziggy Stardust and was on his way to creating stage extravaganzas which reached a climax with "Diamond Dogs." Critics over the years have noted his gift for spotting a coming trend and for changing his style from rock to space songs, rhythm and blues and disco hits.

"I don't change but the stage performance does," Bowie says. "I've never painted the same painting twice. I'm not at all enamored of being a rock star. It didn't agree with me and I didn't agree with it. I never intended to remain in the rock arena. It was a good way of putting my paintings on: I couldn't make it as a painter, so I put my paintings in another medium."

He has changed colors many times: "My persona is so confused it even confuses me," he says.

"It's hard for me to come to terms that a rock artist is supposed to be everything he is on stage and records. I was never given credit for inventing it. People said it had to be me."

He has proved an expert manipulator of the media. "I

thought, let me say something that will be a cartoon. I think my interviews are hysterical—alarmingly hilarious pieces of rock 'n' roll surrealism. What we little trolls have to pour out of our divine mouths is another business."

David Bowie says he has left the rock scene, which he has said before. This time he says he means it: "I was never really in that scene. I had to say I was leaving it so people would think I was." Now, as his muted costume suggests, he is into privacy and another kind of music.

"I want to go with disposable music. That's a good catch phrase," he points out helpfully; "music you can disregard completely. I've always been interested in Muzak beyond the use it's put to in elevators so you won't be frightened when they fall down, or in airports. I like the idea of plain narrative music with a sudden gem."

"It's like Ayers Rock in Australia—a huge, huge rock jutting out of miles of sand. If I could write a piece of music like that rock . . . But I'm talking out of line because I'm not a musician as such, I haven't accomplished anything in music."

Looking back on his tumultuous rise, Bowie says, "I care an awful lot about the characters I created but Lord I love my privacy. Ziggy and Aladdin were nice—quaint, but nice."

With nostalgia zipping along at its present rate, perhaps the old Bowie characters will soon be back. "Lord," he reacts, "people saying do you remember the old rock 'n' roll with lipstick on? Let it rest in peace."

Blume writes for the International Herald Tribune in Paris.

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TERRY SMITH

**To Dr. Dawkins, crickets responding to mating calls show that genes lead organisms into acts which produce more genes.**

# TEACHER

## EVERY MAN, SAYS RICHARD DAWKINS, IS JUST A GENE MACHINE

It looks like a scene in a mad-scientist movie, but Oxford's Dr. Richard Dawkins is studying the response of female crickets to the computer-simulated mating calls of the male. Dawkins is a sociobiologist, one of a new breed of scientists who specialize in the biological causes of animal behavior. "I love to solve the intellectual problems of my specialty," he says. "It's the kind of game people like me play."

Based on his studies, Dawkins, 36, has developed a theory about the survival of species. It is described in his book *The Selfish Gene*, which recently was published in the U.S. He says the seemingly "altruistic" acts of many species are the result of genes trying to perpetuate themselves. "Even man," says Dawkins, "is a gene machine, a robot vehicle blindly programmed to preserve its selfish genes. Let us try to teach generosity and altruism. Let us understand what our selfish genes are up to because we may then have the chance to upset their designs—something no other species has ever aspired to."

Born in Nairobi (his father was a civil servant), Dawkins was packed off at 8 to an English boarding school, where he embraced zoology, refused to kneel in chapel and, at 16, discovered Charles Darwin. After graduating at 21 from Oxford—where his father had read botany and his grandfather forestry—he stayed on and became a don.

Dawkins' zoologist wife, Marian, an Oxford Ph.D. whom he tutored in 1964 when she was an undergraduate, has an office four doors from his. She is doing behavioral research on hens. They hope to collaborate on a sequel to *The Selfish Gene*, examining nervous systems and their effect on behavior. At the moment their own genes seem destined not to be passed on. Marian doesn't want children and Richard goes along. "It's not irrevocable," says Richard. "It's not something that appeals to me," ripostes Marian. □



## HALDEMAN, EHRLICHMAN

## Books From Behind Prison Bars

BY THOMAS COLLINS

Newsday

NEW YORK—Those who want to write books and don't feel they have the time might give serious thought to going to prison. Unlike ordinary people who have to go to work every day, convicted felons apparently have a lot of free time, an abundance of writing paper and, most important of all, the kind of peace and quiet that is usually not available with the wife and kids around.

Some members of the Watergate crowd have discovered the rewards that seclusion in a prison atmosphere can bring. At present, John Ehrlichman has almost completed a new novel in an Arizona jail between chores in the prison boiler room. Another former chief aide to Richard Nixon, H. R. Haldeman, is planning to finish his book about the Nixon White House in the quiet of confinement. He has been working on it for several months with a top New York editor, and the fact that their work will be interrupted when Haldeman goes off to the slammer is not viewed with any concern. "He'll finish it in jail," his editor said.

According to lawyer-agent Morton Janklow, Ehrlichman has established a routine in Safford Prison that some of the literati in the East End might envy, combining a stint of hard work with a good stretch of creativity. He's up early and into the boiler room by 9 a.m. He lunches at noon, and knocks off at 3. Then it's back to his cell, where

he works on his manuscript. Ehrlichman writes in long-hand and sends off his pages to Santa Fe to be typed.

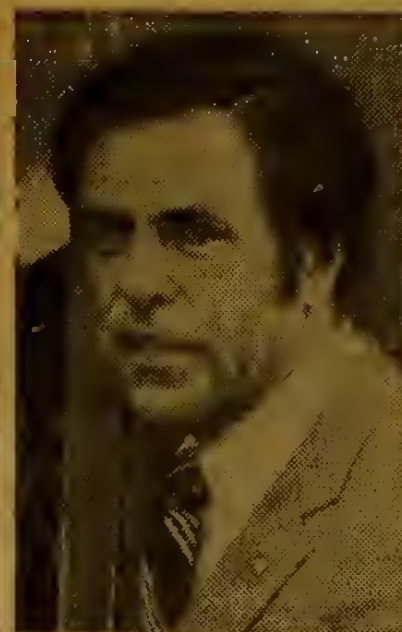
Ehrlichman's new book, according to Janklow, is about a young, idealistic lawyer who is called to duty at the White House and becomes corrupted by Washington politics. He has finished about 15 chapters, and the book is expected to do the kind of business that would warrant the six-figure advance that Simon & Schuster has paid him. "It is a thoughtful, analytical book," Janklow said, "that shows the kind of pressures a young man is subjected to in the White House and what happens when he is asked to do certain things by his chief."

David Frost's recently televised interviews with Richard Nixon, he said, "opened up Ehrlichman to the bone," presumably meaning they got him angry enough for it to be reflected in his prose. Ehrlichman was pretty hard on Nixon in his first novel, "The Company," which is now on the paperback best-seller list, and may be even rougher on him the second time around. A television series based on "The Company" is being readied for the fall, starring Jason Robards and Cliff Robertson. The new book, temporarily titled "Saga," is "not as *roman a clef* as the first one," Janklow said, "but it has a certain level of coincidence." Does the idealistic young lawyer end up going to jail and writing a book about his experiences? We'll have to wait and see.

Haldeman, meanwhile, has been working "on the out-



John D. Ehrlichman



H. R. Haldeman

the days when he was browbeating everyone—had to be willing to "analyze the failures and successes" of his White House days candidly; which, until recently, Haldeman had been unwilling to do. A few years ago, in fact, he circulated an outline for a book which was too bland to arouse any publishing interest. His original proposal to Quadrangle wasn't exactly a barn-burner, either, according to one source, but then, as happened with Ehrlichman, the Nixon-Frost interviews drove him up the wall.

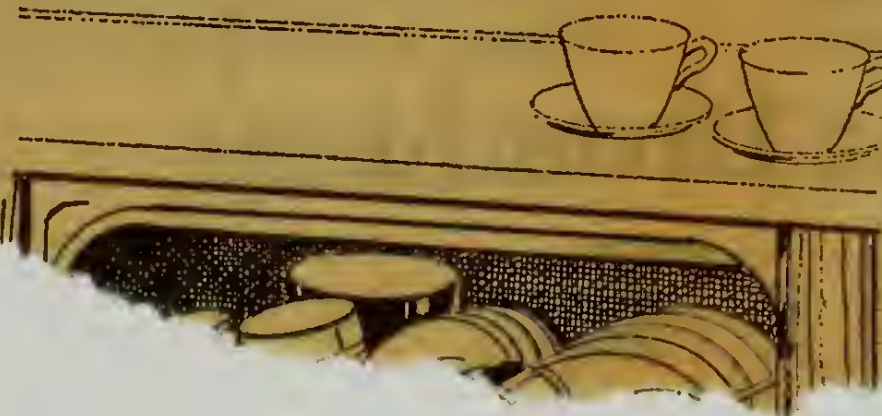
He stalked out of his Los Angeles home recently and announced that he was challenging Nixon's version of the Watergate coverup. Then he tipped that fact that his book would reveal the name of the person who erased the famous 18 1/2 minutes of tape, who actually ordered the Watergate burglaries and what the burglars were really looking for. There will be revelations in "Other major areas as well," Lipscomb promised. One Quadrangle source said Haldeman "felt he was being made the fall guy."

Haldeman took thousands of photos around the White House in those days, and some will be used to illustrate the book. Lipscomb did not want to discuss how much the Times Co. paid Haldeman, and said that the royalties will probably go to pay off a "six-figure debt" to Haldeman's lawyers. "He has little chance of netting anything," he said. The Times itself will probably excerpt the book if the material proves good enough, Lipscomb said, and the Times news syndicate is eagerly awaiting the manuscript. So far, that consists of about 1,000 pages, some of it question and answer between Lipscomb and Haldeman in their taping session. The Q. and A. is then organized into chapters and the chapters are written by Haldeman. Manuscript in hand, he is expected to check into a minimum security prison Wednesday to finish his task in peace and quiet.

side" with a tape recorder and the New York Times Co. in connection with his book, a nonfiction work called "The Ends of Power." The newspaper and the author—formerly adversaries—have made common cause in what could presumably be a lucrative business enterprise. Thomas Lipscomb, the president of Quadrangle, the book division of the Times, said, "We were very excited about having a book about the Nixon presidency." Lipscomb contracted with Haldeman on the basis of an outline and a series of cross-country telephone calls.

Lipscomb noted that unlike John Dean, Jeb Magruder and others, Haldeman had been with Nixon almost as often as Pat. He said the important thing, though, was that H.R.H.—as he had been known around the White House in

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# School Integration Via Specialization

TAKOMA PARK, Md. (AP)—Johnny can learn arithmetic and geography in French, and at the same time help desegregate seven schools in this Washington suburb.

In what federal officials believe is the only large-scale program of its kind in the nation, Montgomery County officials are offering specialized education in a cluster of elementary and middle schools in hopes of improving the racial balance of their enrollments.

Four Corners Elementary School, for instance, will teach all subjects except English in French. Oak View and

Rolling Terrace Elementary will offer a "Spanish bicultural emphasis," officials say.

Four Corners already has a limited French curriculum which will be expanded next fall.

East Silver Spring Elementary and Piney Branch Middle schools will concentrate on basic skills—reading, writing and math—while Highland View Elementary plans what officials call a "highly structured setting" stressing traditional teaching methods.

Takoma Park Elementary, meanwhile, will work with an extensive parent participation program, asking parents to visit the school frequently both for planning sessions and adult education.

Of the seven schools involved, only Four Corners, Highland View and East Silver Spring are considered racially balanced compared with the county's overall 16% non-white population.

Rolling Terrace and Takoma Park have nonwhite enrollments of more than 50%, while Oak View and Piney Branch are more than 35% nonwhite.

Under the plan, students are assigned to their neighborhood schools. Parents were allowed to request transfers to other schools, with transportation provided free.

A survey of 1,000 Takoma Park parents last fall found 85% in favor of the cluster plan as an alternative to forced desegregation. More than 60% also said they would send their children to the school with the educational program they wanted.

Transfer requests will be evaluated to make sure they will help achieve a better racial balance, according to officials. But Connie Gordon, head of a committee that helped devise the program, said the transfer of a black student to a high minority-enrollment school or of a white student to a low minority-enrollment school may be allowed if the

changes will decrease imbalance overall.

Richard Elwell, a spokesman for the federal Office of Education, said the Takoma Park program appears to be the largest such plan so far designed to encourage transfer and improve racial balance.

## Architect to Talk on Tokyo's Shinjuku

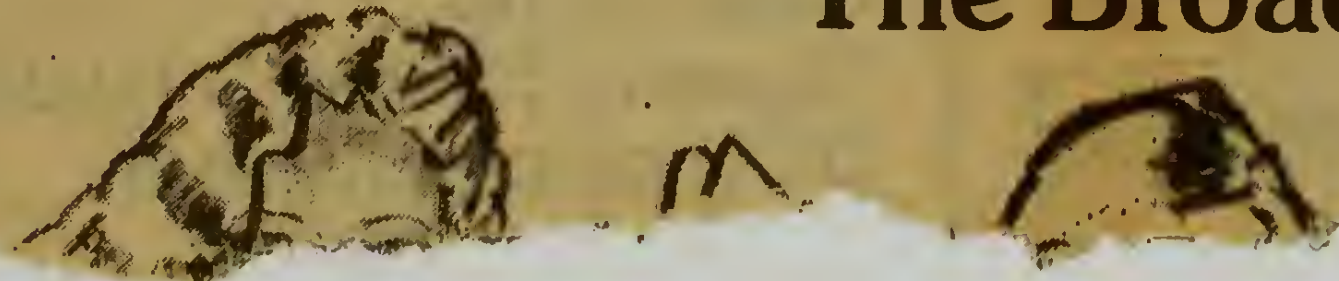
A free lecture on Shinjuku, the section of Tokyo that has been called "the ultimate Pop environment," will be given Tuesday evening at the Craft & Folk Art Museum. Peter Gluck, a New York architect and one of the designers of the museum's current "Two Faces of Japan" exhibition, will give the talk. Reservations for the lecture may be made by calling 937-5544.

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## The Broadway





# THE RACE TRACK

*The Big A Warms Up*

**R**USTLINGS of spring brought a crowd of more than twenty-eight thousand, the largest of the season, out to Aqueduct last Saturday. Racing was lively, and most of the finishes were close. One of the surprises came in the Next Move Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a furlong—the afternoon's main event. Forty Nine Sunsets, whom Frank Gomez has been racing in the South—with a stopover at Bowie, where she finished third in the Fritchie Handicap—stole in a length and three-quarters ahead of Double Quester, with Shark's Jaws third and Illiterate, the favorite, out of the money.

The best score of the day for the talent was with Sky Treaty, who won his sixth straight claiming race and paid a \$4.80 mutuel. Last Thursday, Steve Cauthen had seven mounts but—for the first day since January 27th—no winner.

**A**FTER a dramatic struggle, the Santa Anita Handicap was won last Sunday by a California-bred and -owned colt, Mrs. Connie Ring's Crystal Water, in a photo finish with Faliraki. King Pellinore, the favorite, was third. The mile and a quarter was run in 1:59½, which set a new track record for the distance. Thirteen ran for the \$273,550 purse, and Faliraki, a lightly weighted long shot (he carried 114 pounds), set the pace until Crystal Water, well placed all the way by Pincay, collared him in the stretch. King Pellinore, top weight under 130 pounds, ridden by McHargue, made a good try. I've always thought that the Santa Anita Handicap is one of the hardest races to win. Crystal Water, by Windy Sands out of Soft Snow, was one of the leading three-year-olds last year—in fact, just about the best in California. As for Faliraki, horsemen out there generally agreed before the race that he was just about the fastest thing on the grounds; stepping a quarter of a mile in twenty-one seconds was just play for him. But they doubted that he could carry such speed ten furlongs. He almost did.

Shoemaker, eight-time winner of the Big 'Cap, did not ride in it this year. He was to have been aboard King Pellinore, but last week the Santa

Anita stewards sent him down for five days, beginning last Saturday. In a race the Sunday before, he had allowed his mount to drift out in the stretch and interfere with other runners, for which the horse had been disqualified. Shoemaker also had to withdraw from the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park and from Hialeah's opening the next day, because his suspension didn't end until Thursday.



Cuzwuz wrong—how's that for the name of a Derby winner?—took the \$150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields track, near San Francisco, last Saturday, winning by a neck from Cathy's Reject. Max

Gluck's Make Amends, the eight-to-five favorite, ridden by Cauthen, was last. Make Amends drew the outside post position in the field of eleven runners. It had been the intention to run Mr. Gluck's Replant, winner of three stakes for three-year-olds at Santa Anita, but the colt suffered a hairline fracture in one of his knees, either when he was winning the San Jacinto Stakes, his last start, or in a workout. He's on the shelf for some time to come. As you know, the California Derby is the first leg of the Golden Triple, the others being the \$150,000 Santa Anita Derby and the \$200,000 Hollywood Derby. A colt winning all three would have almost as fair a start toward a million in prize money as he would if he won the Triple Crown.

**F**OR THE RECORD: At Gulfstream Park, Gravelines won the Pan American Handicap. Le Cypriote was second, and Gay Jitterbug was third.

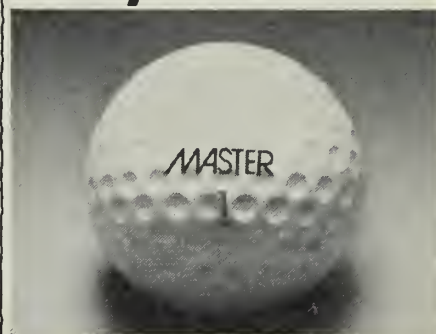
—AUDAX MINOR

The Defenders of Wildlife organization has written to Gov. Jay Hammond to say that plans to shoot most of the wolves living on 144,000 acres of the Brooks Range would wipe out about 80 percent of a subspecies of wolves that live in northwest Alaska.

The state says the wolf population must be reduced to help stop a decline in the number of caribou. Restrictions on caribou hunting were ordered this year for the first time.—*The Times*.

You see, it works like this: you kill a wolf so the wolf can't kill a caribou so a man *can* kill the caribou, because that's what caribou are for.

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## CHINA

### II—THE FACTORY AND THE FARM

THE Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory is situated in the industrial suburb of Minhang, on the Whangpoo River, about an hour upstream from the city of Shanghai. A large factory, with some four thousand workers, it makes both electric motors and generators. With dormitories, cafeterias, sports facilities, and immense ivy-covered brick workshops, the factory has the ambience of a university rather than an industrial complex. Our group of visiting Americans is housed in a dormitory with some students from Fudan University, in Shanghai, who have come to do a stint of manual labor at the factory, and a complement of workers. The dorm, a two-story brick building, was recently inhabited by a group of North Vietnamese who were at the factory for an extended period, receiving technical training. It has twenty rooms, each containing four double-deck bunks, two small desks, a fluorescent ceiling light, some small clothes lockers by the door, and a rack in which eight tin washbasins are stacked like tires. Each bed is equipped with a mosquito net, a thick cotton pad, a quilt, and a pillow. Other than these articles, there is nothing in the rooms when we arrive. The women live on the second floor, the men on the first. There is a lavatory for each floor, with cold water. Showers are taken in communal washhouses nearby—one for men, one for women—with hot water piped in from a heat-reclamation device, which draws waste heat from the cooling system of the factory's rolling mill.

At six o'clock in the morning, the song "The East Is Red" comes on over the factory public-address system. It starts very softly—almost inaudible at first—like one of those alarm clocks that ring louder and louder until you wake up. By the second verse, the music is booming out over the factory complex at full volume, and one hears strange echoes from the more distant



speakers. Soon there are hundreds of men and women, sleepy and some only half awake, walking on the asphalt paths to the communal washhouses. Their hair is matted, and they wear long underwear of various colors and carry their washbasins, containing soap, a toothbrush, a cup, and a towel. Inside the washhouse, there is a din of water running and tin pans bumping and scraping on concrete sinks. Above this background noise is an obbligato of spitting and throat-clearing—an exercise that the Chinese perform with gusto each morning.

After returning to the dorms to dress, the workers go to the cafeterias for breakfast. The music stops and the news comes on. Each person has brought along a meal ticket, a tin dish, a tin cup, and a pair of chopsticks. The cafeteria is crowded. The workers line up behind different windows and wait to be served, as though they were at a bank. A small blackboard above each window tells the price of the dishes being offered. On the meal tickets are three squares for each day of the month. The price of whatever one orders is written in the appropriate square on one's ticket. At the end of the month, the figures are added up and one pays for the whole month's meals at once.

Breakfasts are not elaborate here at the factory. Most workers have no more than a bowl of rice gruel or a few buns. Many eat their food outdoors. I see a number of workers sitting

on the air shafts and entranceways to the factory's underground bomb shelters. Others sit beneath sycamore trees that have been planted all over the factory grounds. Workers finished with their meals take their dishes over to one of several long concrete sinks on one side of the cafeteria and rinse them under boiling-hot water from the rolling mill. The water flows out into a gutter through a wicker basket, where the odd kernel of rice or scrap of food is trapped. This and other garbage

is later sent to a nearby commune for pig food.

Afterward, a sea of workers on foot and on bicycles moves off down the paths to the workshops. We pass a huge billboard at the main factory entrance which shows a beaming Chairman Mao standing in front of a large generator (he visited the factory in 1961), cross a footbridge that spans a small canal, and arrive at a circular area surrounded by glass cases and bulletin boards displaying wall posters and factory directives. Here the crowd thins as people fan out to their workshops. Several young mothers carrying infants head for the day-care center; they will leave their babies there while they work but will return periodically throughout the day to nurse them. A male voice booms out over the loudspeakers, reading an analysis of the current political situation. The passersby seem to pay little attention.

Workshop No. 11, to which I am assigned, has twenty-odd work teams. The shop produces large D.C. electric motors. Our team is made up of thirty-two men and women workers and is called the Coil Inlay and Assembly Team. When we arrive at the shop, the workers on our team stand around a blackboard on which is written, in impeccable script, the words "Let the Ancient Serve the Present and the Foreign Serve China, Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom, Weed Out the Old and Let the New Emerge." The work captain is giving his daily briefing. It is



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hard to hear what he is saying over the noise of large machine tools that line the aisle and the rattle of a crane as it passes down the tracks overhead, delicately plucking up motor casings that weigh several tons and moving them down the workshop aisle.

It is cool and drafty in the workshop this first day. Hundreds of small birds swoop in and out of open windows and fly up under the cavernous eaves of the shop, where they have their nests. I am introduced to Chang Yuan-k'ang, with whom I will work for the duration of our stay. Like many older workers in the factory, he is addressed as "Master"—an appellation that denotes neither rank nor authority but simply deference to veteran workers. Master Chang seems a quiet, almost shy middle-aged man. He shows me to a stool in front of a large, lathelike machine that holds and turns the rotor of a seven-hundred-and-thirty-kilowatt motor as though it were a large ear of corn. It is the job of the workers in our team to assemble these rotors, which turn within the casing of electric motors.

At first, Master Chang seems troubled by the prospect of his stewardship over me. We make scarcely any small talk as he hands me a pair of white cotton gloves and begins to show me how to put paper insulation behind the copper conductors in the rotor. A native of Chekiang Province, he speaks with a Ningpo accent that is difficult for me to comprehend. He is embarrassed that I cannot understand his Chinese as easily as he understands mine.

We sit side by side in front of our rotor with a pair of pliers in either hand, bending down flanges. It is tedious work. Master Chang has done it for twenty-two years. We begin to chat, and Master Chang corrects flaws in my work. Slowly, he seems to grow fascinated by my presence, and is emboldened.

"In your country, does the state or the factory give the workers their clothing?" he asks, pointing to my factory uniform, a baggy blue garment that has "The Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory" and "Safety in Production" written in red characters above the left breast pocket. It is the first of many questions that begin with the assumption that the rest of the world must be somewhat similar to what he knows.

"Sometimes workers are given uniforms," I reply. "But factories are

usually owned not by the state but by private companies."

"They're run for profit," he half asks and half states. And then, before I can answer, he says, "Oh, yes. I know. It was just like that here before Liberation." He gives a shrug.

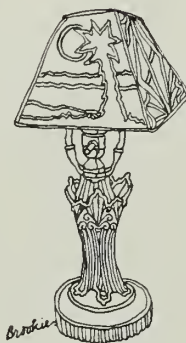
I ask Master Chang what his life was like before Liberation, in 1949.

"My father died when I was about fifteen," Master Chang says. "It was after that that I came to Shanghai. My father and I had farmed near Ningpo. We were poor then—oh, so poor!" He shakes his head and then continues, "We lived in a peasant house of earth and straw. Each day, we worked in the fields. Of course, they weren't our fields. We rented them from a landlord. He was a real tub of rice. He never walked a step. He always had four men carry him in a sedan chair. We also rented our oxen and plow from him—very few people had oxen of their own. And renting the oxen meant paying him more money. Anyone who couldn't pay him back had to pay over more of his harvest, plus interest. Sometimes a person still couldn't pay. Then the landlord's gang would arrive. Often they had guns. They'd take the person and lock him up. Then maybe there would be some kind of negotiations. Friends would help if they could spare anything. But usually the person just had to borrow more money from the landlord, at even

higher interest. We were always poor. We never had enough to eat." As he speaks, I think how strange it is that such hardship, which at the time had no redeeming feature, has ended up being a political asset to an older worker. He has the invaluable experience of oppression—the kind of experience that now exists only as history—and the Chinese draw upon it tirelessly to remind

their young people of the revolution's wellspring.

"After my father died my mother came to Shanghai, and stayed with relatives," he continues. "She began to wash clothes for wealthy Chinese. Each day, she went to a different house—you know, those big mansions in the French Concession. You can still see them in Shanghai. But they hardly paid her anything. Then I came to Shanghai, too, although I was still pretty young—I was about sixteen. But we had nothing in the country. Finally, I got a job as a tailor's apprentice. This particular tailor had several ap-





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prentices. If one of us got sick, the boss would just tell that one to go home and rest. Of course, he wouldn't pay a sick apprentice anything. Then, when the apprentice came back after getting well, he would never know whether or not he still had a job."

I ask Master Chang when he first heard of the Communists. He thinks for a few moments and then says, "Actually, I didn't hear much about the Communists until after Liberation. Shanghai was a Kuomintang city, and I couldn't read." Then, almost apologetically, he adds, "But I remember thinking that somehow all the workers and peasants should get together. Yes, I thought about that. Otherwise, maybe I would just have lost hope." Then, getting back on safer ground, he says, "Now if I get sick there is nothing to worry about. I can get treated here at the factory, and the factory also pays for my family to be treated, in Shanghai. They do not live out here in Minhang, so I go home on weekends. If they get sick, they just go to a doctor and get a receipt. I bring it here to the factory, and the factory pays for it."

**T**HIS morning, we leave our dorm for breakfast at the usual hour of six-thirty. I arrive at Workshop No. 11 just as the work captain is starting what the workers call the daily "head-knocking session."

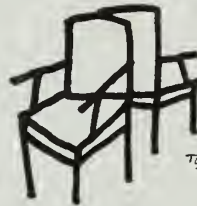
"Today, we must remember our production schedule," the work captain says. "These rotors must all be finished by tomorrow, so that we can take them and bake them in the ovens. And I want to remind you of safety. Be careful. You foreigners are taller"—he smiles—"so watch carefully overhead for the crane that moves machinery down the aisle. And always be mindful of keeping the area around your workplace clean. That's important. Leave it cleaner than when you came."

Each worker walks over to his toolbox, unlocks it, takes out his tools and gloves, and returns to the rotor at his bench.

From listening to the daily pep talk about production and quotas, one would expect a frenzy in the workshops. But the pace is amazingly measured, even mellow. Workers don't loaf, or conspire to be secretly idle, but every now and then they do gather to chat for a few moments, or just sit and watch the crane, which provides endless diversion. I sense little pressure on any individual worker. Our work team's eagerness to

produce seems to be collective, even though there is a large measure of individual accountability for each piece of work that is finished.

Our team's work pattern is in many ways the antithesis of the assembly line. Each worker sees a rotor through about twenty different processes, both large and small. Each works at his own bench, and, when necessary, moves the rotor from machine to machine with the crane. It may take a week or two to finish the series of processes, depending on the size of the rotor.



79

There is a blackboard in the middle of the team's work area, just behind the soldering ovens. The name of each of the workers is written on it. After each name is the kilowatt rating of the rotor that that person is assembling.

Strangely, the date that work was begun on it is not given. When a rotor is finally baked out and sent on to another team, it is identified as the product of a particular worker, who makes the final tests before sending it on. And—although the worker may consult with others from time to time, or even have their help at various stages—when a rotor moves on, it is essentially that particular worker's craftsmanship that goes with it. So, while the work is fairly tedious, it is not as repetitious as that of an assembly line. People set their own pace, and there are many breaks, both long and short, during the day. It is common practice for a worker who feels that he is falling behind to return to the shop during his spare time and catch up.

At ten-forty-five, all noise in the shop ceases. We remove our gloves, replace them and our tools in our toolboxes, and walk outside the workshop to a large tin sink, where we wash up for lunch. The workers who stand around waiting their turn are carrying their cups, dishes, and chopsticks in small net bags similar to those used by French housewives at the market.

The cafeteria is crowded by the time we get there. Our team is in the first of three lunch shifts, which are staggered at fifteen-minute intervals. The team breaks up as the members move to different lines. Behind the windows, a vast kitchen hums with activity. Tons of food are cooked here each day. Women in white kerchiefs chop vegetables on large wooden tables. Basketfuls of fish and meat are being cut up. Steam rises from a caldron of noodles, partly obscuring the attendants who are stirring it with oversize chopsticks.

Somehow the members of our small



group manage to find one another again, and sit together at one of perhaps a hundred long concrete tables that fill the room. I eat garlic shoots, cabbage soup, and rice. Hsiao Ch'en, who works at a neighboring bench, eats a small whole salt fish and a bowl of rice. Hsiao Ti, another co-worker, eats some broad beans and a five-ounce bowl of brown wheat noodles. (Noodles are sold by the ounce, and five ounces seems to be the maximum a bowl will hold.) There is some joking about Hsiao Ti's large consumption of noodles and his relative thinness.

The Chinese do not waste much time on eating. They eat in a business-like manner, spitting bones and gristle out unceremoniously onto the table beside their bowls. One rarely hears anyone comment on a tasty dish or say that he is looking forward to the next meal. When a group of Chinese finish eating, they seldom hang around chatting or smoking.

**I**T is growing dark, and the evening cool is settling as several members of our group walk out through the factory gates to a vast apartment complex for married workers. In 1957, before the Great Leap Forward, Minhang was a rural village of three thousand. Today, it is an industrial hub, with not only thousands of square feet of new housing but department stores, swimming pools, four secondary schools, fifteen elementary schools, two hospitals, and a population of eighty thousand.

We walk down a tree-lined lane between rows of five-story apartment buildings to visit Master Ch'en and his family. Master Ch'en works in Workshop No. 11, and his wife works in a small general store that serves the factory.

Apparently, word has already gone out that foreigners will visit the Ch'en apartment. We are met blocks away by an army of small children, who run, laugh, and trip over one another in their efforts to keep up with us as we walk. They leave a clearing around us, though, indicating a certain failure of nerve at the prospect of getting very close.

We near Master Ch'en's building, a cream-colored concrete structure built around a courtyard. Faces are looking out of every window and doorway. The courtyard is teeming with hundreds of children. We walk up a dimly lit staircase to the Ch'en apartment, on the fifth floor. Families emerge on each floor as we pass, and applaud us on, as though we were entries in some sort of obstacle race. As we round the stairs on

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the fourth floor, we see Master Ch'en, his wife, and their three children waiting on the landing.

Master Ch'en is a small, thin man with a nervous habit of blinking when he is uneasy. Tonight, his blinking is incessant. His whole face squinches up as he leads us through a windowless, sparsely furnished anteroom into a bedroom with two neatly made double beds, in which the whole family sleeps. These two rooms constitute the family's apartment. (The family shares a kitchen with three other families on the floor.) There is no wall between the beds—only a wire along which a curtain can be drawn for privacy. Under one bed is a spittoon. Several trunks are stacked in a corner next to a large wardrobe. A wooden table occupies the center of the room. The table is piled with candy, gum, glasses of tea, and carefully shined apples.

We sit down on the beds and on several chairs hastily gathered from neighboring apartments. There is a moment of awkwardness. No one is quite sure how this visit should begin. Then, being the host, Master Ch'en shoulders the responsibility and says, "We've lived here only one year. But I have worked at this factory for twenty-four years."

To keep the conversation rolling, one of us asks if he was at the factory when Chairman Mao came to visit, in 1961.

"Chairman Mao?" he says. "No, I missed him. I was in the city. It was a weekend. But what does it matter?" He adds, quoting a line from "The East Is Red," "'Wherever the red sun of Chairman Mao shines, there it is light,' and I can see Chairman Mao's presence."

This small man sits tensely on the edge of his stool, like a child who has just finished a classroom recitation and is waiting for a reaction from the teacher. He is still wearing his blue factory uniform. He has a wristwatch, attached to his thin wrist by a strap several sizes too large. His gray tufty hair fits his head like a cap. He has a small moth-eaten mustache and wears thick glasses, through which his eyes can be seen only dimly, as if through ice. Finally, he makes another effort. Picking up a dish of cigarettes, he urgently offers one to each person in the room. His hands tremble as he lights one for himself. His young son, wearing a

crimson Little Red Soldiers neckerchief, sits quietly at the back of one bed, watching and listening.

Suddenly Master Ch'en begins to talk about his life, as if he knew that this was expected of him sooner or later. It's a relief to everyone. Even he relaxes as he speaks. Then, momentarily, he is overcome with emotion as he tells us how his mother was lost in the nineteen-thirties, when the Japanese invaded Shanghai, his native city.

"We couldn't find her after the invasion," he says. "She just disappeared. It was not until 1960 that, with the help of the Party, we learned where she was, and we were reunited." Master Ch'en's eyes become watery as he speaks. It is the only time I have seen an adult in China even approach tears. "When I was fourteen, I began to work for a man in a hardware store in Shanghai. He let me sleep only three hours each night. It was then that my eyes began to go bad." He points to his glasses. "My boss expected me to work like an animal. I knew that I could not survive such suffering very long. Finally, I ran away and became a small-time peddler. But it was not easy to sell my goods. People did not buy them. So again I was forced to move on. This time, I went to the country, and began to work for a man who kept cows. But I couldn't make a living working for this man, either. There is an old Chinese saying—'All crows are black.' Again I fled. By that time, I was sixteen. I went to join my father, who was then living in a town in Chekiang

Province. He was a tailor. We went from house to house making clothes, although we had almost none ourselves. Our income was meagre, and we could hardly survive on it." He pauses a moment and, with his head lowered, says, "People my age or older have a deep memory of those

days. We have a strong hatred of the old society.

"For three years and six months after that, I worked in a knitting mill as an apprentice. Then the factory went bankrupt. It couldn't get enough raw materials. So I was laid off and was again at loose ends. I couldn't find another job in a knitting mill. I couldn't find any job that I was trained to do. I ended up as a janitor, mopping and sweeping. Then came 1949 and Liberation. We stood up at last. It was then that I came back to Shanghai, to work



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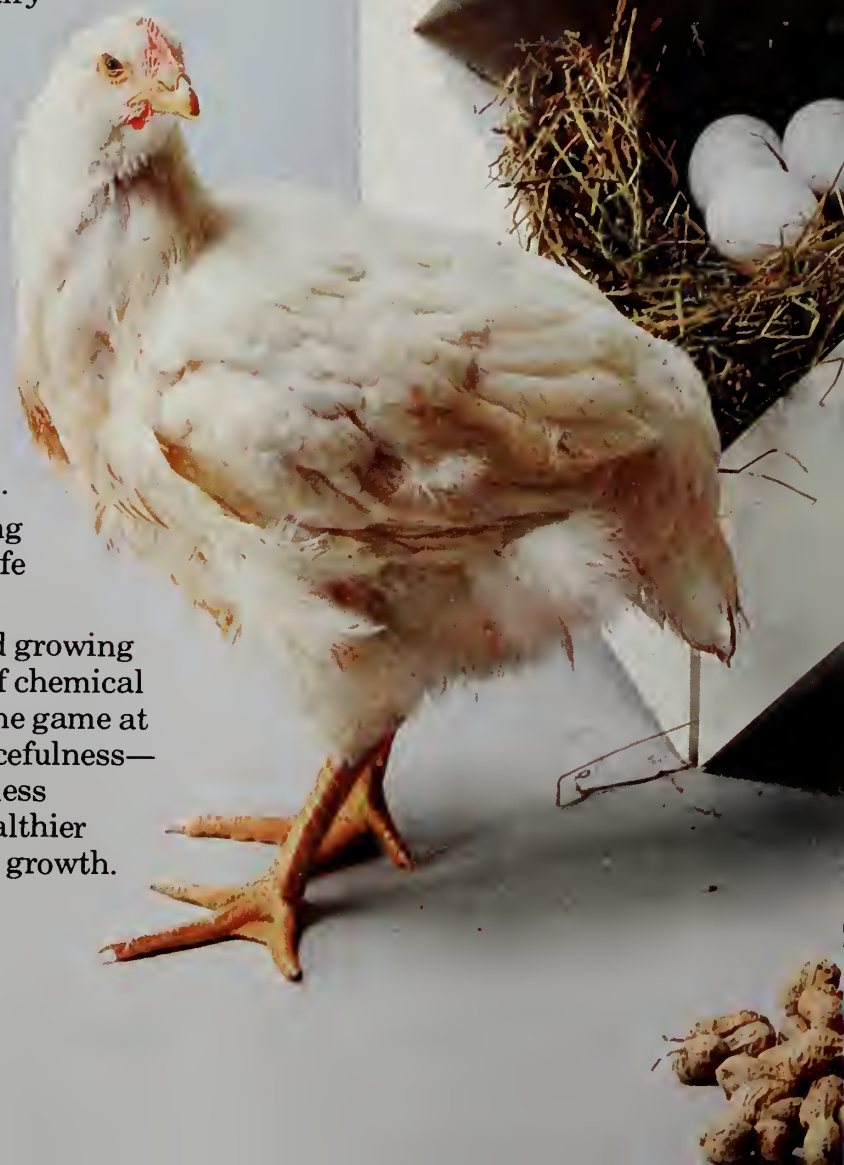
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at the old Electrical Machinery Factory, which was still in the city."

Here his manner of talking changes abruptly. Instead of staring at the floor, he begins to address us as though we were a class. "As Chairman Mao taught us," he continues, "'we must work for our self-reliance through struggle.' So after Liberation the factory started to expand. And over the next twenty years our situation improved tremendously. There is such a difference between the life of us workers before Liberation and now. Before Liberation, we only had small shacks and huts. And now look! We have apartments. We pay only four yuan a month in rent. I make ninety yuan a month, and my wife makes seventy yuan. We even save a little money each month." Master Ch'en's manner is effusive as he delivers this Communist commercial.

Master Ch'en's wife sits behind her husband as he talks. She listens intently, leaning forward as though her undivided attention and supportive posture might help him speak. In spite of the impressive equality that exists between men and women in China, a man is usually deferred to in his own house by his wife, and she normally does all the cooking, washing, and cleaning.

"In the evenings, I come home directly after work except on Mondays and Tuesdays," says Master Ch'en. "On those evenings, we have study groups. We are studying the dictatorship of the proletariat now. Other nights, I just come home and read, or listen to the radio." He indicates a red plastic radio that has been playing quietly in the background. "I made it myself," he says, giving a wide, sleepy grin. His teen-age daughter, who has just entered the room, takes the cue and jumps up to turn the volume up, as a testimonial to her father's skill at electronics. The radio makes crackling shortwave noises, and then the sound of a Western orchestra comes booming out. "Its tone is still not good—I must fix the bass," says Master Ch'en, grinning again and continuing to blink. "I'm working on it. Some of the other workers like to get together and talk about international affairs and politics, but I prefer coming home and just being here with my family. And I like to listen to music."

The noise in the courtyard is picking up again, perhaps in anticipation of our departure. Master Ch'en leans toward the window, which is open, and listens to the voices outside. "You hear the noise outside?" he says. "It's the children. They all know that foreign

friends are up here. They are welcoming you. The children now are so lucky. They never knew the bitter past."

**YU SHAO-FENG** is in her mid-twenties. She is quite tall and lithe and wears her shiny hair in two long braids. She is a vivacious woman who would probably be found attractive by most men in Western society. She is intelligent and politically active, and is clearly a worker who is trusted. Although I have talked with her on several occasions in a group, our most intimate activity together has taken place at the dormitory before we retire. She and a friend have been teaching several of us a song written by a factory worker—"Chairman Mao Meets the Truck Driver." We stand in front of the men's washroom like kids on a Harlem street corner singing close harmony. It is an agreeable, if somewhat distant, form of contact.

Today, as we start down a path to visit the factory clinic, I find myself walking next to Yu Shao-feng. We begin to talk about the health-care system at the factory. Although other members of our group are all around us, she appears to grow more and more restive as the conversation goes on. Finally, she breaks off in mid-sentence and calls to her friend Sun Chien-p'ing, farther down the path. Sun Chien-p'ing runs over, and the three of us walk together, continuing the conversation. Yu Shao-feng now seems completely at ease.

**SLOWLY**, a procession of dripping raincoats and umbrellas moves out of darkness and pouring rain into the half-light of the thatch-roofed factory auditorium. Tonight, there is a movie. It costs a tenth of a yuan. Inside, the auditorium looks like an oversize Tahitian house. It is a large building, seating more than a thousand, and has walls of bamboo lashed together with rattan. The auditorium contrasts oddly with the modern brick factory buildings all around it.

"You see," says Hsiao Ti, my co-worker, crouching under a wet plastic poncho as we stand in the doorway, "this is the auditorium that Chairman Mao came to when he visited the factory in 1961. So, naturally, even though it is old-style, we did not want to tear it down."

The structure is caught in a kind of time warp, in the "backwardness" that the Chinese usually shy away from, but it has been hallowed by Mao's presence. It has, in effect, become a monument to him.



Master Chang, Hsiao Ti, P'eng Hung—all co-workers in Workshop No. 11—and I walk down the aisle and find four free spaces on one of the benches. We sit and chat as we wait for the film to begin.

Someone sits down on my left. To my surprise, I find that it is Yu Shao-feng, who has arrived with a girl friend. She seems just as surprised (perhaps even unsettled) at finding that she has sat down next to me. It is probable that she did not recognize me from the back in my blue jacket and cap, but I toy (only briefly) with the possibility that she has sat down beside me deliberately. In any event, I am not displeased by her presence. Master Chang is sitting on my right, and I know that if I should need help with the movie it will be difficult to understand his dialect. Perhaps Yu Shao-feng might whisper quick translations in my ear. The thought is a mild one for our world of sexual revolution, but in the world of the Chinese revolution it is almost too tawdry to handle.

"Hello, Shao-feng," I say as casually as I can, hoping I have expunged any suggestion of a leer from my face.

"Oh, Comrade Hsi-erh, how are you?" she replies, using a Chinese transliteration for my name. She then quickly returns to her conversation with her friend. A tenseness emanates from her direction.

The lights are dimmed, and the shorts begin. The first is a documentary called "The New Face of Shanghai." The managers of a Shanghai alarm-clock factory "go among the masses" to find out what kind of alarm clocks the people find most useful and appealing. Just as I am savoring the anticipation of putting my first question to Yu Shao-feng, I feel a hand on my knee. In the dark, I cannot see whose it is. It pulls me to the right—the opposite direction from Yu Shao-feng. Then Master Chang whispers something incomprehensible to me. He and P'eng Hung begin to tug me politely toward them. "Here. Take Master Chang's seat," says P'eng Hung, pulling me awkwardly to my feet. Before I know it, Master Chang has slid beneath me into my seat.

The jig is up. I move compliantly now, aware that something of significance has occurred in this pas de quatre. Perhaps I have crossed the invisible line of demarcation where relations begin to become private rather than public. As the shorts continue, I recall Hsiao Ti's having told me a few days earlier that if an unmarried man and an unmarried woman are seen walking



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alone several times, it is tantamount to a public declaration of intent to marry. Just today, one of the women in our group remarked on how modest she has found her roommates in the dorm. "At night, when it's time to get ready for bed, the women usually get into their bunks fully clothed, drop their mosquito nets, and change into their pajamas out of view of the other women," she told me. "And, unlike the men's shower room, the women's is divided into stalls."

There is an old expression in Chinese for a person who always has the opposite sex on his mind. It is *feng-liu*, and suggests a kind of licentiousness. I look at Yu Shao-feng's profile now. She is beautiful. She is intently watching the movie. I wonder if she knows the term *feng-liu*. I wonder if there are any people left in China today who might be so described.

The feature comes on. It is about the "two-line struggle" in a steel mill around 1959—just after the Soviet Union pulled all its technicians out of China, in some cases taking the blueprints for unfinished projects with them. The struggle revolves around the question of whether or not to import a special high-tensile steel for Navy ships from a pointedly unnamed Socialist country or to try to make the steel at the factory. The factory head is basically a good guy who has fallen for the wrong line of going abroad to buy steel. But by the end of the movie he sees the light. He stands in his office with the good worker-cadre and criticizes himself, with tears in his eyes. He admits that he has taken the wrong line in renouncing self-reliance. There is the usual assortment of bad guys, whom Master Chang refers to as "bad eggs" (*huai tan*). He becomes uncharacteristically agitated when a "bad egg" is on the screen. As one villain slinks and skulks around, up to no good, Master Chang grabs my shoulder. He points to the screen as this "bad egg" is about to sabotage a blast furnace. "See that! See that!" he exclaims. I am relieved to find Master Chang so engrossed, for until the movie began I feared that he was accompanying me out of a sense of duty rather than a craving to be entertained.

Often during the film as a character enters, P'eng Hung or Hsiao Ti will speak his exact line, leaving the strange impression that the actor, as he repeats the words moments later, is mimicking him. I am reminded of Bogart film festivals during which Bogart seldom gets one of his heavy lines off before

some aficionado in the audience beats him to the punch.

As the film ends, with the camera panning across the factory smokestacks belching smoke in psychedelic colors, I lean over to P'eng Hung and ask him if he has seen this film often.

"Oh, yes," he says. "I have seen it several times. It's a good film to study. The first time I saw it, I was so excited my head was spinning for days."

SEVERAL of us visit the Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory Workers' Children's School, which is a large, multi-story concrete building set behind several blocks of workers' apartments. It has a hard-earth playground surrounded by tall green poplar trees. Inside, sounds of grade-school children reciting their lessons in unison cascade out of each classroom and echo up and down dark halls.

Suddenly the bell rings and the children pour out the main door under a banner that reads "Friendship First, Competition Second." Then the children stand in neat lines in the schoolyard. It is the daily exercise period for several classes. When the exercises are finished, the athletic instructor asks if we visitors would like to have a tug-of-war with the children. It is suggested that our six men pull against eighteen of the children, who range in age from about ten to about thirteen. The children are electrified by the idea. There is much talk in our group of winning and losing. Our competitive sense is unmistakably piqued by this challenge. We line up along the rope, strutting, kicking heel-holds in the earth, and trying to organize ourselves. We decide to pull in cadence, and appoint one man



coxswain. The athletic director stands at midpoint on the rope. He raises a track pistol and fires. The children heave on the rope, grimacing with concentration. They pull from low, crouched positions. We tug and strain, passionately trying to keep our cadence regular. Suddenly we are pulled off balance. Our bodies jerk upright, and we are dragged relentlessly across the line. Our group is crestfallen. The children watching on the sidelines clap.

A second pull is organized, against another class. We are eager. We are determined to win, although no one quite knows what kind of honor is at stake. The gun goes off. We grunt and puff. Our cadence is more effective this time. We can feel each tug slowly dislodging the children a little



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more. We give a huge tug. We have them on the run! In a few seconds, we have pulled them over the line. Again the children on the sidelines clap.

We feel satisfied with this schoolyard conquest. We congratulate ourselves on our good sense and swift improvement. I walk over to the sidelines, feeling very stiff. A woman from our group sidles up to me. She wears the smile of someone who is about to share a wicked secret. "Did you know that the coach went over and bumped three kids off the rope just before the second pull?" she asks.

SOMETIMES I simply cannot make my mind up about this country. This morning, for instance, I spend an interesting time working in the shop. I begin to feel that I understand the human purpose behind hitherto obscure phenomena or prohibitions as I see the country functioning smoothly around me. Walking back to the dorm, I find myself wondering if perhaps China is not some utterly new experience in history after all—one in which all the caveats against too much regulation, regimentation, and organization ought to be reconsidered. The old assumption that human energy and imagination can be released only with generous doses of freedom and self-expression ends with a question mark in my mind. Perhaps this is a new world, as yet unfathomable by someone with Occidental experiences.

Then, suddenly, the loudspeakers come bellowing over the rooftops. Oafish piano accompaniment plays behind an operatic soloist wailing on about how Chairman Mao is a great red sun, a fearless helmsman, a savior of the masses. I feel myself freezing again, doubt congealing. I find myself thinking back to accounts written with glowing enthusiasm by foreigners who watched and experienced the Russian Revolution but failed to see the seeds of brutality and sourness until long after their bitter harvest under Stalin. It occurs to me that perhaps the very weakness of democracy is its strength; it is often so disorganized that it is almost impossible to get as many as half the people to move fervently in any direction. Are there signs shrouded in all this hope and energy around me of a frightening force that is moving hell-bent on the future? Can I divine the future beneath China's proletarian optimism? Do I dare?

IT is a warm day, with the sun shining colorlessly through thick, moist clouds. During the rest time aft-



er lunch, I stroll down toward the Whangpoo River to enjoy the cool breeze. I take my camera, intending to shoot some film of the factory and the workers, but I soon feel clumsy, very much an intruder. People along the way are shy, and far from eager to have their photographs taken.

I cross the canal on the main footbridge. A string of small barges towed by miniature tugs is heading up the canal. They bring food to the factory and remove garbage. Boatmen stand on either end of the barges with long poles, helping to push the convoy upstream against the current. I take a few photographs. A worker passing by from the washhouse and carrying a washbasin and a towel walks over. "Those boats and those people are not from the factory," he says. "They are from a nearby commune." His face is expressionless, but his meaning is clear: Don't photograph them.

I walk on. At the river, a fresh breeze is blowing off the water. Large tugs are hauling strings of barges and rafts upstream, and junks under sail are moving rapidly downstream. I take a few photographs, and begin to walk down the railroad tracks that parallel the river. A middle-aged man runs after me. "What are you doing?" he asks, in an unusually agitated and unfriendly manner.

"I am taking pictures of the boats," I reply.

"Why?" he demands.

I am about to reply that they are beautiful, but I realize this will be an incomprehensible answer. "We don't have any in America," I find myself saying idiotically. Then, groping for something more practical, I add, "Wind power is a sensible means of transport."

"It is rest time," my interceptor says coldly. "You should be resting." He is speaking fast now. "The Chinese people and the American people are great peoples," he says, in a tone that collides with the meaning of his words. "The friendship between the Chinese and American people is..." He rattles on, but I cannot follow him.

"I'm sorry to have caused this trouble," I say, and I put my camera away.

"Even the workers in the factory are not allowed to take photographs," he says, relenting only slightly.

I beg his pardon again and retreat, wondering if it is a question of security or a question of Chinese sensitivity about foreigners' taking pictures of traditional, or "backward," scenes. I am shaken. I return to the dorm, fearing

## Is Looking Younger Important to You?

It's quite possible to be so wrapped up in the intriguing business of day-to-day living that you can go for months (maybe even years!) without giving much thought to how young—or old—you look. Then something happens that reminds you that the years are indeed passing, and with them that youthful look that you may take for granted.

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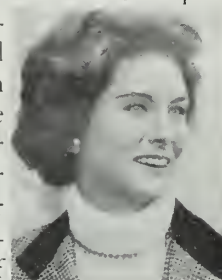
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repercussions. In China, incidents are rarely just forgotten. China is a society in which all acts have political significance.

Tonight, we retire at the usual hour, about nine o'clock. Lao Chang, one of the interpreters accompanying our group, who shares a room with me, several other Americans, and some factory workers, carefully folds the trousers of his gray cadre suit and puts them under his pillow before sliding into bed. He is going to "iron" them by sleeping on them. As he gets ready for bed, he seems to be trying to stir up a conversation. Once I have shown the slightest responsiveness, he sails into a full-blown discussion of the Italian movie director Michelangelo Antonioni's 1973 film on China, which has been severely criticized in the Chinese press. Lao Chang has not been feeling well lately, but now he is tenacious. His persistence finally draws me into the discussion. Almost every day, the interpreters meet to talk about our stay in China, its problems, us, and what political approaches are correct to follow. It is not uncommon for two or three interpreters in one day to find time, singly, to sit down next to a particular person during a meal and raise the same point. The process is never crassly direct, but after a while it becomes inescapably clear. It is a kind of political education. If one resists the point being made, one feels a distinct coolness, a withdrawal of approval, even of friendship, during those probationary moments.

The incident at the river has apparently got back. There has perhaps been a discussion of it. I feel singled out and somewhat trapped. My impulse is to try to explain my purpose in taking those photographs, though I realize the futility before I even begin.

"You see," says Lao Chang, lying in the dark beneath his mosquito net in an upper bunk, "Antonioni came to China and he concentrated on the backward features of China. He showed old people straining to pull carts, and old methods of plowing with water buffaloes."

I say that perhaps Antonioni saw them as colorful or artistically pleasing, and filmed them for reasons having nothing to do with the issue of China's astounding development.

Lao Chang remains silent for a moment. It is evident that he does not believe in art for art's sake, or in aesthetics detached from politics, and that he does not understand or accept the notion of artistic self-expression. "It's

all political in nature," he says, coldly and emphatically. "There is no such thing as a photograph or film without a political viewpoint. Why did he want to take a picture of a junk, and not a new freighter? Why did he want to take a picture of an old peasant planting rice, and not a tractor? Why do you want to take a picture of people in patched clothing?"

He is talking to me now as though I had become Antonioni. A hint of suspicion has crept into the conversation. I have been growing sleepy, but now I'm wide awake. I have a thousand thoughts. I reply that Antonioni's film was viewed in the United States and Europe as favorable to China. I halfheartedly explain that in nations like our own there has been a disenchantment with industry and



its benefits, and a nostalgic return in many instances to older, less technological ways of doing things. "Listen, Lao Chang," I say, not without some irritation now. "You must understand that we are not Chinese. We are not always interested in learning lessons exactly the way you did. Our problems are different. Perhaps there is a wisdom in planting rice by hand, in using sail-powered junks and fewer manufactured goods. Doesn't patching clothes so you can wear them longer show common sense, and throwing away half-worn-out clothes represent stupidity and wastefulness? Doesn't the use of human waste as fertilizer show rational intelligence instead of backwardness? In our country, we treat it with chlorine and put it into the rivers and oceans."

My explanations now, as has often been true in the past, do not seem to have smoothed out the difficulty. In China, the object of conversation usually is not achieving free give-and-take but providing the other person with a chance to reeducate himself to the "correct line." I do not know how to handle our discussion. I wish I could end it. But it continues.

"We think Antonioni came to China looking for images of the past," Lao Chang says. There is truth in this, I admit to myself. Foreigners do still seek to understand China through many of the old stereotypes. We are gratified by quaint, pastoral, peasant scenes, and tractors repel us. "Yes," Lao Chang says emphatically, "you can take photos of anything you want. But they must show the future as well as the past."

"Lao Chang," I say, "many people in America are beginning to feel that





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in certain respects the past may be the future."

Finally, one of our roommates tells us to shut up. He wants to go to sleep.

The room becomes quiet. I hear mosquitoes trying to find a way through my mosquito net. Someone begins to snore.

**T**ONIGHT is a special night. It has been set aside for a discussion of the United States with some of the factory workers. It was we rather than the Chinese who suggested the idea. The Chinese agreed, compelled by politeness and perhaps by the realization that they had not been as much interested in our country as we were in theirs.

We gather in a large meeting room adjacent to the factory store. There are about a hundred Chinese present—friends from the shops, factory leaders, and a scattering of other cadres and workers. This time, we give some prepared B.I.s (as the Chinese refer to the "brief introductions" that they provide so often) of our own on various political aspects of America. We cover such subjects as the labor movement, women, the counterculture, minorities, and the economic situation. Our presentations seem to us long and uninspired, and, in any case, they are rendered flat by the laborious process of translation. I am amused to note that the Chinese respond to our B.I.s with just about the same degree of electrification as we respond to theirs. Nevertheless, I am again astonished by the lack of interest these workers show in the United States. Our tales of social strife, cultural change, and economic uncertainty seem to neither surprise nor please them. I glance around the room during the B.I. on the labor movement. People sit with their eyes out of focus, lost, staring off into space in some Socialist reverie. Several comrades, kept up long past their normal bedtime, fight off fits of yawning. Only the most gung ho pay full attention or take notes.

The audience displays some signs of life as we prepare to show them a series of slides. A large, almost gaudy oil portrait of Mao is unceremoniously taken down by two men when it becomes clear that it is occupying the only stretch of wall where the slides can be shown. The lights go out. Images of Rocky Mountain landscapes, wealthy suburbs, ghettos, farms, factories, and highways flash on the wall. A succession of billboards advertising liquor, cigarettes, the Air Force, and gasoline seem to impress us more than our



audience. These banished commercial images reappear before us as a shock. A slide of a large illuminated outdoor advertisement for Black Velvet Canadian Whiskey comes on. It shows a blond woman in a décolleté black velvet dress sprawled seductively across the length of the mammoth billboard. Above her body are the words "Feel the Black Velvet." I look around the darkened room. Faces are blank. People look as though they had been paralyzed by some new, unknown force. What is filling the heads of these comrades? I lean over to Hsiao Ti, who sits beside me. "What do you think of that?" I ask him.

He wrinkles up his face in puzzlement. "Why do they want to do that?" he whispers back.

In many ways, the Chinese still seem culture-bound and self-contained. Tonight, I have the distinct sense that for most Chinese the outside world is little more than a distant fantasy, about which they receive occasional predigested shreds of information in newspapers and on the radio—an unreal world. Since there is little fascination with the exotic or the bizarre in China, people are hardly titillated at all by the strange practices and problems of a faraway land. They seem to look upon us as a sort of retarded and essentially dull society—a society that is wallowing in complexity and confusion, and does not have the good sense to make a rigorous Marxist class analysis and get on with a revolution. We may be powerful, but to them we appear as a sideshow, devoid of inspiration. We are a model of decline, which, in a land of Socialist reconstruction, has little appeal.

"OUR university is called May First University, because this was the date when Chairman Mao visited our factory, in 1961," says a young teacher who was once a shopworker. He speaks hesitantly and turns often to one or another of his three comrades, who sit on either side of him, for affirmation. His openness and vulnerability lend a feeling of genuineness to his words. "At first, we had courses only in science and engineering at the factory university—all courses that related to technical production," he continues. "But then our Party branch suggested that we should try to do more than just teach the workers how to produce generators. They felt that we should begin to train workers in various other fields as well, to help them master other aspects of their lives.

The first year, our new liberal-arts program graduated twenty-three students. Of course, the university still has the older departments, covering engineering and science. But now we have also instituted ten new night classes for workers, in subjects like English, drafting, and electronics."

"At present, we have three courses in the literature field," says a young woman, breaking in. "One course is on Chairman Mao's thoughts on art and literature. Then, we have a course on Lu Hsün, a novelist and essayist of the twenties and thirties. And we have an experimental-writing course, combining theory and literature. You see, most factory workers have never really writ-

ten anything. So we ran into a lot of difficulties at first, but we began to overcome these by working in collectives. For instance, we wrote a collection of short stories, called 'Young Pathbreakers,' by dividing the class into five groups. Each person discussed his or her ideas about how to write a story. Then, if one person had problems, we would all help work them through. Finally, each person began working on his or her own short story. But the stories were rough, and not very well written. It was not until after many discussions and some criticism that they improved. But then we still had too many stories. So we sent the students down to the workshops and let the workers read and criticize the stories. We read the stories out loud to old workers who could not read. Other workers, who were too busy to attend a class, read them in their spare time, and then sent notes back with their suggestions. It took half a year to work it all out. Some stories were discarded, and others were improved. Then we decided to form a group and write a whole novel, called 'The Big Beam.' One of the comrades passes around a copy of "The Big Beam." It is a slender paperback, like most books in China. The cover shows a drawing of a large metal girder being set in place. "It was a joint project of teachers, worker students, and people from a publishing house. The book took over a year to finish. And it was not easy for these workers to write a novel, because most of them had written only one short story."

Some members of our group exchange incredulous looks at the thought of the Chinese having collectivized the writing of fiction.

"These stories are very important for younger workers," says a recent



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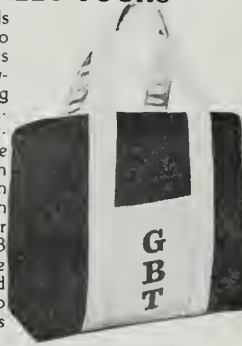
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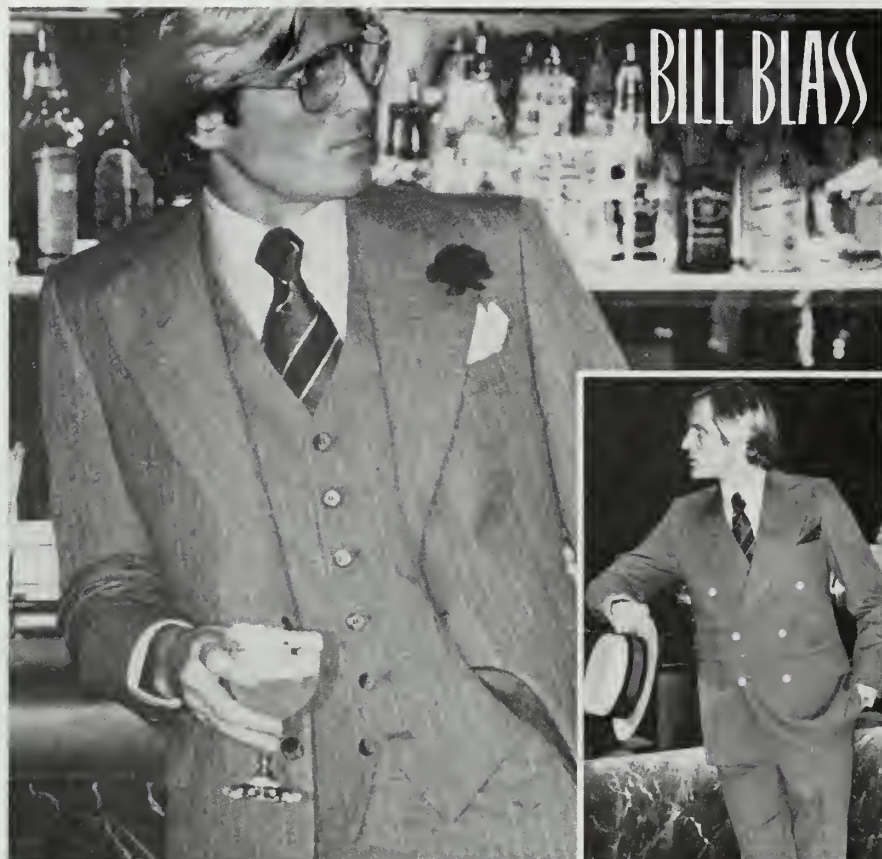
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woman graduate, who has been sitting quietly, taking notes with awesome thoroughness. "The younger workers never knew the old society. Now they can read about it. The stories are popular among the older workers, too, some of whom now read and are able to enjoy them. One of the main challenges in writing fiction is to work out the contradiction between realism and romanticism. Some works, of course, have good revolutionary content but are not written very artistically. They have no attracting power for the reader. We firmly believe that the artistic level must be just as high as the political consciousness. But we oppose counter-revolutionary works with high artistic merit. A work must be artistic *and* revolutionary. Take 'The Big Beam,' for instance. It tells how a new cadre fought against the restoration of capitalism during the Cultural Revolution. It illustrates the vigor and spirit of youth. But it was not clear how we should put our experiences into writing and properly portray proletarian heroic images. Granted, we might sometimes use darker figures to make our heroes stand out. In reality, a hero cannot be perfect in everything, but since we are trying to create more nearly perfect men and women in our revolution, the hero images in our literature must stand higher than reality, in order to educate people. The heroic images should show the high aspirations of the proletariat. This is the function of art and literature. This you could call our revolutionary romanticism."

"What books by Western authors do students at the university read?" asks a member of our group.

There is a long silence. The four comrades look searchingly at one another.

"Which ones?" says the woman who has just discoursed on revolutionary romanticism, her face breaking into a sheepish smile. "Well, you see, there are four periods in literature," she begins, but she quickly realizes that her answer is heading toward a dead end. "Mainly, we've done critical work on Soviet writers," she says at last.

"Which ones?"

"Well, we have criticized some Gorky," says one of the men. "We don't view Gorky from the present, because conditions are different in China from what they were in the Soviet Union at the time he was writing. But he did reflect the struggle of the Soviet people to lay the groundwork for proletarian art. And, of course, Gorky has some weak points—perhaps some traces of belief in a basic human nature apart

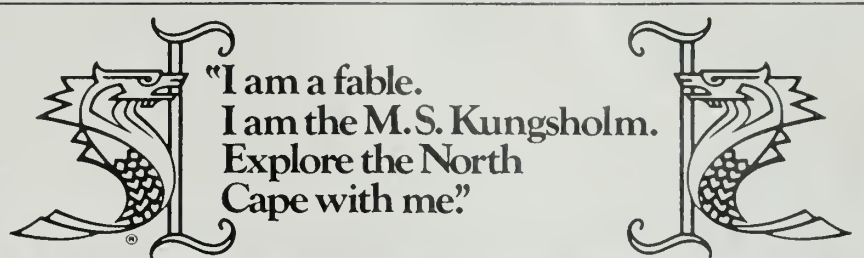


from class background. Often he just wrote about reality. He just wrote down what he saw. It was 'truthful writing.' He wrote about bad as well as good phenomena. And we find traces of naturalism when he describes situations. But we in proletarian art and literature should not indulge in this kind of truthful writing. We do not see it as our role to portray the dark as well as the light. For instance, hungry people cannot inspire others to Socialist reconstruction. Why write about them? If we do write about people's faults, we must put the emphasis on their transformation. It is the heroes who provide a good influence. We want to write about the spirit of the proletariat. Only within these broad guidelines can we embroider on the lives of our heroes. Otherwise, it is not permissible to write. One cannot write a novel in which the hero is an overthrown landlord. This is outside the main current. But if you wish to write about a landlord and use him as a backdrop for a proletarian hero, well, that's all right. That's allowable."

THE Chinese believe in symbolic occasions. Arrivals, departures, births, deaths, transformations are all duly noted. Today, we have a gathering with the factory leaders and the workers from our teams to mark our departure. The event is neither a party nor a meeting. It hovers somewhere in between—though as close, perhaps, as the Chinese come to a party.

The leader of the factory Party branch gives a short speech. Without having been introduced to him, one would have no way of picking him out of the crowd of workers. He has a large patch running across the seat of his pants. He is slightly older than most of the other workers. There is an air of thoughtfulness and refinement about him. He need speak no more than a few words to make it clear that he is a person of stature, a leader. Even so, what he says is somehow unmemorable. In one way or another, it has all been said before, many times. It is as though the Chinese had decided that their revolution will succeed through the sheer force of repetition.

The gathering seems to provide one last chance for the Chinese to "put politics in command." But I find myself unable to concentrate on politics today. My attention wanders. I find myself looking around the room and picking out the people I have come to know: Hsiao Ti, Master Chang, P'eng Hung, Yu Shao-feng, Master Ch'en. Tomor-



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row, the friendships that we have so ardently cultivated during these few weeks will be cut short. If I were Chinese, I wonder, would this emotional reaction constitute a "wrong line"? That sets me wondering about the role left for feelings in the Chinese revolution. The Chinese are not an emotional people. There is often a formality about Chinese reactions which mystifies and troubles Westerners, geared to catharsis and interpersonal drama. Perhaps our world of careless emotions is frighteningly individualistic, and somehow disruptive of the Chinese collective consciousness. I do not know. But it is at moments like this that I sense how different we as people are from those engaged in this Chinese Socialist experiment.

Another speaker rises. He expresses pleasure that we were able to spend such a long time at the factory, instead of just "looking at the flowers from a galloping horse." He asks us to take "regards to the American people." He says that he hopes we will have a chance to return soon.

Gripped by some need to reciprocate, I lean over to Master Chang and say, "Perhaps someday you can visit us in America." I feel almost stunned by my own words. Master Chang gropes for a response but finds none. The idea is too farfetched. Chinese have repeatedly expressed hope that we will return to their country. I cannot remember anyone suggesting that they visit ours. I try to envision Master Chang in America, and I realize that if by some stroke of fate he were to arrive on my doorstep, in his blue worker's jacket and cap, I would not have the slightest idea of how to go about incorporating him into the life I lead.

WE are scheduled to work for three weeks in the countryside in Tachai, which is a village and one of China's most celebrated "model" work brigades, in the Northeast province of Shansi. We arrive in Tachai at dusk. Structures of masonry and brick cling to both sides of a steep gully, giving the village a medieval appearance. We are lodged in a recently built reception center. It can hold two hundred people, but tonight the only other occupants are ten People's Liberation Army soldiers.

I am disappointed at our being assigned special quarters and a special dining room. I wish that we could live in the midst of the people we have come to work with. But then it is hard to see how a peasant village

could accommodate a visiting group of foreigners like us, with a lot of baggage and a retinue of interpreters and guides, merely in the name of "world friendship." And surely no one can blame the Chinese for wishing to withhold some part of their private lives from an inquiring group of foreigners.

Almost everyone in rural Shansi lives in a cave, the traditional dwelling in China's Northeast. The caves are dug into banks of loess soil that has slowly been deposited over millennia by dust storms blowing down from the Mongolian steppes, on the other side of the Great Wall. The caves at the reception center are of the new variety, with vaulted, plastered ceilings, masonry facings, and wood-and-glass doors. The old-style caves were simply hewn out of the earth, the walls plastered with mud and rice chaff, and the windows made of oilpaper set in wooden frames at the cave mouth. These caves, though cool in the summer and warm in the winter, were subject to flooding and collapse during heavy rains. Now, in Tachai, the old caves are gone, except for one or two that have been left as reminders of "the bitter past." New caves have been built for Tachai's eighty-three households and four hundred and fifty inhabitants. They are perched in long tiers, up against the hillsides, one above another.

Whereas the old caves were scattered about on various pieces of rented or private property, the new caves are centralized. People live cheek by jowl. The ambience is that of a small housing development. There is a congeniality about this neighborhood. Children play in front of the caves. Chickens wander in and out of the doorways. People chat at the communal water tap as they wait for their buckets to fill.

TODAY is windy and cool. The sky is clear save for a reddish haze of Shansi dust. We Americans have been divided into two teams for work. The group that I will work with walks up Tiger Head Hill on a new tractor road, topped with cinders. We have been issued our tools for the day: baskets and carrying poles; a broad hoe (*ch'u-t'ou*), for weeding; a long, thin mattock (*chüch-t'ou*), for trimming back earthen banks; and a large wooden mallet, not unlike the mallets used at county fairs to test your strength, for smashing clods of clay and earth behind the mule-drawn plow. We are to work today with an older women's work team. There is some joking about this.



The women wear colorful red-and-green kerchiefs and the traditional blue cotton pants and jackets. The blue is a perfect complement to the red-brown earth and the blue-gray of the stones used in the seemingly endless tiers of terraces that rise up the mountainside. We stop at a series of quarter-acre terraces that have been reclaimed from a steep ravine. Like so much manual labor in China, our job is inglorious. We pick up stones from a field and load them into the baskets hanging at either end of our carrying poles (still the standard tool of almost every peasant in China) and take them to the edge of the field. Then we pick up old sorghum stalks and roots and pile them up here and there in the field to be burned. Ash is a key ingredient in soil management here in Tachai.

The peasants work hard—up at sunrise and home at sunset, with a two-hour siesta at noon. The day is long, but the work pace rarely seems frenzied. It is uncommon to see anyone animated with rage at a job that is not easily done. The Chinese are slow, steady workers. They take evenly spaced rest breaks. The draft animals lie down, and so do the peasants, in whatever shade they can find. The men take out their pipes and light up a bowl of homegrown tobacco, which smells like burning leaves. Throughout the countryside, a common sight is a man resting in the fields, sometimes asleep, head on a conveniently placed ox.

THERE are no private toilets here in Tachai. In the old days, every house had its own (usually insanitary) arrangement, but now even defecation has been collectivized. Public toilets occupy a masonry building at one end of the rows of stone-faced caves. There is a plaster wall down the center of the room, and the character for "man" is painted on the left side, the character for "woman" on the right side. A concrete slab has been placed over a large underground holding tank, and on each side of the dividing wall there are five narrow slits, above which people squat to relieve themselves. Few peasants use toilet paper, although it can be bought at the brigade store. Instead, they make do with any kind of paper scraps available. There are shreds of the *People's Daily* and *Liberation Army Daily* scattered around the room. Since there are no individual booths, there is a certain amount of conviviality to the process of elimination. I recall one man who entered the latrine and, seeing the squatting figure of a

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friend, joked, "Well, Comrade Li, I see you're making your daily contribution to agriculture." There are even some graffiti, but these are mostly children's names scrawled in awkward characters.

In Tachai, all human waste is used as fertilizer. It is collected in the underground holding tanks and is periodically pumped or ladled into tank carts, in which it is transported to maturation ponds, some distance from the village. These ponds are large holes dug in the earth and often lined with stone or clay. They may have thatched A-frame roofs over them to keep out the rain. Here the sewage is anaerobically digested, so that parasites and pathogens are destroyed. The digested night soil is then layered into shredded agricultural waste products, such as stalks, husks, bean pods, and chaff, to make compost. (The Chinese occasionally still use night soil "hot" on the fields, but, for health reasons, this practice is less common than it was in the past.)

China is making great efforts to increase its production of chemical fertilizers. Leaders speak of decentralizing production, so that every one of the nation's counties (there are more than twenty-one hundred) will have at least one chemical-fertilizer plant. Here in Hsi Yang County, enough fertilizer is produced at the local plant to provide approximately fifty-four *chin* per *mou* (there are one and a third pounds to one *chin*, and six *mou* in one acre) each year. This is an ammonium-nitrate plant that was built in the county seat—also named Hsi Yang—during the Cultural Revolution. It uses locally mined coal as its raw material. Although the factory, working three eight-hour shifts a day, produces three thousand tons a year over its designed capacity of five thousand tons, it is unable to produce anywhere near enough fertilizer to adequately cover the county's four hundred thousand *mou* of cultivated land.

Most work brigades are still dependent largely on organic fertilizer. And, although they are eager for more inorganic fertilizer, they know that their soil needs as much humus as it can get. Experience has taught the peasants that unless their soil is light and spongy it will compact on the terraces, causing floods and slides.

**T**ODAY, our work group climbs the hill to several broad, terraced fields overlooking the valley. It is time to fertilize the fields and make them ready for sowing. A thirty-horsepower Chinese-made East Is Red tractor has



brought the compost up and dumped it in huge piles on the edge of a field. We are to work with a team of younger women today, spreading the compost with the aid of carrying poles and baskets. The women break into uncontrollable laughter as we shoulder our heavy loads and stagger out across the fields to dump the contents of our baskets on neatly spaced smaller piles. The women, using pitchforks, load our baskets as well as their own, and are careful to put less in ours. Only slowly do we get the hang of bearing the carrying pole on our already aching shoulders. Some of the women wear shoulder pads made of layered cotton, but the real salvation of the basket carrier is the taking of light, quick, rhythmic steps that set the two baskets bouncing in cadence. If a carrier breaks out of this cadence, the feeling is not unlike that of coming down on a stiff diving board just as it is on its upward swing. It is a mild shock to one's body, which, if repeated, is exhausting. Now I understand the strange prancing step I have seen peasants use throughout Asia when they carry a heavy load with pole and baskets.

THE people of Tachai receive a salary according to the number of work points they get. The usual procedure in China is for each work brigade to get together once a month, once every few months, or perhaps only once a year to decide how many work points each member should receive. "Less advanced" brigades may meet monthly, to allot points according to the tasks that each worker has performed. Under this system, the more work one does, on a piece basis, the higher the number of points and the larger the share of brigade revenue the worker receives. Although this system is still widely in use, it is considered backward and unprogressive. It stresses piecemeal work, and puts a premium on the individual's working for himself or herself, often by choosing the easiest jobs or the jobs with the highest number of work points affixed to them. Like private plots of land—which exist in some places but not in Tachai—this system is considered to have bourgeois vestiges.

The system used in Tachai emphasizes the need for people to work for the commonweal rather than themselves, and is considered "more Socialist." No strict accounting is kept of the number of tasks done by any worker. Instead, the brigade holds a meeting once a year, at which each person is asked to assess his or her own perform-

ance and to suggest how many work points it is worth. The worker's suggestion is then discussed by the group and either accepted or adjusted.

THE theatre in Hsi Yang is packed when we arrive this evening to attend an opera. Most of the more expensive seats, in the center front, are filled with P.L.A. soldiers. The back and sides are filled with young people, factory workers, and a few peasants. (Since it is not easy for most peasants to make the journey to the city, the county troupe spends much of its time on the road, playing at communes and brigades.) As guests, we have been given seats in the center front. There is an air of informality about the audience, and there is much talking and some craning of necks to see the foreigners. The lights dim. A woman in costume dress slides through the slit in the curtain. In the stylized falsetto voice of traditional Chinese opera, she recites a quote from Chairman Mao. The curtain rises. An orchestra in the stage wings, consisting of both Chinese and Western instruments, begins to play.

The plot of the opera revolves around the "two-line struggle" during the nineteen-fifties. The good revolutionary comrades favor collectivization of livestock and the building of a new bridge. They are pitted against the "bad bourgeois elements," who are scheming to ruin collectivization by dividing up all the animals among individual owners. The actors are dressed in colorful Tibetan style. (The Chinese are fond of plays, operas, and ballets about their minority peoples, which give them a chance to dress up in the eye-catching costumes of Tibetans, Muslims, or Mongolians.) The "good elements" are played by handsome actors and actresses with heavily rouged cheeks. They use stalwart, resolute gestures, such as thrusting one arm defiantly into the air and looking past it piercingly into the sky while delivering a line. The revolutionary cadre is a fatherly, slightly rotund man with a face somewhat reminiscent of Chairman Mao's. With his rouged cheeks, he suggests a benevolent Chinese Santa Claus. His clothes are modest. He exudes kindness and fairness, and listens intently to the problems of "the people." When he comes onstage, not a single member of the audience harbors any confusion about the part he is playing.

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are invariably not only evil but comical. For instance, the revisionist cadre shows up wearing a neatly pressed powder-blue Mao tunic and carries a briefcase that fairly reeks of bureaucratic officiousness. He wears dark-rimmed glasses, which set off a sallow face. He is the epitome of the arrogant, bookish intellectual who disdains manual labor, and everybody in the theatre knows it. At one point, this anti-hero extracts a silver cigarette case from his spotless tunic with a grand gesture, and lights up. The crowd goes wild. Make no mistake about it, this man is bad!

Then, there are the running-dog accomplices of the revisionist cadre. These full-tilt villains include an ex-prisoner and a reactionary land profiteer who wears a regulation "poisonous weed" mustache. Instead of walking with proud, defiant steps, he walks hunched over, as though trying to hide his indelible evilness. The villains usually dress in a quasi-Western manner. One of the favorite villain props is a fedora pulled down over the eyes in sinister fashion. Just where the Chinese get such hats is unclear, but they seem to have an ample supply. There is also a plethora of in-between characters, who start off being uncommitted and confused. These include rich peasants (Mao said that they could "go either way") and a trusting brigade leader who is not clear about which is the correct line. In the end, of course, the bad elements are purged, in an orgy of scowling and vindictiveness, and the uncommitted see the light.

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TODAY, we work with a group of twenty-five boys and girls from the sixth grade of the brigade school. We walk together up the mountain for about a mile, through terraced fields of winter wheat. It seems almost incomprehensible that the people of this small village could have accomplished by themselves projects on such a grand scale. On the stone terraces all around us, peasants with teams of oxen or mules are planting millet, sorghum, and corn, usually in groups of four—one person with a team to plow the furrow, one to lay a bed of compost in the furrow, one to drop the seeds and kick in the earth on top of them, and one to walk on the furrow and pack the earth around the seeds. Each of us is shouldering a mattock. The children walk in two columns. The girls are dressed in reds, pinks, greens, and purples, and have pigtailed tied with strips of bright-colored plastic. The boys wear blue or khaki tunics. At first, the chil-



dren are a bit shy. They give polite one-word answers to our questions. As we walk higher, the path narrows and the terraced fields grow smaller. Where the terraced fields stop, walnut orchards begin. The trees are just beginning to turn green after the winter. Our task is to cultivate them and to make a small berm around each of the trunks to hold the summer rains.

Each child carries the family mattock. The children wield these adult-size tools with ease and coordination, and they work as if they were playing. The girls are as adept as the boys. There is something about work that makes conversation come more easily. As we loosen the soil, the children begin to laugh and talk, and occasionally stop their digging to examine insects, worms, wild garlic. They joke, but there is no meanness; no one sticks a worm down the back of a class sissy. Their merriment seems to exclude no one.

Toward midmorning, we sit down to rest. The children begin to tell us some of the English words they have learned in school: "gooda-bye," "map-pa China," "peng" (bench). They repeatedly ask how to pronounce certain words. Several children seem to have no intention of learning these words but just enjoy having something to ask. They want to know how to say "work" and "People's Liberation Army." About eight of us sit together on the ground under the walnut trees. The children start singing. Like all children in China, they are forever singing, and always in a group. Their songs are all *ke-ming ke-ch'ü*, or revolutionary songs. We make a few lame attempts to sing some "representative" American song for them. We end up with "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," painfully aware that there have been almost no songs written in America in the last twenty years with which the Chinese would feel comfortable. Names flash through my head: Janis Joplin, Bob Dylan, Alice Cooper, Merle Haggard, the Grateful Dead, Ike and Tina Turner. None of these seem right for China.

**L**I CH'ENG-YUAN stands about three feet six inches tall. He has a crew-cut, nearly always hidden under a blue cap. His small face is flattish and burned brown by the sun. He has ruddy cheeks and dazzling white teeth. His hands are unmistakably those of a little boy, with ragged cuticles and plenty of dirt under the nails, but his palms are callused and rough from working. He is twelve years old. Li Ch'eng-yuan usu-



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ally wears three faded-blue cotton jackets, one on top of another. The necks and cuffs are frayed. In a breast pocket he carries a key ring on which are a small pocketknife, a key to his chest back in his family's cave, and, for some obscure reason, a nail clipper (with which he has several times tried to clip my nails). His pants, of meticulously patched blue corduroy, sag clownishly around his waist. They are held up by a belt that goes around him almost twice. He wears khaki-colored sneakers and no socks, and several inches of brown ankle are visible between shoe and pants. To temporarily postpone the purchase of new pants, Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother has sewn several inches of green cloth onto the cuffs of his blue pants.

Li Ch'eng-yuan climbs around the rock terraces like a goat. He holds people's hands with abandon, and chatters away at full speed in his heavy Shansi dialect, oblivious of whether or not he is being understood. If he gets no answers to his questions, he will sometimes answer them himself and continue with a monologue. There is a toughness in his lack of inhibition, but it is a childish, gentle toughness; there is no posturing or game-playing for attention. When Li Ch'eng-yuan wants attention, he puts down his tools, runs over, grabs your hand, and starts chattering. In the fields, he grits his teeth as he swings his oversize mattock. He often stops to inspect a grub, a spider, or a worm, sometimes holding one up and asking with a grin what the English word for it is. His finds are usually followed by "Aiya! Hey! Look at this!"—and then he drops to his knees to watch the creature.

Most Chinese children who are asked what they want to do when they become adults reply, "Whatever the Party wants, I will do," or "I want to serve the people." When Li Ch'eng-yuan is asked, he jumps up and says, with boyish cockiness, "I want to join the P.L.A. and get the bad guys!"

Li Ch'eng-yuan is only vaguely aware of the existence of the United States. He asks me where it is. I tell him that it is thousands of miles away across the Pacific Ocean, but the expression on his face shows that he cannot visualize the distance. I trace our journey backward from Tachai to Peking by train and bus, from Canton to Hong Kong by train, and from Hong Kong to America on a plane ride that took almost twenty hours. He squints as though trying to understand the magnitude of the distance. Then he

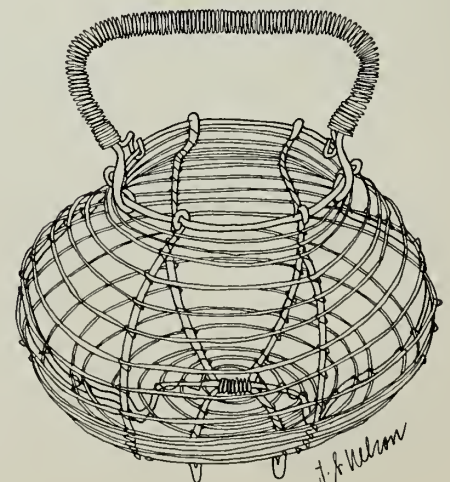
breaks off a piece of grass, puts it between his teeth, and says, "When are you going to come back?"

I try to explain that we probably will not come back.

"All right," he says, as though the whole subject were too elusive, "let's rest." He takes his mattock, digs the end into the rocky earth of the terrace so as to make a small bench, and sits down beneath a walnut tree. "Tell us a story or sing us a song," he says.

The children often ask us to sing songs and to tell stories while we work. They listen to "Froggie Went A-Courtin'" and "I Know An Old Lady (Who Swallowed A Fly)," and to the tales of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Snow White" (told in abridged form) without fascination. They seem bewildered by something more profound than the shortcomings of my extemporaneous translation. The fact is that they have never heard stories about giants, fairy godmothers, talking animals, frog-marrying mice, or ladies swallowing flies, spiders, birds, dogs, and horses. Sometimes they laugh wanly, but one can see from the tentative expressions on their faces that they are on unfamiliar ground. They are not used to fantasy stories, because fantasy is too close to superstition, and for the Chinese peasant superstition is almost coterminous with "the old society." I find that the children prefer to hear episodes from history. I begin to tell them how black people got to America. The children are curious. They stop work and listen with rapt attention.

Chinese children's stories are all political. They tell of young children who perform incredible feats to help the revolution. The message is always indelibly clear at the end. The plot is always resolved with a decisive catharsis, and good triumphs over evil. In movies and plays as well as in books, the





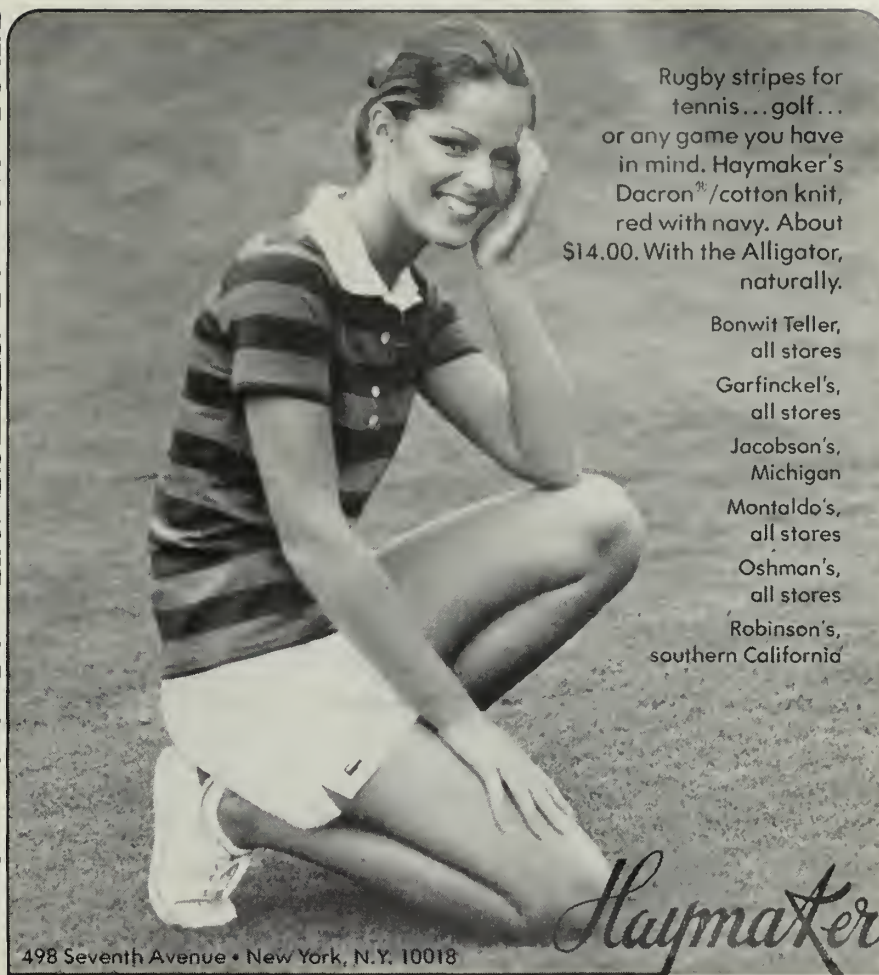
children always know what the ending will be. Such endings seem to reassure them that their universe is in order. In China, there is no escapist literature for any age group. Children's stories are not supposed to transport a child into a world of fantasy and imagination; rather, they are supposed to transport him into the practical world of "building Socialism."

**ALTHOUGH** we are here in Tachai primarily to work with and observe this one brigade, the Chinese arranging our trip apparently can't control their urge to continue the dizzying pace of outside excursions to dams, rug factories, and canals, and to other communes. There is a repetitiousness about these trips. Even the startling accomplishments visible at each stop begin to take on the character of routine.

Today, during a visit to a neighboring commune, the "responsible member" drones on. Even the interpreters are dropping like flies, heads banging on the tabletops in a bored stupor. The comrade has it all written out in front of him. (How many times has he used it?) I see people staring at the pages of his monologue, trying to divine how many are still unrecited. We are served endless cups of green tea poured from thermos bottles. This briefing room sports the usual boiler-plate portraits of Mao, Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin on the walls; the beards of Marx and Engels give the Chinese peasants their only tonsorial connection with the various long-haired Europeans and Americans who sit around their hall, listen, and later ask loaded questions.

I wonder how many Chinese and foreigners have visited each place we go, heard the same spiel, been served tea from the same thermos bottles by the same rosy-cheeked peasant women—for Hsi Yang is a "model" county, and is much on display. I wonder what the members of each Revolutionary Committee really feel about still one more group to lecture to: people they have never seen before and will never see again; people who come from a land that they can hardly imagine.

We are a society that is fascinated by the power of personality. The Chinese are a society fascinated by the power of a system, and they do not seem to understand the deep yearning of Westerners to put faces on the facts and statistics, to give personalities to the people who are making their revolution. Or perhaps they do understand



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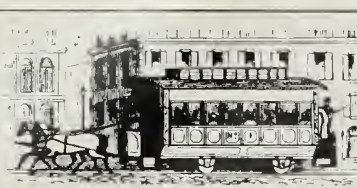
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the yearning but reject it as a bad tendency.

**T**ODAY, we work again with the children, cultivating and banking walnut trees. During the first break, some of us sit and make shadow pictures with our hands in the sunlight. Several of the girls sit together and play jacks with a bright-colored beanbag and small pieces of bone painted red. Instead of bouncing a ball, they throw the beanbag into the air and catch it before it hits the ground. Watching them as they play, I observe only a single moment of mild disagreement, and that dissolves with ease as one of the girls smiles and acquiesces.

I find myself working beside Liu Hua-ming, a poised young girl. Her mother and father are doctors and have worked in Taiyüan, the provincial capital, as well as in Peking. As she digs into the earth and lifts rocks, we talk. "My father and mother are always busy—they go all over," Liu Hua-ming says. "Sometimes my father has three meetings in one day. They are not home much. But neither are we children. I don't get home until seven o'clock, after my *wushu* [martial arts] practice. It's just before dark. Sometimes my brother does the cooking. Or sometimes, when everyone is busy, I cook for my mother and father."

"What do you want to do as an adult?" I ask.

She stops her work and stands motionless for a moment. Then, giving me a radiant smile of beautiful, straight white teeth, she says, "Whatever the Party needs, I will become."

When we rest again, Liu Hua-ming sits next to two girl classmates. One, Pien-chih, leans on Liu Hua-ming's knee. Liu Hua-ming has an arm draped around the shoulders of the other, Yang-erh. They are in the same class in school. They live in the same village and work in the same fields. They are at ease with one another. But there is a difference between Liu Hua-ming and the sons and daughters of the Tachai peasants which is at once subtle and obvious. Pien-chih, for example, is a solid, small girl with a chunky round head. Her cheeks are red, and her features have a certain coarseness. Her teeth are slightly yellow. She does not speak much. There is an unmistakable air of the countryside about her. Liu Hua-ming has an aura of cultivation and ease—traits that have traditionally belonged to the children of educated urban Chinese. She is tall and slender. She seems well bred but not spoiled. She asks questions with a directness and



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confidence uncharacteristic of many peasant children. (Li Ch'eng-yuan is an exception.) She has a winning way of looking at you, laughing nervously, and then taking your hand. There is an air about her which bespeaks what the Chinese would call a "different class background." The living quarters of her family are larger, better lit, and more refined than those of many other families. There is a sink. There is a newspaper rack on the wall. And yet, for all the differences, I find that what stays in my mind is the way this pretty and able twelve-year-old girl fits into the routine of peasant life. It is at once incongruous and reassuring to see her working beside Pien-chih. There is a distinct contrast between the two, but it is not one that appears to divide them. It is a difference that is surprising not because it exists but because it is not greater.

THE sun is hot and glaring. It is the midday siesta. The village of Tachai is quiet.

My young friend Li Ch'eng-yuan and another boy, Hsin-kuo, come up the hill to find us as soon as they have finished school and eaten their lunch. The two boys arrive while I am asleep. I wake up to find Li Ch'eng-yuan pulling at one of my arms. He cocks his head to the side like a bird, looking at my face for some sign of life. Hsin-kuo stands in the cave with a goofy, awkward look on his face, not quite as confident as Li Ch'eng-yuan of his right to wake foreigners. I get up. We walk along the steep cobblestone roadway to the third tier of caves, where Li Ch'eng-yuan's family lives. I ask him if his family isn't resting. In his cavalier manner, he says that it doesn't matter. He throws back a rattan curtain hanging across the doorway to the cave, and drags me inside.

His father is asleep on the *k'ang*, a large clay platform bed that is heated by a small fire underneath, but he immediately wakes up. I apologize for disturbing him. He presents a large, sleepy smile that immediately puts me at ease. He urges me to sit down.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's father is about fifty. His head is shaved. His skin is coffee-colored. There is dark stubble on his chin. His hands are large and strong but so callused and gnarled from work that they look like the claws of some ancient reptile. He wears a brass-stemmed soapstone pipe and a tobacco pouch slung around his neck. A patched, faded cotton jacket lies beside him on the *k'ang*.

Five of Li Ch'eng-yuan's brothers and sisters—there are eight children in the family—suddenly appear in the cave. Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother comes in through the door with a stack of cornmeal pancakes in her hands. She nervously holds them out in my direction. Li Ch'eng-yuan seems oblivious of the uproar he has created. Like a lord of the manor, he urges everybody to eat.

The cave is neat, though it is crammed with grain vats to feed this large family. Like almost every other family in the village, they have a large mirror that is festooned with photographs. One photograph shows an old peasant couple. The woman has bound feet. The man sits expressionless. He is wearing an old-fashioned round hat and has a long, wispy beard. They have been posed in front of a turn-of-the-century roll-down romantic backdrop in a photography studio. "Those are my parents," says Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother. "They're dead now."

Two of Li Ch'eng-yuan's brothers are climbing around on the *k'ang*. When I look at them, they grin and retreat behind their father, who sits smiling, obviously trying to think of something friendly to say. But he is not a man from whom words flow easily, at least when he is in the presence of a foreigner.

Two daughters-in-law walk in, each holding a baby. Our visit is beginning to attract the attention of people in the adjacent caves. I remark that I have a small son just about six months old.

"Was he born at home?" one of the daughters-in-law asks.

"We wanted him to be," I reply. "But there were complications and we had to go to the hospital at the last moment."

"I see," she says. "This one was born at home. Most people here in the country give birth at home. But it's up to the family. Some people go to the hospital."

The baby she is holding in her arms is naked from the waist down, and wears an almost comical pink-and-white wool ski hat above coal-black eyes, incredibly fat cheeks, and a round chin, creating a J.-Edgar-Hoover-as-a-baby effect. She suddenly begins to cry.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's father is still smiling, but siesta time is a time for rest, and he appears to be only semiconscious. I apologize again for barging in, and suggest that before I leave, the children come outside so that I can photograph them. Li Ch'eng-yuan's father sparks

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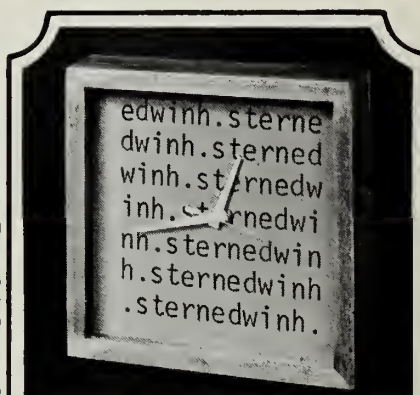
briefly to life. He shakes my hand vigorously between both of his hands and says that I should come again.

The children pour out of the mouth of the cave to have their photograph taken. The older women hang back uncertainly, just inside the doorway. It is clear that they would love to have a picture to put in their mirrors, but they are shy.

I take several pictures, and Li Ch'eng-yuan walks back up the hill with me, immensely satisfied with himself and with the success of the visit.

**T**HE brigade store closes at seven o'clock each evening. Tonight, several of us slip off after dinner on a candy run. The Chinese are fascinated by our buying habits. The woman behind the counter has grown accustomed to our paying her almost nightly visits. She treats our seemingly insatiable passion for candy with a tolerant indulgence reserved for guests from a "different society." Peasants from the village look on, apparently startled by the ease with which we spend our money. On those occasions when an emissary of our group arrives at the store five minutes before closing time to make a purchase of wine and beer, the crowd grows quickly. Whichever Western reprobate has been chosen to make the run emerges loaded with bottles, and feeling very much on the "wrong line." The Chinese accompanying our trip rarely join us in these evening bouts of conviviality. They seem both suspicious and disturbed by our inclination to "relax." One senses a fear on their part that at some point we will become completely dispossessed of our senses, and create some unimaginable incident of great embarrassment. I recall one evening when ten or eleven members of our group were in one cave late at night, smoking, drinking, and dancing to a cassette of rock music that someone had providentially brought on the trip. One of the Chinese interpreters drew back the curtain to the smoke-filled cave at about 11 P.M., looked at the wanton spectacle, and withdrew, mumbling something about two factories and a water-conservation project to visit tomorrow.

Tonight, while I am waiting for our order of candy, I strike up a conversation with a middle-aged man, Comrade Huang, who has come in to buy a pair of shoes. He wears a cotton tunic and a faded khaki cap. He has a striking dignity. He speaks softly and intelligently. He tells me that he is a fruit-tree specialist for the province, who has been "sent down" to Tachai.



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"I am here to work and study," says Comrade Huang. "I spend most of my time in the orchards, caring for the trees and doing some research on diseases. Now I am checking the trees for bark rust and other diseases, and for damaged branches."

We talk in front of the stationery counter for almost half an hour, until the store closes. I am interested in fruit trees, so I listen intently to what he says. He, in turn, is eager to know what kinds of trees we have in California, where I live. Do we have dwarf stock? How do we fertilize and cultivate? What is the weather like? "Yes," he says. "California is famous for its fine soil and fruit."

A small crowd has gathered around us, listening. Comrade Huang cautiously suggests that maybe we could talk again. I am delighted by the idea. I ask him where he will be working tomorrow. "I'll be up behind the new caves tomorrow, working on some apple trees," he says, and then, hastily, he adds, "Of course, you should make arrangements with your group leader." We shake hands and bid each other good night.

I am excited by the encounter. I am curious about his work, but I am equally enthusiastic about the possibility of working alone with Comrade Huang, and being able to talk with him in a leisurely, informal manner. I hope that some special arrangements can be made so that I can join him. But I am also aware that there is something about just such individual encounters that seems to make the Chinese uneasy.

I speak of my encounter with our group's leaders, who, in turn, discuss it with the head interpreter, Hsiao Yao. I sense a coolness. I am asking for exactly the kind of individual dispensation that does not fit easily into the group ethic. And yet, the next day, word comes back that it has been arranged for me to leave our group and work with Comrade Huang. I am surprised and pleased.

That evening, people start moving slowly out of their caves and houses toward the auditorium, where a movie is to be shown. It is a special event. We, too, are supposed to be attending the film. At least, it is on our schedule. But I feel tired and have a slight headache, so I return to our quarters to write and sleep.

At eleven-thirty, the overhead light suddenly blinks on. I am half asleep. Hsiao Yao has entered, without knocking. He stands over me. He is agitated about something. "I have already told

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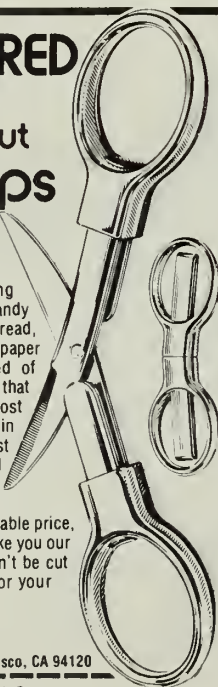
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Comrade Huang that your work trip to the orchards tomorrow is cancelled," he says coldly. "Since you are sick, you will not go out at all tomorrow. You are to stay indoors and get well."

I sit up in bed, still somewhat disoriented. I protest that I am not sick—only tired. Hsiao Yao is immovable. Then, almost as suddenly as he arrived, he departs.

I am stunned. I lie awake most of the night trying to fathom what tensions have culminated in this stark moment. I recall a comment by Hsiao Yao some days earlier about writers' rarely getting visas to visit China for as long as two months. Hsiao Yao seems wary of the backlash that the printed word might cause. And then there is the distrust that seems to have been created by my taking certain photographs, asking certain questions, seeking individual experiences, not bending totally to the schedule arranged for us. I spend a long night trying to string all these things together coherently.

THERE is only one bank in China—the state-run Bank of China. It has a branch in almost every small brigade or city neighborhood in the country. The branch in Tachai is a sparsely furnished room across from the store. There are two tellers, who live and sleep in the bank. They rotate their work. When they aren't working in the bank, they work in the fields. There are no bars on the windows. A rifle hangs on one wall, but it suggests not that the tellers are fearful of robberies but that they are in the militia. There is a large desk, a safe, and sleeping platforms for the two tellers. The bank handles the payroll for the brigade. It also makes loans to organizations, but after the Cultural Revolution it ceased making loans to individuals. The loans to organizations are decided upon after consultation with local and county officials. Most of the peasants in this village have their salaries deposited directly in the bank. There are two kinds of accounts available. A peasant's deposit can accrue interest of 3.25 per cent per year on certificate deposits left for more than a year, or 2.25 per cent on deposits in ordinary accounts.

WE sit high up on Tiger Head Hill under a walnut tree, looking out across the red, eroded Shansi hills. It is break time. Li Ch'eng-yuan sits beside me on some freshly turned earth. He wears a plastic Army canteen slung across his chest, like a military hero from the Long March. For the moment, at least, he is silent,

absorbed in watching some hand-clapping games that three girls are playing.

Beneath our perch, several women slowly hoe their way down rows of green winter wheat, which have begun to grow with the spring rain. "Spring rain is more precious than oil," according to an old Chinese saying. A man with a team of oxen clucks and coaxes his animals on as he harrows a freshly plowed field. His harrow was made in the village, from poplar wood and willow branches.

As I look down, I can't help feeling sad that soon we will be leaving.

I AWAKE in the first gray light of morning to see three small faces in blue caps peering past the curtains in the doorway—Li Ch'eng-yuan, Hsin-kuo, and another friend. This morning, we are leaving. They have come to see us one last time.

I tell them to go next door and wake up two other members of our group, and they do so with delight and enthusiasm. I splash cold water on my face and dress groggily.

We walk hand in hand down the hill to the caves, to say goodbye to other friends. Smoke is curling up from the kitchens. It is not yet six o'clock, but most people have been up for an hour. The men and the older children have already left for the fields. The women are in the kitchens, cooking cornmeal mush and millet gruel for breakfast.

We stop to visit Jui-lan, one of the boys' classmates. "She's not up yet," her mother says from over the stove. "But please come in."

We go into the kitchen room, where Jui-lan is sleeping on the *k'ang* with her little sister. She wakes up, sees us, and gives us a smile. We sit down on the edge of the *k'ang* while Jui-lan dresses.

A peeping sound comes from a basket beside the door. Jui-lan opens a small wicker door in the basket, and a flock of chicks fan out across the floor, peeping and searching for scraps and kernels of spilled grain.

Some neighbors from the cave next door wander in without knocking. They stand eating bowls of cornmeal mush with chopsticks and watching our awkward goodbyes.

"If you have time, come again," says Jui-lan's mother, unable to appreciate the chasm that our departure signifies.

"Yes, of course," I say, even though I know we shall not return.

She takes my hand in both of hers.

Jui-lan is silent. There seems to be no easy moment at which to leave the



room. It is not until words fail us that we back out of the cave.

Li Ch'eng-yuan is not at all subdued. He leads us on fearlessly to the next cave, where he enters with a disarming familiarity and certainty of welcome.

Several stops later, we leave Li Ch'eng-yuan and his friends, who are going to take breakfast to the adults in the fields. They promise that they will come back in an hour or so to see us off on the bus.

We return and pack. Everyone is tired and quiet. It is midmorning when we finally stack our luggage out in the courtyard of the reception center. I walk out through the brick archway for one last look at the village. The whole sixth-grade class is coming up the stone steps from school.

We stand around together for a while. Some people take pictures. Very few of the children say anything. Someone tries halfheartedly to get the group singing. The effort fails.

Li Ch'eng-yuan has a subdued, blank look on his face now. "When will you come back?" he asks, without looking up.

I tell him that I will write him a letter.

"In Chinese," he says, brightening only a little. These are the last words he speaks to me.

Liu Hua-ming holds my hand and looks at her feet. She begins to cry. I find myself giving her a hug. The un-Chineseness of the situation frightens me a little. For a moment, our strange, disorderly group seems suspended above the normal Chinese routine.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's eyes remain averted, but he does not cry. Even in China, apparently, tears come easier to girls.

Our bus pulls out into the road. The children stand under the poplar trees. As we bump down the hill past the neighboring village, the children already seem a distant memory.

—ORVILLE SCHELL

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

(KANSAS CITY)—MORE SNOW HAS FALLEN IN MISSOURI TODAY, AND THE NATIONAL WEAOPTERS AND LANDING CRAFT, GERMAN BARGES AND THOUSANDS OF ARAB STMAND ED WITH DIRECTIONS A DOUGLAS COUNTY DISTRICT COURT CASE IN-VOEWSPAPER, CHURCH TIMES, LAST SUNDAY THAT THE 79-YEAR-OLD PONTIFFND RUBBING.

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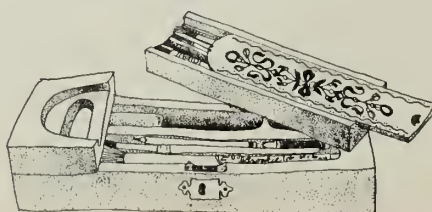
Appeals court, although he gave this could be guaranteed by the city. The Mayor's powerful outlook and his with a famous opportunity, that there was all immediate prospect of some up (I am not at liberty in what direction)" were as "phony" by the *News* as "Panglossian rhetoric" and a "confidence game" by the *Times*. His taking credit for the city's calm reception of the Court of Appeals decision was generally dismissed as a plot line he was trying out in preparation for his 1977 reelection campaign. Numerous reasons have been cited for the raising of the local panic threshold during the year before November of 1976, but the financial wisdom of those in charge at City Hall has rarely been among them. On the other hand, no one disputed the Mayor's view that great turmoil would have resulted if the word "unconstitutional" had been spoken by the right court a year earlier.

By the first of this month, when the city had been turned down by all those on whom it was relying for emergency funding, including the new resident of the White House, it seemed that an appropriate local reaction to the court's ruling would have been a sense of imminent disaster. In the weeks after the court's judgment was handed down, however, Mayor Abraham Beame commented several times on the relative composure with which the decision had been received here. If it had been announced late in 1975, he observed, the city would have been thrown into chaos. Beame suggested that the later response reflected public confidence in his administration and its shrewd management of the city's money problems. "Now we are in a position of command of all factors," he told reporters in December, not long before he assured his fellow New Yorkers, memorably, "Obviously, the biggest challenge was to come into the harbor safely. I think we've met that challenge. . . . I think we've turned the corner and seen the light at the end of the tunnel." That same month, he also promised that the real-estate tax would not rise during

If the decision had been announced in 1975, it would almost certainly have meant a plunge into bankruptcy here, since the moratorium was the key element in the restructuring of the city's debt which had been insisted upon in November of 1975 by President Ford and Secretary of the Treasury William Simon before they would support federal loans for the city—loans that it had to have while it struggled to achieve a balanced budget by mid-1978. Other essential elements in the agreement with Washington were the continuing operation of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, popularly known as MAC or Big Mac—the state agency set up to sell securities and turn the money over to the city, which no one would invest in directly—and of the state Emergency Financial Control Board, which oversees the city's financial affairs. But the moratorium had made it possible until November, when the Court of Appeals knocked the legal props out from under it, for those involved here in the financial rescue of New York to deal with the immediate aspects of the crisis for twelve months

while they enjoyed a temporary reprieve from the question of how the city, at some point in the future, would be able to pay back all those short-term notes. It was during this period of respite that there developed the extraordinary working alliance of traditional adversaries—bankers, investment counsellors, corporation heads, union leaders, and city and state politicians—whose joint efforts have so far kept the city from going under. This shoulder-to-shoulder undertaking has led to such once unimaginable examples of camaraderie as the recent comment by Victor Gotbaum, the head of the Municipal Labor Committee, which represents two hundred thousand city employees, that he had found David Rockefeller, chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "quite sensitive and quite understanding." Of this alliance, Felix Rohatyn—the chairman of Big Mac, a member of the Emergency Financial Control Board, a senior partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères, and a devout capitalist—said last year, "We may be creating the first commune in the U.S. on such a large scale."

Another reason the decision invalidating the moratorium was received here without general hysteria was that by mid-November New Yorkers knew that the President who had at one time seemed to be running against the city would soon be replaced by one who had promised New Yorkers that if he was elected they would have a friend in the White House. "Together, we can do anything," Jimmy Carter told a huge garment-center crowd a few days before the state gave him its forty-one electoral votes. Late in December, in Georgia, Carter received a delegation of New Yorkers, including Governor Hugh Carey, Beame, and Rohatyn. "Bankruptcy is not a viable alternative for New York City, and we have eliminated that as a possibility for the future," he assured them with, of course, a smile. But it was soon indicated that by "for the future" he meant after mid-1978, and, in any case, there are many painful forms of receivership short of bankruptcy. As the weeks went by, it became clear that whatever the new President intended to do together with New Yorkers would probably be something that had long-run implications for New York as one of many troubled cities. In the attempts to cope with the end-of-the-moratorium crisis, the locals were on their own. Last month, a *News* reader, recalling that paper's famous "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" headline of October, 1975, wrote to suggest that the *News*





strikingly amateurish, with all three bands using what might be described as found drummers—poet Clark Coolidge in the Serpent Power, general-purpose bohemian Ken Weaver in the Fugs, and friend-of-a-friend fill-in Maureen Tucker in the Velvets. Yet the Fugs never got their rock and roll together because they were satirists, not because they couldn't play, while the gentle anarchy of the Serpent Power now sounds coherently conceived, almost a folk-rock version of the ominous minimalism that the Velvets created out of their own limitations.

Like the Fugs and the Serpent Power, the Velvets never hit very big, although like the Fugs they did sell a fair number of albums on sheer notoriety. Yet it seems undeniable to me that they were one of the five great American rock groups of the '60s. Like Question Mark & the Mysterians and the Dave Clark Five, the Velvets were minimal first of all because their expertise as instrumentalists was minimal, but their acquaintance with avant-garde ideas—not only Andy Warhol's aesthetics of opportunism but, for instance, the trance music of La Monte Young, with which John Cale, trained classical musician and amateur rock and roller, was quite familiar—meant they could turn their disabilities to artistic advantage. They created a deadpan, demotic, jaded, oddly sensation-alistic music that was primitive both harmonically and rhythmically and all but devoid of flourishes. They were always hard-edged and usually quick, never slow and heavy at the same time. This was music that worked with Reed's words, not behind them; the two united were the group's "message." Eventually it inspired a whole style of minimal American rock, a style that rejects sentimentality while embracing a rather thrilling visceral excitement. Patti Smith, a vanguard-allied poet who also appears in Anne Waldman's anthologies, performs directly and consciously in this tradition.

Because the minimal style is simple—if not in the conception, then at least on the surface that results—the people who play it get hurt when it doesn't achieve instantaneous popularity. But it's hardly good old rock and roll. In the era of the Dave Clark Five, a similarly impoverished music sold well, but it sold on a bright, calculated cuteness that the Stooges and the Dolls and even the Ramones have never come near. And unlike the heavy metal kids who are their closest relatives today, minimal groups have always eschewed self-pity and phony melodrama. They evoke factories, subways, perhaps warfare—all the essential brutalities of a mechanized existence—in a sharp rather than self-important way; they provide none of the comfort of a staged confrontation in which a proxy teenager, arrayed in the garb and mien of a technocratic immortal, triumphs over his amplifiers. Minimal rock is too narrow to be comforting; it frightens people.

I trust it is obvious that I don't mean to define "minimal" as strictly as an avant-garde composer like La Monte Young or Philip Corner might, but rather in the traditional sense of "less is more." In this case, the maxim implies simplicity in an urban context and irony through understatement, all with populist overtones. Good old it's not, but, though the melodies be spare, the rhythms metronomic, the chords repetitive, at its most severe this is still rock and roll, a popular form that is broadly accessible by the standards of a SoHo loft concert. Even those groups that further reduce the Velvets' ideas—the Ramones, for instance—also tend to soften their cerebral sting, most often with pop touches from the '60s. One reason *Horses*, produced by John Cale, was so well received critically—and sold so much better than critics' albums like the first Dolls or Ramones LPs—was that it managed to meld the pop notes with both basic instrumentation (the back-up singing on "Redondo Beach") and poetic fancies (the revelatory transition from Johnny's horses to "Land of a Thousand Dances," or from the sweet young thing humping the parking meter to "Gloria"). But Patti's and Lenny Kaye's public pronouncements on rock and roll have always indicated that something rather different was also to be expected.

Sure Patti and Lenny love mid-'60s pop-rock. Patti's fondness for both Smokey Robinson and Keith Richard is well documented; Lenny's credits as a record producer include Boston's poppish Sidewinders and Nuggets, the recently reissued (on Sire) singles compendium that defines the original punk rock of a decade ago at its most anonymous and unabashed. But Lenny also christened heavy-metal music and has been known to say kind things about abstract shit all the way from Led Zeppelin to the Art Ensemble of Chicago, while Patti's rock writin' included paeans to Edgar Winter as well as the Stones. Moreover, both have always been enamored of unpunkishly hippie-sounding notions about rock culture and the rock hero. Patti sometimes seems to prefer Jim Morrison to Bob Dylan and obviously relates to Keith Richard more as someone to look at than someone to listen for—as does Lenny, which is doubly dangerous. It is out of all these butts that *Radio Ethiopia*—which by comparison to *Horses* is ponderous, postliterate, anarchically communal—proceeds.

Unlike almost all of my colleagues, whose reactions have ranged from liberated hostility to bitter dismay to affectionate tolerance, I am an active fan of Patti's second album. It's unfortunate that its one bad cut is its title cut and lasts 11 minutes, but I wouldn't be surprised if I reached a place where I even liked that one. I've already

gotten there with "Poppies" and "Pissing in a River," two cuts I originally considered dubious, as I did long ago with some of the more pretentious stuff on *Horses*. If by bringing in producer Jack Douglas Patti intended to make an Aerosmith record, as some have suggested, then her intentions are irrelevant, as artists' intentions so often are. Personally, I believe Patti's smarter than that. She knows the Patti Smith Group (as she now bills herself) isn't good enough to make an Aerosmith record, and she also knows it's quite capable of something better. It's priggish if not stupid to complain that *Radio Ethiopia*'s "four chords are not well played" (to quote one reviewer). If they were executed with the precise finesse of an Aerosmith, or a Black Sabbath, or a Chicago blues band, then they would not be well played.

For although there is no such thing as an unkempt heavy metal record—technocratic assurance, control over the amplifiers, is the soul of such music—unkempt rock and roll records have been helping people feel alive for 20 years. When it works, *Radio Ethiopia* delivers the charge of heavy metal without the depressing predictability; its riff power—based on great ready-made riffs, too—has the human frailty of a band that is still learning to play. "Don't expect me to be perfect," Patti warned her full-house cult at the Palladium New Year's Eve in between her final skirmishes with the sound system. "You never know what our show's gonna be. But what it will be, even if it's fucked up"—and she fucked up herself, momentarily, pausing vacantly as she tried to figure out just what to say next—"it'll be all we got."

It went against habit for me to go see Patti that night: I

Louisville, Kentucky, they'd definitely pick up fans. The kids, unable to articulate what was off about them—Cale's jowls? Verlaine's wobbly voice? their plain clothes?—would eventually succumb to talent.

Granted, this might have been the dope fantasy of a New York rock critic. But more likely it says something about what can happen to minimal rock—namely increase. Two years ago, Television was an affectless song band of barely discernible instrumental attainments, but Verlaine was always a talented guitarist in there somewhere, and he has evolved into a whiz as rapidly as his band has learned how to rave up. Similarly, Cale is by now a veteran rock multi-instrumentalist, minimal mostly by historical association. Both retain the dry, oblique edge of an approach that loses a certain formal interest as it gains in virtuosity, but they may really be ready to go out there; perhaps they will comfort and frighten the heartland with a little more intelligence than has been customary.

The Patti Smith Group is ready to go out there as well, of course—but they insist on their own terms. When Patti first sought a label two years ago, her monetary ambitions were modest, but she demanded an absolute creative autonomy that new artists almost never get—or even seem to care about—any more. (The much-bruited \$750,000 guarantee, which includes promotional outlay and picked-up options, came almost by accident at the end, I am told, when a hotshot lawyer entered the game.) This unfashionably '60s-ish quirk has meant, for instance, that Patti has run her own ad campaigns; she herself came up with the wonderful line, "3 chord rock merged with the power of the word." It has also meant that she exercises a producer's



Although Patti is a genuine rock poet, her art isn't calculated to appeal to those attracted by such a notion.

almost never attend concerts when I'm sick, I almost never smoke dope anymore, and I'm superstitious about spending New Year's Eve in the company of strangers. Nevertheless, there I was at the best concert of the year, nursing a bad cold and a pleasant high and engulfed by Patti's "kids," who looked to average out to college age, juniors and seniors rather than freshmen and sophomores. The crowd wasn't as loose as it might have been, but I liked its mix—a few arty types among the kind of intelligent rock and rollers who almost never come out in force anymore, a sprinkling of gay women among the hetero couples. When Patti came on, these sophisticates rushed the stage like Kiss fans, and eventually two women took off their tops and had to be dissuaded physically from dancing on-stage. I hadn't seen the like since a Kinks concert in 1973 or so, when such hijinks already were blasts from the past, and the climax was better, the true "My Generation." It began with Patti wrestling a guitar away from her female roadie, Andi Ostrowe, and ended with Patti—joined, eventually, by Ivan Kral—performing the legendary guitar-smashing ritual that the Who had given up by 1969 or so.

And that was only the ending. Because I'd never seen Patti's opening acts—Television (ex-lover) and John Cale (ex-producer)—out of a club setting, I assumed they'd have trouble projecting to a big audience, but in fact, the Palladium seemed to theatricalize them. John Cale filled the whole hall with the same set I'd seen him premier at CBGB's less than two weeks before, not because his band was tighter, although it was, but because his obsessive riffs and yowls assumed dimensions unrealizable in a Bowery bar. And the transformation of Tom Verlaine into Tomi Hendrix is so near completion that the always indecipherable lyrics are now totally subsidiary to the band's ever denser and keener instrumental work. Both acts indulged in basic arena showmanship moves. In fact, it occurred to me during Billy Ficca's drum solo and Verlaine's understated yet inevitably show-offy unaccompanied guitar finale—both of which were boring, naturally—and then again during one of Cale's showier screaming sessions that if these acts were to open for, let us say, Aerosmith in

control over her records, no matter who she calls in to advise her. The title cut on *Radio Ethiopia*, a white-noise extravaganza in which Patti yowls incomprehensibly and plays a guitar at Lenny Kaye, who yowls incomprehensibly on his guitar, really isn't Jack Douglas's kind of thing.

Actually, I'm a sucker for the idea I perceive in "Radio Ethiopia," a rock version of the communal amateur avant-gardism encouraged by the likes of jazzman Marion Brown. And it works acceptably on stage, where Lenny's sheer delight in his own presence gets him and the band through a lot of questionable music. But I've never found Marion Brown at all listenable, and I guess I'd rather see the "Radio Ethiopia" idea than play it on my stereo. The same does not go, however, for the other dubious artistic freedom on the LP, the swear words.

Due to what I'll assume is the merest chance, language was never an issue on *Horses*, despite its less than oblique references to ass-fucking and the dread parking-meter fetish. But the problem did arise soon enough on the unairable live 45 version of "My Generation" (the B side of "Gloria," it includes the line "We don't want this fucking shit"), and has become almost an obsession of Patti's with *Radio Ethiopia*'s "Pissing in a River." Mike Klenfner, the "promotion and special projects" veep at Arista who has made Patti a special project indeed, tried to convince her to title it "In the River" and shuffle the words into something like (really) "sipping in a river," but Patti was adamant. It's almost as if her accommodations to radio on this LP, for that is how she understands its heavy tendencies, had to be balanced by a blow for free speech, although I seem to recall her protesting about whether "the people" own the radio stations at her moderately disastrous Avery Fisher Hall gig last March. By that time she was in trouble with WBCN, the key FM station in the key (for Patti) Boston market, after sprinkling a non-bleepable interview with fucks and shits. More recently, Patti willfully tossed a fuck into—of all places—a Harry Chapin Hungerthon on WNEW-FM, and since then has been in trouble there as well, although how officially or

Continued on next page



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# Continuation of Bilingual Programs in Schools Seen

BY BILL BOYARSKY  
Times Staff Writer

A Board of Education witness testified Thursday that the board's proposed learning centers will promote desegregation and allow continuation of bilingual programs for Mexican-American children.

But Dr. Thomas Arcienega's penchant for educational jargon created something of a communications gap between him and the man he was trying to convince, Superior Judge Paul Egly.

Arcienega, dean of San Diego State University's school of education, pictured the learning centers as places where children of all races would gather, under the direction of skilled teachers, and learn each others' language and culture.

Egly, who is holding hearings on the board's proposed desegregation plan, said, "I still don't see how he can get the Spanish-speaking kids to learn and get the edu-

for the teacher attempting to teach basic skills.

Arcienega said no, and that putting all the youngsters in the same learning center would make multicultural education a "real option."

Under the board's limited desegregation plan, fourth, fifth and sixth graders from some segregated schools would be assigned to learning centers next February for a portion of the school year if voluntary desegregation efforts fall short.

Mexican-American community leaders have expressed fear that the centers, and other parts of the desegregation plan, might threaten the bilingual education programs they fought hard to establish.

Egly pointed out figures that showed the need for bilingual education.

He said that in Los Angeles, 10 percent of the population is Mexican-American.

## Cons Hits F Auto

A consumer group that proposes a department of consumer education, estimated that the cost of the program would be over \$12 million.

The Consumer Group testified that a program of consumer education is certain to be successful. This was the first time that the group has been heard by the legislature.

The group also proposed a department of consumer education, which would be responsible for the development of a program of consumer education.



Regents, arguing forcefully for the diminution of CUNY, and are not exactly powerless with key state legislators either. (Hank Paley, their influential Albany lobbyist, "makes Moynihan seem like Gandhi," said one source.) But they haven't been particularly covert about their competition with CUNY for funds and students. "The future evolution of higher education in New York requires a new Darwinism," states the Commission in Independent Colleges and Universities (CICU) in an astonishingly candid report to the Board of Regents.

Fiscal crisis? According to the Professional Staff Congress, at the same time that CUNY was hit with a \$68-million budget cut, state aid to private educational institutions exceeded \$150 million. Fiscal crisis? There has been a five per cent increase in state aid to New York private institutions in the last two years—at a time when CUNY sustained a 24 per cent cut in senior-college funding. Fiscal crisis? CICU has succeeded in its lobbying efforts to such an extent that approximately 50 per cent of the \$172 million in tuition grants the state will award this year will go to private institutions although 63 per cent of the state's students attend public colleges. Fiscal crisis? New York state already outspends more than 48 other states combined in aid to private institutions and is being pressured to spend more, with McGill and Sawhill in the lead. "They're selling education as if it were a deodorant," says a source close to the Board of Regents.

### Why Johnny Is Cynical

Thousands of members of the CUNY community are clearly dedicated to the debate over conflicting educational priorities—issues such as parity funding between city and state, the relationship between academic quality and minority education, whether or not CUNY should indeed suffer a larger proportional reduction than any other city agency, and so on—and are selflessly, passionately debating these priorities on their merits. (It could even be argued, for instance, that the FOSC colleges themselves should be eliminated since they merely duplicate educational services already available at private institutions, and that the younger senior colleges should be strengthened, rather than cut back, as innovative and socially committed institutions with unique missions.)

But no one is foolish enough to say that principled rallying cries can save CUNY. Indeed, even Kibbee, in a private memorandum to university employees, has stated that "a further budget cut within the suggested range would be disastrous for CUNY. The self-destruction of the university in a holocaust of colleges, students, and faculty would be practically unavoidable."

The choice at present—and it's coming down to this choice partly because of weak leadership by Chancellor Kibbee, partly because of self-interested rather than principled arguments by large elements within CUNY and the private institutions—seems to be between a multi-unit, but underfunded, CUNY, on the one hand, and an adequately funded, considerably diminished, elitist CUNY, on the other.

If FOSC and the private institutions get their way—and it must be acknowledged that the sources quoted in this article have made information and documents available in order to help avoid this possibility—CUNY will clearly revert to its posture of the '50s and early '60s as an enclave for middle and upper middle-class white elite education. "Academic quality," whether or not its advocates believe this, is merely a euphemism for ignoring the nontraditional, innovative and socially committed programs developed at colleges like Baruch, John Jay, Lehman, and York—a euphemism for retreating from the commitment of CUNY to minorities, ethnic groups, working people, and women who are demanding the right to a college education. (We can only hope, to paraphrase a CUNY faculty member, that those who vociferously argue that we can no longer afford to educate disadvantaged and underprepared students will remain silent when, in the next generation, they are called upon to pay even more heavily for welfare and prisons.)

On the other hand, if FOSC and the private institutions are thwarted, if CUNY retains its present structure and makes heavy across-the-board budget cuts, it may well turn out that the FOSC prophecy comes to pass—that if you spread the money too thin, over 18 bad colleges rather than four good ones, the survivors will preside over the merest charade of higher education.

In any case, the citizens of New York City should know what's going on behind the scenes—that the CUNY story is one of power as much as principle, that the Wessell Commission bought time not for our colleges to come up with a list of educational priorities, but for them to begin a civil war among themselves, that for all their lofty pronouncements, the city's institutions of higher education are engaged in a battle for survival as selfish in goals and cynical in means as any private corporation's.

But, as elsewhere in this beleaguered city, the debate on issues of policy is unfortunately little more than a shadow play behind which the power brokers make their selfish decisions. If the citizens of New York are shown that the debate over the future of higher education in this city is to a large degree being conducted on the basis of power and self-interest rather than principle and public service, if they are shown this and fail to respond, then they will get the educational system they deserve.

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# Save This Rock & Roll Hero

By Robert Christgau

Although it's easy enough to get a contrary impression from one of her triumphant New York appearances, Patti Smith is in trouble. She's caught in a classic double bind—accused of selling out by her former allies and of not selling by her new ones. Maybe she's just too famous for her own good. Habitués of the poetry vanguard that provided her initial panache, many of whom mistake her proud press and modest sales for genuine stardom, are sometimes envious and often disdainful of her renown as a poet, since she is not devoted to the craft of poetry and they are. Music-biz pros both in and out of her record company, aware that her second album, *Radio Ethiopia*, is already bulleting down the charts, are reminded once again that print exposure is the least reliable of promotional tools in an aural medium, not least because the press can be fickle. Somewhere in between are the journalists and critics, who count as former allies and new allies simultaneously, and who can now be heard making either charge, or both.

Cut to Patti Smith on her first gig in the Bottom Line, last December, wearing a T-shirt that says CULT FIGURE. It's possible to accuse Patti of taking herself too seriously, but you can't say she doesn't have a sense of humor about it. She knows that her audience—"my kids," she calls them, more maternal than you'd figure—has the earmarks of a cult. And she knows that her band can be described as a critics' band. Patti herself has been a practitioner of rock criticism—"rock writin'," as she calls it, always having preferred celebration to analysis and analysis to censure—and her first guitarist and lead mentor, Lenny Kaye, made his living that way until less than two years ago. She's always had critic fans, and these fans have spread the news, so that by now Patti has probably inspired more printed words per record sold than any charted artist in the history of the music—except maybe Dylan or the Stones. Two of her critic fans, Stephen Holden and John Rockwell, even spurred her commercial good fortune. Holden, then working in a&r, tried to sign her in 1974, but before RCA could be persuaded to come up with the few requisite bucks, Clive Davis waded in waving much bigger bucks. This was shortly after Rockwell's report on Holden's activities in the *Times*, which Davis insists had nothing to do with his own timing.

Although Patti was personally acquainted with more than a few critics, the nationwide journalistic excitement she initially aroused went far beyond cliquishness. Like Bruce Springsteen, she answered a felt need. Nineteen seventy-five was an especially lousy time for up-and-coming rock and rollers, at least in the opinion of those who make copy out of them. The insistence of the record companies, booking agencies, and concert promoters on professionalism seemed to have produced a subculture of would-be studio musicians who were willing to apprentice as touring pros just to build up a bankroll and establish themselves in a growing industry. Patti wasn't like that. She recalled a time when rock and roll was so conducive to mythic fantasies that pretentiousness constituted a threat. Patti had her pretentious side, everybody knew that, but in her it seemed an endearing promise that she would actually attempt something new. Moreover, she had



ROBERT MAPLE HORPÉ

**Patti Smith: Perhaps her formal failure reflects not incompetence but ambition—the hard-to-digest ugliness and self-contradiction of what she tries to do.**

earned her pretensions: what other rock and roller had ever published even one book of poetry without benefit of best-selling LP? Nor was it only critics who felt this way. A rock audience that includes six million purchasers of *Frampton Comes Alive!* spins off dissidents by the hundreds of thousands, many of whom are known to read. People were turned on by Patti Smith before they'd seen or heard her. Even in New York, the faithful who had packed into CBGB's for her shows were only a small fraction of her would-be fans, and elsewhere she was the stuff of dreams.

The problem with this kind of support is that it is soft—it's not enthusiasm, merely a suspension of the disbelief with which any savvy rock fan must regard the unknown artist. In Patti's case this openness lasted even after her first album, *Horses*, came out in October 1975. Patti has always attracted a smattering of sensitive types who are so intrigued by the word "poet" that they pay no heed to its customary modifier, "street"; these poor souls will attend one show and leave early, wincing at the noise. But they don't count—it's the informed fence sitters Patti could use. There's no way to know how many of the almost 200,000 adventurous rock fans who purchased *Horses* feel equivocal about it, but I wouldn't be surprised if half of them balanced the unusual lyrics, audacious segues, and simple yet effective vocals and melodies against what is admittedly some very crude-sounding musicianship. These were people who wouldn't rule out the next LP—a genuine rock poet deserves patience, after all—but wouldn't rush out for it, either. For although Patti is a genuine rock poet, what she does—her art, let's call it—is not calculated to appeal to those attracted by such a notion.

Patti is actually far from the first published poet to have turned to popular music in the rock era, and contrast with some of the others will be instructive. Recall with pleasure Leonard Cohen, who for almost a decade has been singing his verses in an all-but-tuneless yet seductive monotone to pop-folk cum European-cabaret backing, or Gil Scott-Heron, who declaims both poetry and songs over soul-jazz

polyrhythms. Apprehend briefly and then banish from your mind Rod Taylor a/k/a Roderick Falconer, who in both his Sensitive and Fascist-cum-Futurist incarnations has attempted to sell his rhymes with the most competent rock musicians Los Angeles could afford. Or consider, if you will, Rod McKuen and his numerous strings.

Now let me name three more poet-singers, all of them considerably closer in spirit to Patti Smith—David Meltzer, who is quite obscure, and Ed Sanders and Lou Reed, who are not. All three are distinguished by a salient interest in those innovations of voice and prosody that occupy dedicated poets as opposed to versifiers good or bad; moreover, their alliances are vanguard as opposed to academic. Meltzer, who recorded one mordant, playfully mystagogic LP out of flower-power San Francisco with his group, the Serpent Power, can be found in Donald M. Allen's seminal Grove anthology, *The New American Poetry*; Sanders, the versatile avant-gardist who was the focus of the Fugs (a group that featured occasional early performances by Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso as well as the permanent contributions of Tuli Kupferberg), was included by Ron Padgett and David Shapiro in Random House's *An Anthology of New York Poets*; and Reed, who (unlike Jim Morrison) had appeared in little magazines before rock-legend status made publication a sure thing, has been in Anne Waldman's *Another World* anthology. None of them is a major figure in these contexts, although Sanders is certainly very talented. But all of them craft poetry of a very different order of sophistication from Leonard Cohen's melancholy anapests or Gil Scott-Heron's Afroprop, however much one may value listening to either.

The instrumental styles over which the first poets I named presided, although as disparate in both content and quality as their words, share a committed professionalism. Each is molded to the preconceptions of a well-imagined audience, and each in its own way is smooth and predictable, proper accompaniment for the verbal "message." In contrast, the music of the avant-gardists is



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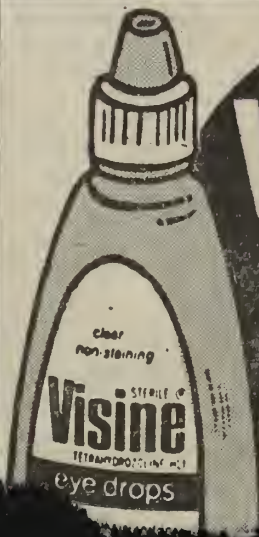
"Compared with the U.S., our prices are high here, but they are a good buy compared with the usual German restaurant or snack bar. Besides, here we sell that good beer with our sandwiches.

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## HEADED BY AMERICAN

# Private Intelligence Unit's Jobs Exotic

BY TOM ZITO  
The Washington Post

WASHINGTON—Christmas morning, 1972. A damp, chilly fog covered Brighton, the Atlantic City of the British Isles. Not the best of Christmas Days. Still, there was dinner with the family to warm the spirits and Sir Randolph Bacon, retired commission-

er of Scotland Yard, had just sat down at the table.

"I had barely gotten my fork in the turkey," he recalls, "when the phone bell rang. Yes, I would say it was one of the more unusual calls I had in my life."

"We have a client arriving at Gatwick Airport in about two hours," said the caller, Robert Dolan Pelo-

quin, the president of Intertel, one of the world's leading private intelligence and security firms. "He's in the air now. His passport has expired, and I'd like you to help him through immigration."

"How will I know him?" asked Bacon, a member of Intertel's board of directors and a former president of Interpol, the International Organization of Law Enforcers.

"He'll be in a private jet. One of our men on the plane will contact you at Gatwick."

"Very well. I can be there in about an hour. By the way, who is the client?"

"Howard Hughes."

Two hours later, Bacon had made the necessary arrangements with the British Home Office. Hughes and his entourage walked through immigration and into a waiting fleet of six Rolls-Royce limousines that sped the group to London's Inn at the Park.

All this was no big deal for Intertel or Peloquin. Just another day's work. Drafting plans for an airport security

system in Detroit. Locating and destroying a million-dollar lost shipment of American drugs that had turned into deadly poison in a tiny African nation. Sweeping the phones of a large corporation for taps. Designing a prison security system in Rhode Island. Policing the gambling casinos at Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Digging up evidence and witnesses for a London newspaper libel suit. Checking out real estate agents buying properties for a giant hamburger chain. Or—the one Peloquin considers his biggest personal coup—tracing down in Switzerland the mys-

Please Turn to Page 2, Col. 1

## The Times

Part 1-B

Wednesday, May 4, 1977

### IN THIS SECTION:

The president of Guinea-Bissau appears to be steering his nation on a course of political moderation and economic pragmatism. Page 4.



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# FORMER U.S. AGENT RUNS INTERTEL

Continued from First Page

terious person who posed as H. R. Hughes and endorsed \$650,000 in checks from McGraw-Hill; checks intended as payment to the reclusive millionaire for collaborating with Clifford Irving on an autobiography but in fact cashed by Irving's wife, Edith, while posing as "Helga Hughes."

Peloquin is a crafty man, an ex-U.S. Justice Department investigator who realized that there were millions to be made parlaying investigative skills learned within the federal bureaucracy into a lucrative private enterprise. At 48, he heads one of the world's largest private intelligence networks, orchestrating a staff of 50 professionals, most of them former FBI, IRS and CIA agents.

"It's not really that much of a change to come here from the FBI or the IRS," says Peloquin. "Intertel is basically a collection of people who have succeeded reasonably well in government and have a desire for a second career. I get 'em cheap. I capitalize on government training."

Peloquin's wife, Margaret, whom he met here in 1948 while she was studying at the now-defunct Dumbarton College and he was a student at Georgetown University, says her husband never talks about his work.

"He's very close-mouthed," she says. "Well, maybe that's good. If they ever get me on the witness stand, I can honestly say I don't know anything."

Intertel's vice president, Tom McKeon, recalls a phrase Peloquin used to teach his students when he was a naval intelligence officer, and says it still characterizes the boss' attitude toward work: "Loose lips sink ships."

But when Peloquin wants to talk, he can. He knows how to give and take and to get what he wants.

"A lot of investigative reporters have lived off Bob Peloquin," says Seymour Hersh, the New York Times investigative reporter who broke the

My Lai massacre and Glomar Explorer stories.

Peloquin looks and acts the part of the wheeler-dealer sleuth: 6 feet, 1 inch; with deep-set searing brown eyes that constantly scan the space around him. Conservative suits and ties. A large, black attache case. Cups and cups of coffee. He wakes up restless at 4 in the morning and reads: American Heritage, "Roots," National Geographic, "The Raising of the Titanic," "The Eagle Has Landed."

"None of that Ellery Queen crap," he says.

He takes a sauna in the family's home in Bethesda, Md. At 6:30 he's on the tennis court. He complains about the morning paper boy, that the paper isn't on the doorstep until he's back from tennis.

Peloquin is a pusher. He's part gumshoe but more the ace gamesman, a power player who watches every move and holds his cards close to his chest—unless he wants you to see them. He plays one set of facts, or one person, against another. He knows the ins and out of casinos like a veteran gambler and will tell you: "Never bet on anything that can talk."

At the Justice Department Peloquin led the first Organized Crime Strike Force in Buffalo, where he went after the Magaddino and Profaci Mafia families. He worked on the "Get Hoffa" squad. In Mississippi, he was charged with investigating the murders of civil-rights workers Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney. ("Real sweethearts," he says, "Sheriff Rainey and Sheriff Price," referring to two defendants in the case.) In the Bahamas he looked into possible mob control of gambling casinos.

He always found a way to do things. When a witness he had rounded up ripped his pants right before his testimony was needed, Peloquin produced a sewing kit and stitched up the damage. From then on he was dubbed "The Needle."

He made good friends along the way. In Buffalo, Commissioner M. F.

A. Lindsay, former head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and now a member of Intertel's board of directors. In the Bahamas, Scotland Yard's Bacon. In Washington J. Edgar Hoover's only nephew, Fred Robinette, now Intertel's director of "Internal Operations."

By the time Peloquin left the Justice Department in 1968, his own experience and connections were a solid base for creating Intertel. At first he teamed up with another Justice alumnus, Bill Hundley, to form a law firm and represent the National Football League. The two were to advise the league on security matters, and one NFL player recalls Peloquin standing in front of training camp locker rooms and giving lectures on how to stave off mobsters offering bribes to fix games.

Later the firm picked up Life magazine as a client, gathering evidence for lawsuits filed against Life's investigative team—a group of reporters who had examined gambling in the Bahamas, among other things. In 1970 Peloquin left the firm to form Intertel—with \$100,000 staked by Resorts International, a U.S. corporation running the major casino in the Bahamas at Paradise Island. Resorts International currently owns 81% of Intertel's stock.

This succession of jobs, particularly the closeness of Peloquin's employment by Life and Resorts International, piqued some people.

"It sort of bothered me when I found out about Peloquin's association with Resorts," said a former member of the Life investigative team. "Probably there was no conflict of interest, but it was a little weird when I discovered it in retrospect."

"I can understand that point of view," Peloquin says. "We certainly had both of them as clients at the same time, but I checked with Life before we took Resorts on as a client."

"You work for the Justice Depart-

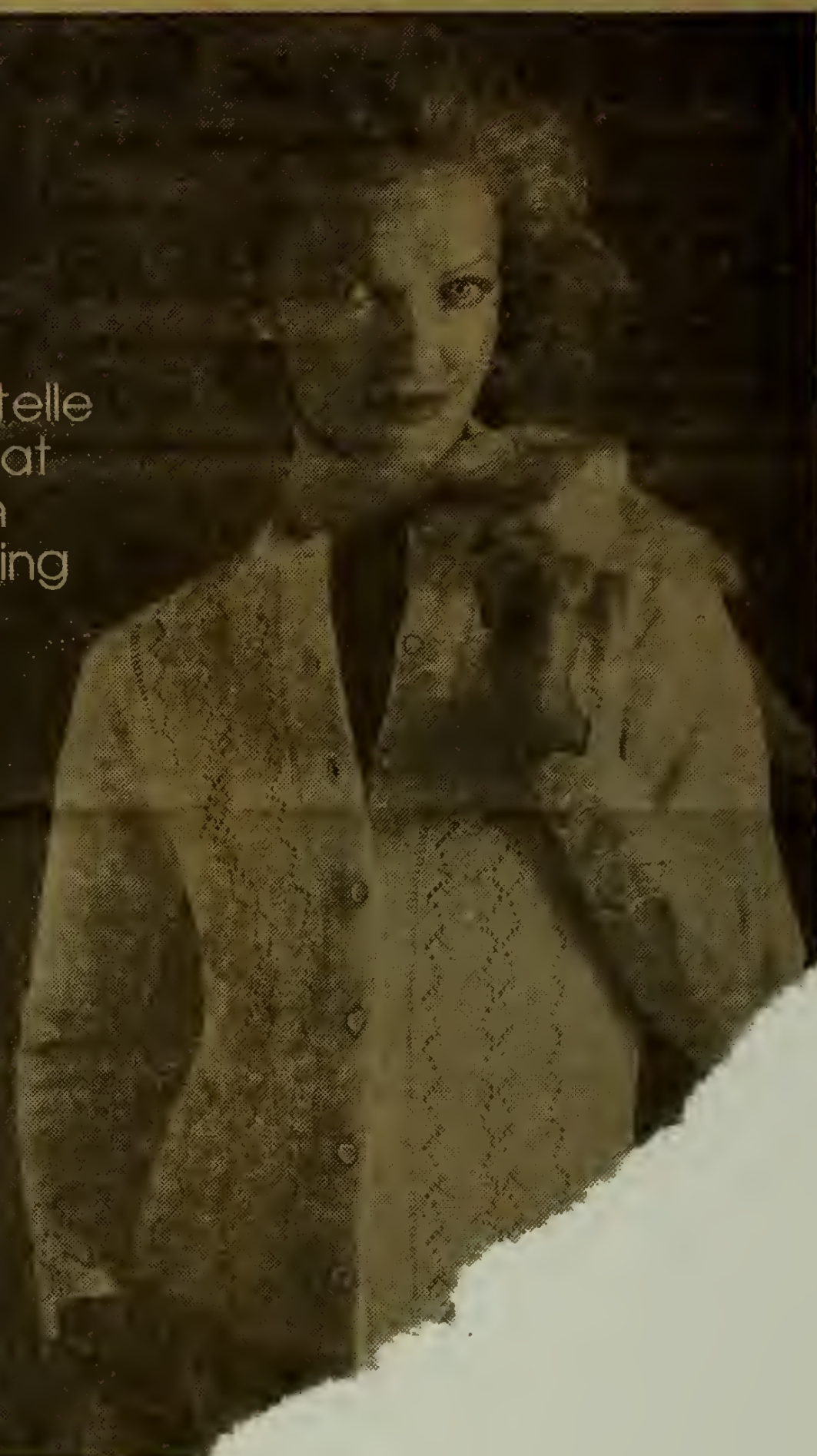
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Mom's pointelle cardigan is at its best with rippled edging

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bral, who runs Guinea-Bissau's news agency, recently summed up the country's dilemma in an interview, saying: "Why don't you Americans do more here? Everybody seems to think we're a bunch of Communists."

The remark was considered significant because Guinea-Bissau's independence on Sept. 10, 1974, was preceded by 13 years of guerrilla war against Portuguese rule with heavy support from the Soviet Union and Cuba.

The guerrilla war, led by the Marxist-oriented African Party for the Independence of Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde Islands (PAIGC)—the

only party in the new state—was by far the most successful in Portugal's three African colonies.

And its success was directly responsible for the army mutiny that toppled the right-wing Portuguese government in 1974, and led to the dismantling of Lisbon's far-flung African empire.

But Guinea-Bissau, once portrayed by Portuguese colonial authorities as a cold war battleground, is now openly asserting its neutrality.

Observers here say whether it succeeds depends heavily on whether the practical-minded men continue to outweigh the more ideological Marx-

ist hard-liners within the party.

A key point stressed by observers here is that Cabral has so far avoided the more radical Marxist policies adopted by Guinea-Bissau's sister former colonies of Angola and Mozambique.

Cabral himself emphasized, in a nine-minute interview in his modest office in the former colonial governor's palace, that the ruling PAIGC will not join the two countries in adopting a Marxist-Leninist platform.

"We are brothers with Mozambique and Angola but they have their special conditions and we have ours," he said.

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# PRIVATE INTELLIGENCE NETWORK

Continued from Second Page

ment that long and you get a lot of inside tracks," says William Lynch, a former Justice associate of Peloquin's who now heads the department's Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs Division. "It makes me a little nervous when I think about the contacts these guys still have when they're out there in the private sector. Nobody really knows what they know. And Bob really likes that spectre of mystery."

"When I was at Justice," says Peloquin, "I probably had the best system of informers that anybody ever had. They were my sources; not the department's. If I need information, I don't need the department. I need those sources. If I hire some guy out of Justice, I want expertise. I buy that guy for his knowledge. But the knowledge is in his head, not in some file at the department."

Investigative reporter Les Whitten says International Telephone & Telegraph spied on Jack Anderson's office after staffer Britt Hume revealed the Dita Beard-ITT memo linking corporate political favors with a contribution to the Nixon campaign. Whitten says Intertel was trying to find out who leaked the memo.

"Bob Peloquin was a terrific worker with the Justice Department," Whitten says. "But I hate to see a guy

that good become a hired gun for outfits like ITT and Howard Hughes, which have a lot of nefarious trapings about them."

"False," says Peloquin. "We never spied on Les. In order to survive in this business, you have to have some pretty tight rules. Rule No. 1 is you can't spy on reporters. Rule No. 2 is you can't use offensive electronic devices (wiretaps)."

In its promotional literature, Intertel is described as "a unique organization whose services focus on investigating, analyzing and resolving issues pertaining to the protection, preservation and enhancement of corporate assets." The company offers a score of services, including "Defensive Electronic Countermeasures," "Attitude Assessment," "Questioned Document Examination," "Inventory Control Systems," and an "Executive Protection Program" to guard against "corporate extortion."

Less explicit is a service that's a natural outgrowth of the staff's heavy Justice Department background: protecting clients from mergers with Mafia-controlled corporations. More recently Intertel represented the interests of its parent company, Resorts International, in successfully campaigning for legalized gambling in Atlantic City, N.J.

The company discourages written

contracts, and will not track cheating spouses as fodder for divorce attorneys.

Said Peloquin:

"If some guy came in my office and said, 'I'll give you X number of dollars to put a man on Mars in 20 years,' I'd sure as hell have a shot at it. I don't know why I do these things. I just take targets of opportunity. People talk about the morality of working for Howard Hughes. One day I get this call and some guy asks me if I'd like to take care of Hughes' security. Well, that's a challenge I can't pass up."

To some this smacks of classic private-eye amorality. Yet there is a part of Peloquin that does respond to right and wrong. Maybe it's all those years at Jesuit schools, where as an undergraduate he was a daily communicant.

"We had one case involving parents whose kid had run off to the Children of God in Holland," Peloquin says. "I told them, 'We'll find the kid and tell you where he is and how you can get in touch with him, but we won't nab him.' That would create a real moral problem for me. In the history of the Catholic Church, you'll find many people who wanted to rescue their daughters from the convent. Now we call the daughters saints."

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Lester Sloan—Newsweek

The Webbs today, with their stained-glass mural of rock stars: Goodbye to all that

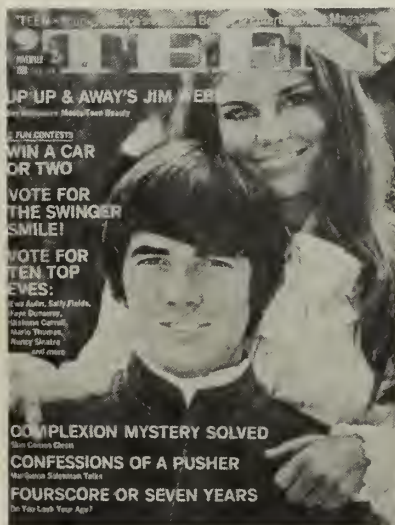
## Jimmy Webb: Up and Away

For songwriter Jimmy Webb, 1968 was a very good year. He had turned out a string of hits including "MacArthur Park," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "Wichita Lineman" and "Up, Up and Away," winning eight Grammys and making a couple of million dollars. He lived in a 27-room Hollywood mansion, surrounded by so many friends and admirers that the milk bills alone came to \$100 a week. He planned to produce a TV special, present an operetta on Broadway, compose a cello concerto for Piatigorsky and score an all-new movie production of "Peter Pan" which would radically redefine the role of Tinker Bell. One critic even compared him to Mozart. He was lean, handsome, spectacularly prolific—he wrote three songs a week, he claimed—and was, by his own reckoning and everyone else's, "hot as a pistol." He was 21 years old.

By 1969 it was over. The elaborate projects fell through, and Webb and his ulcer left Hollywood for a less flamboyant estate in the San Fernando Valley. Webb, whose hits had all been recorded by other artists, decided to strike out on his own as a singer. He turned down a \$40,000-a-week engagement in Las Vegas to play in underground clubs, performing plain, ragged versions of new songs. His small audiences were attentive, but the reviews were merciless. When Webb released his first solo album, he made a promotional tour of radio stations and found that some program directors hadn't even bothered to open it.

Today, Webb has finally bounded back, with a new album that may restore his commercial popularity. It once

looked as though that might never happen—during his doldrums, he felt so traumatized by his success with an older audience, and his corresponding rejection by a younger crowd, that he came to view obscurity as a perverse improvement. "I used to think, well, that must mean I'm doing something valuable," he now says. "The record business at that time was really polarized—you couldn't play both Vegas and Woodstock. I saw all my peers looking at me and saying, 'You're just sitting there making money and having a good time. We're wearing buckskin jackets and trying to stop the war.' Nowadays, I don't think there's any stigma attached to being associated with middle-of-the-road music, as I was with



Jimmy, 21, and Patsy, 12, in 1968

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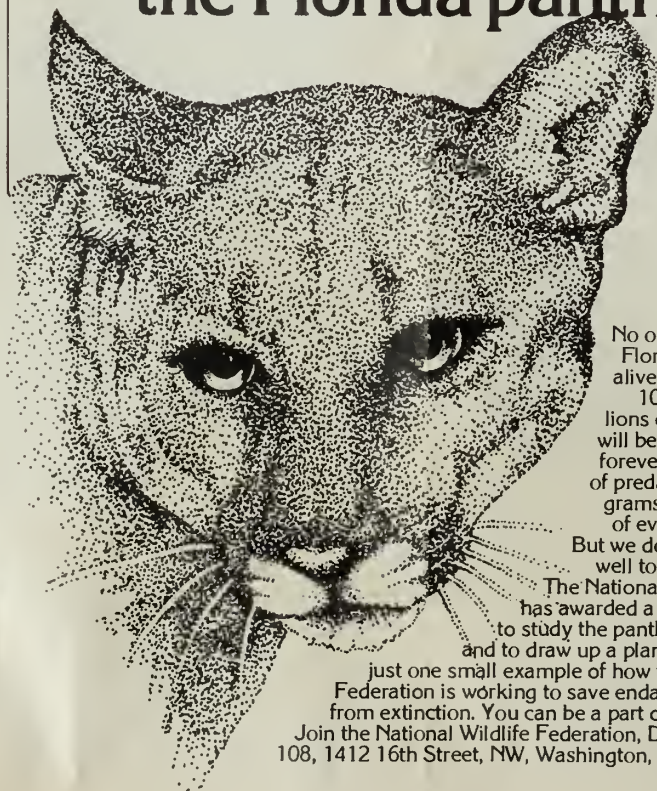
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## Farewell to the Florida panther.



No one knows how many Florida panthers are still alive. Perhaps fewer than 100. If these mountain lions die, another creature will be gone from the earth forever . . . the victim, first, of predator elimination programs, and more recently, of ever-shrinking habitat. But we don't have to bid farewell to the Florida panther.

The National Wildlife Federation has awarded a grant to researchers to study the panther and its future . . . and to draw up a plan for saving it. That's just one small example of how the National Wildlife Federation is working to save endangered species from extinction. You can be a part of the effort. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 108, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.



## MUSIC

the Fifth Dimension and Glen Campbell and Richard Harris. But back then, being associated with them made it difficult for me to be accepted by people my own age. I think there's an audience out there that thinks I'm a much older guy, that I'm Sammy Cahn or somebody."

**New Resolve:** In fact, Webb is only 30, though a paunch and an air of disillusionment make him look older. But his last birthday infused him with a new resolve. "I set to rest my feelings about commercialism and decided I didn't want to fail any more," he says. With the aid of producer George Martin, who also worked with the Beatles, Webb set to work on a fifth solo album, the brand-new "El Mirage," for Atlantic Records. This time there was no more "trying to fail desperately, maybe so I could have another goal." This time Webb gave it his all, and his all turns out to be as devastating as ever. "I'm not going to let this one slide into obscurity," he says. "If I have to sell it door to door, then that's what I'll do."

He won't have to. Webb has evolved into a bona fide performer, curtailing both the venom and the whimsy that pegged his earlier records as cult items. "El Mirage" is grandiose and gorgeous, full of Webb's characteristic excess—his lush, desperately romantic material is often so sublime it borders on the ridiculous, and Webb sings with a shameless frenzy. The album includes at least one potential hit, "If You See Me Getting Smaller I'm Leaving"; it also includes a clinker or two, but that's part of what makes Webb exciting. He strives for an absurd grandeur, a musical high so exhilarating that he always runs the risk of falling on his face.

**Hero:** For all his commercial skill, Webb remains something of a maverick, which may be why the new album includes a remake of "P.F. Sloan," about a hero of his, the now obscure composer of the protest-song classic "Eve of Destruction." Says Webb: "He was one of the first songwriters who tried to break through and be an artist, and he was stopped cold. The record company said get back in the back room and keep writing songs. I think it broke his heart."

Webb still lives in the valley house—with his wife, Patsy, 21, who is a prodigy in her own right. The daughter of actor Barry Sullivan, Patsy met Jimmy when she was hired to pose with him for the cover of Teen magazine when she was, at 12, one of the youngest adult-looking models around. The Webbs' living room is dominated by a stained-glass mural commissioned in 1970, featuring portraits of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Joni Mitchell, Elvis Presley and Simon and Garfunkel. The mural is about to be removed. Patsy says they're donating it to UCLA because they love it so much they think more people ought to be able to see it. Jimmy has a different reason: he says he doesn't want rock's hippest characters staring down at him any more.

—JANET MASLIN



# Economic Themes Main Concern as Leaders of Viet.

By DAVID A. ANDELMAN

Special to The New York Times

BANGKOK, Thailand, Nov. 27—Vietnam's Communist leaders have held meetings around the country in the last several weeks in preparation for a party congress next month, the first since 1960. All have stressed economic themes of reconstruction and consolidation.

It is clear also from a 40-page political report of the Central Committee of the Vietnam Workers (Communist) Party as well as from other recent reports and commentaries in Hanoi newspapers and broadcasts that the main concern of the congress is to be economic.

The 1960 party congress approved the principle of forcible "liberation" of what

was then South Vietnam and the overthrow of the Government there. Two weeks later the National Liberation Front was formed.

The forthcoming congress, the party's fourth, is to be held in the second week of December and is expected to produce a five-year development plan and to look ahead as much as 20 years toward carrying out what the Central Committee report describes as the "process of taking our economy from small-scale production to large-scale socialist production."

The congress is expected to call for broadening the base of party membership, particularly in the south. Because of its underground nature during the war years,

the party structure there is comparatively thin.

In addition, a new central committee is to be elected and a new party constitution approved.

Delegates to the congress have been chosen in nationwide city and province congresses over the last several weeks, according to the official Vietnam News Agency. Among them are 45 delegates from Hanoi, including the party's First Secretary, Le Duan, and President Ton Duc Thang, and 49 delegates from Saigon. A number of other specialized caucuses have also been held, including the "all-army party congress" that ended Nov. 16.

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## Briton's Classic I.Q. Data Now Viewed as Fraudulent

By BOYCE RENSBERGER

The classic reports of the late Cyril Burt, the eminent British psychologist whose research had long been accepted by many as evidence that differences in intelligence were hereditary, are now widely considered to be without scientific value.

Because Dr. Burt's writings had been a major buttress of the view that blacks have inherited inferior brains, his discrediting is regarded as a significant blow to the school of thought espoused by such persons as Arthur Jensen of the University of California, Richard Herrnstein of Harvard and William Shockley of Stanford.

Dr. Jensen, a leading proponent of the view that blacks have inherently lower I.Q.'s than whites do, but who has helped to expose Dr. Burt's errors, said that there remained ample valid evidence to support his beliefs.

Richard Lewontin, a Harvard geneticist who has long been a leader of the countervailing and dominant school of thought that intelligence levels are chiefly determined by environmental factors, said that Dr. Burt's data had been considered the most persuasive evidence put forth by the hereditarians. He added that its loss was "no trivial problem for the heritability people."

### Basis for Criticism Widens

Dr. Burt's research, unquestioned and highly influential before his death in 1971, has been criticized in psychological circles since 1972, when it was found to contain a number of virtual impossibilities.

In recent weeks, however, the basis for criticism has widened as a result of a report in The Sunday Times of London that Dr. Burt's two collaborators, cited in his published articles, may never have existed.

Further investigations by The Sunday Times and by Leon Kamin, a Princeton University psychologist, suggest many additional instances of questionable scientific thought, including biased language, favorably reviewing his own books, using pseudonyms in his own journal and fabricating data.

While such allegations might seem unremarkable if aimed at a young and ambitious researcher, Cyril Burt was a major figure in British and American psychology. He was the first psychologist to work for a school system, London's, and, through his research and pioneering analyses of the problems of backward children, he came to be regarded as the father of educational psychology.

His view that intelligence was predetermined at birth and largely unchangeable helped to shape a rigid, three-tier school system in England based on an I.Q. test given to children at the age of 11.

### Psychologist Was Knighted

Dr. Burt was the first psychologist to be knighted, and shortly before his death he won the American Psychological Association's Thorndike Prize.

The scientific articles being questioned now were presented as having been based on studies of the I.Q.'s of identical twins reared in separate homes. They had been considered landmarks in psychology because they appeared to be models of scientific rigor.

Twin studies of the sort that Dr. Burt made, or said he made, are considered a valid method for estimating the relative strength of the influences of heredity and environment on some outcome. Since identical twins have the same heredity, any differences between them are presumed to be attributable to environmental differences.

In 1955, Dr. Burt published a report on 21 pairs of identical twins who had been separated after birth and reared in different adoptive homes. He said that the statistical correlation between the I.Q. scores of the separated twins was 0.771.

Such correlations are a measure of how much one member of a pair is linked, for any measurable trait, to the other member of the pair. A calculated correlation of 1.0 indicates 100 percent linkage. A correlation of zero indicates that the members of the pair are no more alike in that trait than would be the case if the members of the pair were randomly chosen.

Three years later, Dr. Burt published again when his collection of twins had grown to "over 30" pairs. Against odds of millions to one, the calculated correlation came out to be 0.771 again.

In 1966, he published his final report, with the group then standing at 53 pairs. Again, against even stiffer mathematical odds, the correlation was reported as 0.771.

In each of the three reports, the correlation among the group of twins that had not been separated remained unchanged at 0.944, a similarly improbable event.

The curious consistency went unnoticed for years, and the numbers were taken as strong evidence that I.Q. was heavily determined by genetics. They were especially valued because Dr. Burt's studies were the only ones purporting to show that the separated twins were reared in different socioeconomic levels.

### Inconsistencies Are Reported

This is a crucial point, because the opponents of the Burtian view contend that the high correlation in I.Q. is the result not of genetic similarity but of the fact that both twins were adopted into similar environments.

In 1972, Dr. Kamin, the Princeton psychologist, read Dr. Burt's papers for the first time.

"It didn't take more than 10 minutes of reading to begin to suspect that it was fraudulent," he said.

Dr. Kamin said that he had discovered many inconsistencies: methodological errors and omissions of crucial information such as the ages of the people tested. Many of Dr. Burt's references in his papers were to unpublished reports, making it impossible for others to verify information.

At about the same time that Dr. Kamin became interested in Dr. Burt, Dr. Jensen also began a review of the Briton's publications. In a 1974 article, Dr. Jensen reported 20 instances of implausible statistical coincidences and, for all practical purposes, declared Dr. Burt's writings useless as scientific documents.

However, Dr. Jensen said recently: "This doesn't change my position at all. We now have a considerable amount of other data that support the heritability of I.Q."

In any event, Dr. Jensen added, people who believe as he does now put less stock in the kind of study Dr. Burt described and have developed methods of studying other kinship patterns and measuring heritability in them.

### Loss of Data Held Crucial

"The evidence indicates that 60 to 80 percent of the variability in I.Q. is genetic," Dr. Jensen said, "and the evidence is still overwhelming."

By contrast, Dr. Kamin contends that the loss of the Burt data is crucial.

"The heredity people relied very heavily on Burt," Dr. Kamin said, "because his was the only study of separated twins that claimed to have evidence that the twins went into [homes of] different socioeconomic levels. And Burt was the only man who claimed to have used the same I.Q. test on all of his population and to have drawn all of his population from the same place."

Dr. Kamin, who said that he might be the only person to have read everything that Dr. Burt published, reported that he had detected in some of the psychologist's early writings additional evidence of "fakery."

"Even back in 1912, he did a paper purporting to have tested over a thousand children," Dr. Kamin said, "and there are things in it that clearly suggest fakery."

Dr. Kamin said that Dr. Burt asserted that he had determined that not only were slum children less intelligent than upper-class children, but that Jews and Irish people were less intelligent than English, and that, across the board, men were smarter than women.

Dr. Kamin asserted that what he called Dr. Burt's prejudice against all classes but his own was repeatedly evident in his choice of language for his formal reports.

In a report on a child for whom Dr. Burt was responsible as a school psychologist, for example, the child is described as "a typical slum monkey with the muzzle of a paleface chimpanzee."

## Around the Nation

### Coal Tax Found Excessive In Great Plains States

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 27 (AP)—Federal intervention may be needed to keep the coal-rich states of the northern Great Plains from demanding exorbitant taxes on their coal, a research report by the Rand Corporation suggests.

The report, partly financed by the National Science Foundation, cited Montana and North Dakota as examples, contending that their coal-taxing policies were akin to efforts by the oil-exporting nations to reap maximum profits.

The Montana Legislature last year set the coal-severance tax at 30 percent of the average mine-mouth price of \$4.38 a ton for sub-bituminous coal and 20 percent on lignite, a lower-grade coal. State budget officials predict that the taxes will bring in about \$65 million.

"With taxation at such levels, the emerging pattern of state coal tax policy in the northern Great Plains is one of OPEC-like revenue maximization," the report said.

Since the taxes are indirectly passed on to utilities and consumers, consumers in other states may demand national limitations on the taxes, the report said.

### Carter Committee Reverses Position on Contributions

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27 (AP)—One of the two top officers of the committee paying the bills for Jimmy Carter's inaugural festivities said today that the committee would accept contributions of up to \$5,000 from corporations and labor unions. A committee spokesman had said yesterday that corporate or union contributions would be refused.

"We are accepting contributions from businesses and unions," said Bardyl Tirana, co-chairman of the 1977 Inaugural Committee. "In fact, we want them," he said.

Yesterday's statement had followed an announcement by the Federal Election Commission that the committee would not be bound by political funding laws designed to prevent improper influencing of elections.

Mr. Tirana said the donations would be used to finance public events and to pay for free transportation for some of the crowds expected for the Jan. 20 swearing-in and the various festivities connected with it. Mr. Carter has invited 300,000 to 400,000 people who worked in his campaign to Washington for the week of the inaugural.

### Tests for Swine Flu Show No Spread in Missouri

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 27 (AP)—Tests on about 100 persons at Concordia, Mo., who had symptoms of flu have produced no evidence that swine flu has spread beyond the original case discovered there, a Missouri health official says.

Dr. H. Denny Donnell, director of the medical section of the State Division of Health, said that officials were convinced that Larry Hardison, a 32-year-old telephone lineman and installer, had had a mild bout of the swine flu from about Oct. 9 to Oct. 16. However, officials of the Federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta have not said conclusively that it was swine flu.

Dr. Donnell said that no swine flu virus had been discovered in blood samples and throat swabs taken last Saturday from six people in Concordia who had sore throats.

He said that although tests on the other residents were not complete, the analyses so far had not indicated any evidence of swine flu. "It is important here," Dr. Donnell said, "that from a fairly large number of people we have significant negative information from which we can conclude that there is no person-to-person spread of the virus."

## Exultation in the Industrial Crescent

The most famous product at the moment is Tony Dorsett of Aliquippa. His father works in a steel mill there, and the athlete son is not bashful about telling the story of the day he went to meet the father at the mill.

Mr. Dorsett was so grimy from the mill that Tony didn't recognize him. It was when he resolved to work in a steel mill. It is a tradition of generations of workers as a way

### F.B.I. Studies Retirements of Air Traffic Controllers

ATLANTA, Nov. 27 (UPI)—The Federal Bureau of Investigation is looking into possible fraud in connection with the retirement of 109 Southeast region air traffic controllers who a newspaper said, were collecting tax-free annual salaries of about \$25,000.

A bureau spokesman, Don Cochran, said yesterday that the investigation began "several weeks ago" but he declined further comment.

The Atlanta Constitution reported April that controllers at the Atlanta Traffic Control Center in nearby Marietta were obtaining certificates that they were "medically unfit" and y

Associated Press

ed into a propane  
several homes.

## . Border

tions. The devaluation of these businesses at the huge holiday in them have slashed prices down prices in hopes of riding the economy. Some economists say that this trade deficit if the Mexican foreign exchange is to continue

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# Water Rationing Plan , Signed Into Law

BY ERWIN BAKER  
Times City Bureau Chief

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rector Clarence M. Kelley.  
City Clerk Rex E. Layton said the  
ordinance will become effective on  
publication, which is scheduled for  
Monday.

Prohibited, said Councilman Joel  
Wachs, one of the 12 members of a  
blueribbon committee that drafted  
the plan at the mayor's request, will  
be the following "conspicuously  
wasteful and unnecessary uses" of  
water.

—Hosing of sidewalks, walkways,  
driveways and parking areas.

—Operation of nonrecycling decor-  
ative fountains.

—Serving drinking water in res-  
taurants unless requested.

—Waste water through leaks not  
repaired in a timely manner.

Starting July 1, all water users—  
residential dwellers, business, com-  
merce, agriculture and government—  
will be required to reduce their water

Please Turn to Page 30, Col. 1

Adrian Brunson and port of his \$340,000 poker winnings:  
Times photo by Fitzgerald Whitne

## SAME HAND AS LAST YEAR'S Full House Earns Texan a House Full of Money

BY TED THACKREY JR.  
Times Staff Writer

LAS VEGAS—Adrian Doyle  
(Texas Dolly) Brunson walked off  
with \$340,000 and his second consec-  
utive world poker championship  
Wednesday night at Binion's Horse-  
shoe Casino in downtown Las Vegas.

And for a moment or two, he could  
not believe it.

Neither could anyone else.

"That," said Texas Dolly, shifting  
his 293-pound bulk to get a closer  
look at the poker hand before him, "is  
the very same damn hand I win this  
thing with last year . . . !"

Sure enough: just a year ago, he  
had backed pairs of 10s and deuces  
against Jerusalem Jesse Alto's paired  
aces and jacks—and caught another  
10 for a full boat and the champion-  
ship.

Now he was staring at 10s full over  
deuces again.

Even the loser had to laugh.

"Only you, Dolly," said 27-year-old  
Gary (Bones) Berland, who had  
shoved in his last \$65,000 on paired  
eights and fives, "only you could  
make a hand like that twice running.  
I bet if you tried you could take your  
pants off over your head!"

Nobody cared to dispute Berland on  
that; even Jimmy the Greek declined  
to figure the odds against Texas Dol-  
ly's dual coup.

But it had been that kind of game  
from the first.

It began Monday with a record 34  
players paying \$10,000 each to back  
their hopes in no-limit, freeze-out  
championship play. And after two  
merciless days of action, eight gam-  
blers were still at the table.

Their identities were something of  
a surprise. Three former champions—  
Amarillo Slim Preston, W. C. (Pug)  
Pearson and poker patriarch John  
Moss—had been eliminated in earlier  
rounds. The survivors included two  
newcomers, plus Berland and another  
youngster—both playing their second  
year in the championships.

Amarillo Slim was particularly  
pleased to see the two younger men

still in the game. "Best thing could  
happen," he said. "Ol' Dolly and Sail-  
or (Brian Roberts, the 1975 cham-  
pion, who was still at the table) are  
probably my two best huddies.

"But you look good at the two kids.  
Either one of 'em is good enough for  
this game or any other. Besides . . .  
that Bohhy, he's almost a Texan!"

He meant 26-year-old Bobby Bald-  
win of Tulsa, Okla., an ice-cold player

Please Turn to Page 3, Col. 1

## Shapp Ordered to Repay \$300,000

Election Panel Vows  
Matching Funds Probe

From Times Wire Services

WASHINGTON—Pennsylvania  
Gov. Milton J. Shapp was ordered  
Thursday to pay back almost \$300,000  
in federal funds he received for his  
brief campaign for the 1976 Demo-  
cratic presidential nomination.

The Federal Election Commission  
ordered the repayment. Its investiga-  
tors found that Shapp's supporters  
had made incorrect claims about hav-  
ing raised the amounts of money from  
the number of donors required by  
U.S. election law in order for a candi-  
date to qualify for matching federal  
funds. It said it would continue to in-  
vestigate possible criminal violations  
by Shapp's fund-raising operations.

Among the targets of the inquiry,  
sources said, is Eleanor Elias, a paid  
Shapp campaign fund-raiser from  
Merian, Pa., who allegedly promised  
to reimburse a Georgia donor whose  
money was needed to help Shapp's  
campaign qualify for federal match-  
ing funds.

In another instance, according to  
sworn statements released Thursday  
by the commission, Miss Elias al-  
legedly asked the manager of an Ala-  
bama textile plant to supply her with  
letters from employees saying they  
had made \$100 contributions to  
Shapp's campaign when they had not.  
There too, the Shapp group was at-  
tempting to meet the matching-fund  
requirements.

Under the laws that provide federal  
financing for presidential elections,  
the government matches the private  
contributions raised by candidates in

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ENERGY, ENVIRONMEN  
Senate Panel OKs Boost in P  
Addition of \$450 million to a fund  
for the purchase of more land for na  
tional parks and recreation areas was  
approved unanimously by the U.S.  
Senate's Energy and Natural Re  
sources Committee. The House has  
passed a version that earmarks the  
money for a backlog of land acqui  
sitions already authorized. The Senate  
committee voted to allow use of the  
money for new additions as well. The  
\$450 million would be for the next  
two fiscal years and would increase  
the total fund for that period to \$1.8  
billion. The money comes from feder  
al offshore oil revenues and other  
sources.

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IT STILL—Members  
Strain of waiting for  
their turn to make an appearance on a televi  
sion program in hometown of Elk River, Minn.  
AP Wirephoto

## THE STATE

The Machinists Union failed to file  
required campaign disclosure reports  
for the last two years, the state Fair  
Political Practices Commission said in  
a suit filed in Oakland, and only after  
prodding, the commission said, did the  
California Conference of Machinists  
and its political arm, the California  
Machinists Nonpartisan Political  
League, file the reports last March.  
The reports indicated the union col  
lected \$59,490 from its members and  
contributed \$8,290 to state and local  
candidates during the previous two  
years. The suit ask damages of at  
least \$8,290 plus \$10 per day-late  
penalties.

A 25-year-old inmate of the Deuel  
Vocational Institute in Tracy was  
stabbed to death, prison officials said.  
Gregory Andrew Gomez of Salinas  
was serving concurrent sentences for  
second-degree burglary and robbery  
and had been at Deuel only nine days.  
Officials, who said the slaying might  
have been gang related, were ques  
tioning three suspects.

A new "bracero" program to import  
Mexicans for field work, proposed by  
U.S. Sen. S. I. Hayakawa (R-Calif.),  
would take jobs away from American  
citizens and legal aliens. Assemblym  
an Richard Alatorre (D-Los Angeles)  
said. The chairman of the six-member  
Chicano caucus in the California Leg  
islature opposes reviving the bracero  
program, which began in 1951 and  
was abandoned by Congress in 1964.

## ENERGY, ENVIRONMEN

### Senate Panel OKs Boost in P

Addition of \$450 million to a fund  
for the purchase of more land for na  
tional parks and recreation areas was  
approved unanimously by the U.S.  
Senate's Energy and Natural Re  
sources Committee. The House has  
passed a version that earmarks the  
money for a backlog of land acqui  
sitions already authorized. The Senate  
committee voted to allow use of the  
money for new additions as well. The  
\$450 million would be for the next  
two fiscal years and would increase  
the total fund for that period to \$1.8  
billion. The money comes from feder  
al offshore oil revenues and other  
sources.

The whooping crane has moved  
across the border from Canada's  
Northwest Territories and is nesting  
in Alberta province for the first time  
in 73 years, wildlife experts reported.  
A nest with two eggs was found just  
two miles inside the province's north  
ern border in Wood Buffalo National  
Park. The new nest is important be  
cause it suggests that the cranes are  
expanding their nesting grounds  
within the park.

A final environmental impact  
statement for establishment of a Can  
ada-to-Mexico Continental Divide  
trail for use primarily by hikers and  
horseback riders was released by the  
Interior Department in Washington,

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mas Jefferson, is instead an 1829 steel  
engraving, document-experts say. But  
the Rev. James Allen, who disclosed  
the document's existence last Decem  
ber, says he still believes he has the  
last draft. The experts, however, say  
the find actually is an engraving by  
Charles Toppan, a Philadelphia en  
graver whose firm engraved the first  
U.S. postage stamps.

The federal government has set  
safety standards for only 15 toxic  
substances in the last five years al  
though hundreds of others may cause  
cancer, said a General Accounting Of  
fice report to Congress. "Unless the  
rate improves, it will take more than  
a century to establish needed stan  
dards for substances already identi  
fied as hazards," the report said. It  
noted that the Public Health Service  
estimates that 300,000 new cases of  
occupational disease occur, and 100,  
000 workers die from them, each year.

The Pentagon placed two commu  
nications satellites in earth orbit that  
for the first time carry alarm and  
maneuvering systems to enable them  
to take evasive action if threatened  
by enemy satellites. Lifted into space  
by an Air Force Titan III-C rocket,  
the 1,300-pound Discus satellites  
were located one over the Atlantic  
and the other over the Pacific at an  
altitude of 22,300 miles where they  
will match the rotational speed of the  
earth. If an alien spacecraft ap  
proaches it is understood that an  
alarm will trigger to move the satel  
lite out of range of the intruder.

Several bags of shredded docu  
ments from the Washington office of  
South Korean businessman Tongsun  
Park have been turned over to a con  
gressional committee, the Washing  
ton Post reported. The newspaper  
said the documents, cut into confetti  
-like strips, had been placed in gar  
bage bags by employes of Park, a  
prime figure in the controversy over  
alleged Korean efforts to buy in  
fluence on Capitol Hill. The bags  
were found in garbage cans by free  
lance reporters Lewis Perdue and  
Ken Cummins, the Post said.

Linda Taylor, 49, the so-called  
Welfare Queen who authorities said  
might be the biggest welfare cheat of  
all time, was sentenced in Chicago to  
two to six years in prison. Miss Taylor  
was convicted March 17 of theft and  
perjury. Prosecutors said the offenses  
for which she was convicted netted  
her \$9,793, but investigators said her  
schemes, aliases and disguises were  
so numerous there was no telling how  
much she bilked welfare agencies out  
of. An investigation of one segment of  
her alleged career—from early 1973  
to mid-1974—shows she used 14 ali  
ases to obtain \$150,000 for medical  
assistance, cash assistance and bonus  
cash food stamps, an official said.

## Fuss



London home.  
AP Wirephoto

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DOWNTOWN L.A. ONLY

MID-MONTH  
CLEARANCE

SHOP TOMORROW, SATURDAY, 10 A.M. TO 7 P.M.

## WOMEN'S FASHIONS

1st &amp; 3rd floors

\$15 gaucho sets (95) 4.99  
 special, pantsuits (95) 9.99-19.99  
 59.99 longs, (98) 19.99-29.99  
 99 social dressing (97) 14.99

fur poncho

## MORE ACCESSORIES

1st floor

## White beaded jewelry

Find many styles of necklaces,  
in bright white.

29c

were 99c  
fashion jewelry 22

99c cotton scarves (19)

49c

## MEN'S CLOTHING

1st clothing

special, asst. jeans (133) 1.99  
 special, asst. jeans (191) 6.99  
 14.99-17.99 boots (193) 9.99  
 \$5-\$10 fashion belts (83) 3.99  
 5.99-8.99 sport shirts (83) 3.99  
 8.99 assorted shirts (83) 5.99  
 \$13-\$19 plaid shirts (83) 8.99  
 special, asst. tops (176) 9.99  
 49.99 summer suits (409) 29.99  
 24 asst. jeans (130) 11.99

## HOUSEWARE SAVINGS

4th floor

11.99 ice buckets (29) 7.99  
 9.99 16 pc. glass dessert set (29) 6.99  
 \$7-\$10 bamboo trays (29) 2.99-5.99  
 69.99 barbeque (33) 39.99  
 14.98 11-pc. cutlery set (156) 9.99  
 goldplated serving pcs. (156) 9.99  
 31.96 flatware for 4 (156) 19.99  
 5.99 imported teakettles (151) 4.99

## TOYS

4th floor

8.99 Magic Magic game (42) 3.99  
 9.99 candle making kit (42) 4.99  
 9.99 Presto I magic set (42) 3.99  
 29.99 Giant Tinkertoys (42) 14.99  
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# Texan's Full House Worth \$340,000 at World Poker Playoffs in Las Vegas

Continued from Third Page

The Sailor's loss, however, was only the latest notch on the gun for Jacobson. He had been doing things like that repeatedly ever since the game began—which occasioned a certain curiosity, not to say consternation, among the regulars.

"Who in the ever-loving blue-eyed hell is this guy?" was the way Pug Pearson put it.

And inquiries were made.

Swift, if covert, telephone calls were made to South Dakota. Jacobson had represented himself as a retired nightclub owner who only played poker "now and then" at the Elks Club in Sioux Falls.

The callers' reports were unanimous: Jacobson's silly story was true.

"And at the Elks Club," said one, "they say he almost never wins!"

Still, smelling a possible hustle, the onlookers now looked into the South Dakotan's drinking habits: Professionals, with \$340,000 at stake on the table, simply do not drink while they are playing.

Jacobson's breakfast that morning had been two martinis, and he had been swilling down double ryes-on-

the-rocks at the rate of three or four and hour all through the game.

But the cocktail waitress and the bartender both agreed:

"He is drinking 86-proof . . . not colored water . . ."

And the regulars groaned. "Miracles!" muttered Jimmy the Greek. "Miracles I'm getting for three days straight. And I lay \$4,000 of my own personal money against the guy—at 20 to 1!"

At last the game was down to three players: Texas Dolly (with nearly \$270,000 in gray chips) Bones with a little over \$38,000 . . . and Milo Jacobson with what was left.

"Go get 'em Milo," called Amarillo Slim. "If'n you beat ol' Dolly I ain't never gonna let him hear the last of it!"

Milo grinned, but the double rye-on-the-rocks was finally popping out on his forehead; he had two fours in the hole and the third four showing—and he had decided to trap Bones Berland.

Berland, a graduate of Gardena High School who moved to Las Vegas in 1968, hesitated, remembering all the times the Elks Club player had

done the seemingly impossible in the last three days. But finally he came in—with a straight.

Milo Jacobson stood up grinning.

"That," he said, "was fun!"

And he walked away.

Two hands later, it was all over; Berland had watched Texas Dolly repeat his 1976 catch-a-full-boat performance and they were counting Dolly's winnings out in \$100 bills.

But around the sidelines, the talk was still about the man from South Dakota.

"I still don't believe it," said Jimmy the Greek. "Here is this guy—an amateur from the Elks Club, yet. He comes in here, chomping cigars, belting down the Old Bejoyful—and beating hell out of the best gamblers in the world. How can you figure it . . .?"

"Miracles?" suggested Sailor Roberts. "Acts of God?"

"Luck," said Pug Pearson. "Got to be."

"Maybe," nodded Amarillo Slim. "Maybe so—but, you know, it sure does make a man wonder about those weekly games at the Elks Club . . . there in Sioux Falls."

# County Welfare Case Load at Record High

Continued from Third Page

In short, the Medi-Cal case load is still filling up, like water behind a new dam, and has yet to find its "normal" level for Los Angeles County, Hoy suggested.

During the changes in recent months, he continued, the single largest category of welfare recipients, those receiving grants under Aid to Families with Dependent Children, has remained relatively stable, rising and falling slightly month by month. There were 530,144 cases last October, for example, and 529,210 in March, the department reported.

That group of recipients includes "a substantial number" of employed female heads of family whose income is low enough to qualify for a supplement from welfare, Hoy said. The cost of the program—about \$72 million a month in mostly federal funds—continues to rise with inflation, however, because of an annual cost-of-living increase in grant levels, he said.

# Assembly Votes Stiffer Penalties for Violent Crime

BY JERRY GILLAM  
Times Staff Writer

SACRAMENTO—The Assembly Thursday approved a Brown Administration bill to impose stiffer penalties for violent crimes under the fixed-term sentencing law passed last year.

A 66-6 vote sent the measure, authored by Assemblyman Daniel E. Boatwright (D-Concord), to the Senate after almost two hours of debate.

Most of the time was spent discussing six sets of Republican-sponsored amendments to make it even tougher. Majority lower-house Democrats succeeded in tabling all of the amendments before the final vote.

In general, the legislation would require additional prison time for repeat violent offenders, violent crimes, crimes committed with a firearm and crimes resulting in great bodily injury or extensive property damage.

It also sets up a new review procedure aimed at preventing a big surge in prison releases when the reform law with fixed terms for various crimes takes effect on July 1. Under present law, prison terms are fixed by

the Adult Authority while a convict is incarcerated.

"I understand the need for protection of the general public," Boatwright said, "but I also recognize the need for balance to treat people convicted of a crime with justice and some way to plan for the future."

"This bill tells the violent criminal, stop, we are going to get tough with you."

For example, under the reform law, if a defendant was personally armed with a gun during the commission of a felony, the judge must impose an additional one-year prison term upon conviction.

The Boatwright bill imposes the added one-year term on all participants in a felony if any one of them was armed with a gun during the commission of the crime.

Assemblyman Dave Stirling (R-Whittier), who submitted most of the rejected amendments, argued the bill was not tough enough to suit him.

"I believe we must stop playing games with crime," Stirling said, "and that's what we have been doing."



reach in p...  
Switch episode "The Four

## TV Prison Terms Given for Portrayed Crimes

WASHINGTON (UPI)—If you committed every crime portrayed on NBC television during a given week, you would be liable for prison terms of 1,485 years, according to the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting.

In fact, during the week from Feb. 28 to March 6, law students determined that crime on all three networks would net prison terms running 3,633 years.

NBC led with the number of crimes and attendant prison sentences. CBS was next with 1,085 years in the slammer and ABC third with 1,063, the NCCB said.

The law students monitored all three networks, kept track of every crime portrayed and assigned to each the penalties provided under the California Penal Code.

There were 135 instances of assault and battery, the most common crime featured. There were 17 kidnappings, 11 first and 3 second-degree murders.

A Delicious Special Feature

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**ER**



# Texas-Size Pot for Poker Champ —\$340,000

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Continued from First Page

who had already won \$90,000 in a preliminary event of the annual poker tournament at the Horseshoe.

Bobby was playing his usual game, precise and indefatigable, but the cards just weren't coming. At 4:17 p.m. he caught queen-jack for his concealed cards and pushed in his last few chips against the other young tiger, Bones Berland.

The next five cards dealt did him no good. They were no help to Bones, either—but Berland was holding ace-queen, and that was that.

"Was never a bronco that couldn't be rode, was never a cowboy couldn't be throwed," philosophized Amarillo Slim.

Bobby smiled faintly and drifted away to find a new game.

Treetop Jack Strauss had fallen earlier, victim of three queens held by Buck Buchanan of Killeen, Tex. Then Buchanan and Junior Whited of Corpus Christi both moved into a careful trap laid by Texas Dolly.

Junior went all-in with king-queen; Buchanan did the same with a pair of queens—both trying to double their holdings at the expense of the defending champion.

But Dolly had two sevens in the hole and a third seven face-up on the table.

"Snap!" chuckled Amarillo Slim.

And Texas Dolly raked in the \$138,000 pot, breaking them both.

Sailor Roberts, one of the world's last great romantics, had a female cheering section at the rail. They screamed joyfully when he took a pot; groaned when he lost. Sailor is known as a generous fellow.

But he went into a hand against newcomer Milo Jacobson of Sioux Falls, S.D., with eights wired . . . only to find Jacobson holding kings.

"Well, honey," he sighed to his latest lady-love, arising from the table, "I got broke. You still love me?"

"Sure do, sugar," the lady replied. "And I'm going to miss you . . ."

Please Turn to Page 31, Col. 1

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## State Bar Bill on Bi

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# Miss Van Houten Tells Role in Slaying

BY BILL FARR

Times Staff Writer

Former Charles Manson follower Leslie Van Houten testified Thursday that she stabbed Rosemary La Bianca only after Mrs. La Bianca apparently was dead.

Miss Van Houten said that after both Mrs. La Bianca and her husband, Leno, were fatally stabbed, fellow Manson "family" member Charles (Tex) Watson, shoved a knife in her hand and shouted, "Do something."

Dep. Dist. Atty. Stephen Kay asked her, "What did you do then?"

She replied, "I stabbed Mrs. La Bianca in the back . . . I don't know how many times, but it was quite a few."

The prosecutor wanted to know how Miss Van Houten knew Mrs. La

Bianca was dead. "Did you take her pulse?" he asked.

"Well, she was just lying there," Miss Van Houten answered.

Kay then asked her, "Did you want to kill Mrs. La Bianca?" She replied, "I didn't want to, but I believed it had to be done."

In earlier testimony Thursday, she had said that she had murder on her mind from the time she and the other Manson followers set out that night in August almost eight years ago from the Spahn movie ranch near Chatsworth.

"What did you think was going to happen?" Kay asked. "I knew we were going to go out and continue to start Helter Skelter," she said.

"By doing what?" he asked.

"Killing," she responded.

"Helter Skelter" was the term Manson applied to a race war he told his followers would occur if they could make the killings look like they were committed by black men, she testified.

"Both the La Bianca slayings and the five murders the previous night at the Benedict Canyon estate of actress Sharon Tate were supposedly committed to trigger the racial conflict.

Miss Van Houten testified she and Patricia Krenwinkel led Mrs. La Bianca into a bedroom while Watson held her husband in the living room.

"Pat asked me to hold Mrs. La Bianca down," she testified, "but then we heard sounds from the living room . . . it was a guttural sound and I knew Mr. La Bianca had been stabbed. When I heard that sound I

reacted and let go."

When she released her hold on Mrs. La Bianca the defendant said, Mrs. La Bianca grabbed a lamp that Miss Van Houten quickly wrested from her.

"Pat tried to stab her but the knife bent," Miss Van Houten testified, saying that she ran out to get help from Watson. By the time she got back into the bedroom, Miss Van Houten claimed, Mrs. La Bianca was lying dead on the floor.

Autopsy testimony earlier in the trial indicated that 16 of the 41 stab wounds sustained by Mrs. La Bianca occurred after she was dead.

All of Miss Van Houten's testimony Thursday came with the jury out of the courtroom. Her attorney, Maxwell Keith, had called her to the witness stand in an effort to block use of the testimony she gave in her first trial.

Keith maintained the testimony at the earlier trial was not given volun-

tarily because Miss Van Houten was dominated by Manson. He contended she took the stand in 1971 for the sole purpose of trying to clear Manson.

Superior Judge Edward A. Hinz Jr.

rejected Keith's contention and ruled that Kay could read to the jury the entirety of her testimony from that first proceeding. He began reading it Thursday.

## TAXI FRANCHISE

Continued from Third Page

"Allowing the thing (company assets) to be sold for \$500,000 and then giving them the franchise," he said, was like "giving an asset that could have been sold."

Independent cabbies, who edged a step closer to operating here Thursday when the board approved two membership associations they are required to join, said reactivating Yellow Cab's forces in Los Angeles would "cut the legs from under us before we get started."

"Flooding the streets with cabs will be worse than not enough cabs" and

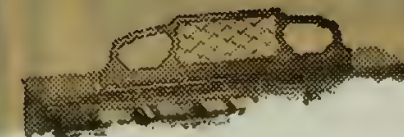
could lead to a "taxi war," said one association representative. He told the board that individual owner-operators would put about 150 cabs on the streets, along with the 250 to 300 already operating under existing or new franchises.

With the addition of 300 or more Yellow Cabs (Maday's company plans to do business here as Yellow Cab Co. of Los Angeles), the independent operator said, "it won't be survival of the fittest but survival of the richest."

Maday's application to put Yellow Cabs back on Los Angeles streets still is subject to City Council approval.

# Clearance Sale

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to admit it.

U.S. Atty. Joel Levine at-  
the defense strategy as one  
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Levine told jurors, was  
out the CIA, the FBI and the  
government on trial in the case  
in face the fact that it was  
accused of selling secrets  
to the Russians.

The prosecutor told the jury it was  
clear that neither Lee nor Boyce had  
ever worked for the CIA and that the  
evidence revealed Lee had entered  
into the espionage activities motivat-  
ed "not out of principle, but out of  
greed and love for money."

During Boyce's trial, Boyce said the  
Russians over about a two-year peri-  
od had paid a total of \$76,000 for doc-  
uments that Boyce turned over to Lee  
for use by the Soviet Union.

Further, Levine said, Lee had re-  
cruited friends to go with him to  
Mexico on at least seven occasions to  
help him bring back through U.S.  
customs large sums of money he  
claimed to be making from the sale of  
unspecified securities.

The prosecution maintains the  
money was payoffs from the Russians.

Two weeks ago Boyce, 23, of  
Rancho Palos Verdes was convicted  
on similar espionage charges.

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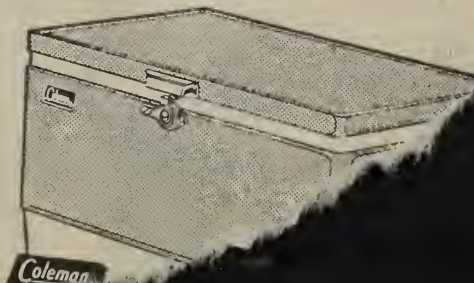
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# W. GERMAN LIFE-STYLE

Continued from 22nd Page

cities that most Germans are now eating one meal a day away from home," he added.

Stores increasingly have abandoned a middle-of-the-day closing hour. Hence their workers are likely to grab a quick lunch instead of traveling to their homes or going to a restaurant for a major meal.

The entire MacDonald's product is German-made except the potatoes, which have been imported recently because of the continent's poor crop last year. Still, the final product, according to the company official, is "99% the same as in the U.S."

Procter and Gamble, which introduced its first product to the German market in 1962, now sells 11 items. In five years, the company's sales have risen by 43% or nearly \$100 million. Their newest product on the German market is the disposable diaper, Pampers. Kimbies, made by another American company, Kimberly-Clark, is a competitor.

Although the German birthrate is one of the lowest in the world, the products are selling well because there were no comparable local products and because young German mothers do not want to wash diapers any more than their American counterparts.

Kraft foods, which started selling in

Germany 50 years ago and resumed after the war, now distributes 440 products. Its sales have gone up nearly 45% in four years.

Starting also in 1962, Kellogg's products are now selling about \$40 million worth in the German market. The first product was corn flakes—which many Germans learned about from U.S. troops—but now nine cereals are available with Bran Buds being the newest.

"We have to persuade people to change the continental breakfast habit of rolls and coffee," a Kellogg official said.

"Our approach is that this is a healthy product, but we don't put too much emphasis on health. Germans travel so much that they see how other people do things and are willing to try for themselves when they come home."

A local dairy in the small Ruhr Valley city of Werne found an imaginative way to take advantage of the changing German tastes. Convinced there was a market for American-type ice cream, the Werne company hired a University of Maryland professor to prepare recipes to be used for a product to be sold to U.S. service personnel and Germans.

It was named "California Ice Cream" and now is selling briskly in American military clubs and six new

outlets in the Rhineland. But it tastes better and comes in flavors than standard German creams.

But two American products have not made it on the German market—peanut butter and maple.

"Maple syrup will probably because it is sweet enough to man tastes, but peanut butter is unlikely," an American trader said. "Germans do not use it in their diets and peanut is salty for them. They are of pop corn now—but that is to that, not salt."

## 2-Month-Old in Finland

From Re

HELSINKI, Finland—An eight-week strike by as 50,000 technicians Thursday, following a two-year packag

and working hours. The strike began when electricians' distribution work demands for better

Their action applies, almost all Finnish people and worker leaders

The technical pay new of low





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'You sound like an old married couple,' a journalist tells acid guru Timothy Leary and Watergate master-plumber G Gordon Liddy, as they squabble drunkenly over supper between engagements. Leary? Liddy? Engagements? America really is a wonderful country: two of the wildest cards in its pack are the highest-paid ect on the college lecture circuit, debating each other. Liddy is the straight man — patriotism, loyalty, law & order, guns and the flag. Leary is the soft-shoe-shuffling joker — youth, consciousness expansion, evolution, the individual. 'Return Engagement' (Screen/Green) — Liddy arrested Leary 16 years ago — follows them on the road, on and off-stage, with their wives, Liddy with the Hell's Angels chapter, Leary lecturing affresco at Esalen. By the end it's hard to decide which is flakier than the other, though some of the debate audiences are weirder than either. A fascinating portrait of seeming opposites locked together by mutual self-interest, and, in some twisted way, by history. (John Conquest)



Ex-con Liddy's OK, but Britain's still leery of Leary (right)

## STILL DANGEROUS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

**You probably thought that '60s psychedelia was dead and gone, but memories of that time still have the power to induce feelings or paranoia in the mandarins of the Home Office.**

On Monday they announced that permission had been refused for Dr Timothy Leary, onetime high priest of LSD, to enter Britain. 'In view of his conviction for drug's, said a spokesman, 'it was felt that it would not be appropriate to admit him.'

Although Leary spent several years on the run in the '70s after escaping from jail and a number of years inside after his recapture, all he was ever actually convicted for was possession of less than half an ounce of marijuana.

What makes the bar on a man now in his sixties even more of an over-reaction is the fact that Watergate conspirator Gordon Liddy (see feature) recently arrived in Britain with no trouble at all. Liddy, who was the first law officer to arrest Leary, now does a lecture tour act with him in which the

two debate politics and morality. They were both due in the country to promote a film that has been made of their debates.

'You'll have to ask Liddy himself what he was actually charged for,' Leary said over the phone, 'but he always tells me that he was convicted on more charges served more times and was much more dangerous than me.'

Leary was clearly relishing this new opportunity to tweak authority's nose and his old rhetorical skills had not deserted him. 'Is the British Empire so shaky,' he declaimed, 'that a visit by an Irish philosopher can put it into such a panic?'

In recent years he has visited France, Germany and Holland without any noticeable harm coming to them. Now a family man — married for five years, honorary father of the local Little League baseball team and even the proud possessor of a credit card — he says he intends to fight the Home Office decision. 'I admire England, but I think it needs a little shaking up.' *Jerome Burne*



THE TIMES TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 6 1983

## **UK entry denied to US professor**

Dr Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor who served a prison sentence in America for possessing marijuana, has been banned from entering Britain. The Home Office yesterday advised Dr Leary's publishers, Heinemann, that he would not be able to come to Britain to publicize his autobiography, *Flash Backs*.



## CINEMA FEATURE



### Whatever happened to the Likely Lads?

ONE of the most extraordinary double-acts I've seen in the cinema forms the focus of *Return Engagement* (15 certificate; 89 minutes), a series of wide-ranging, candid conversations directed by Alan Rudolph, best known for his association with Robert Altman.

The unusual stars were recently together in Cannes for promotional purposes at the cinema-carnival that ironically reflected the crazy world they talk and argue about. They are Dr Timothy Leary, guru of the hippy generation ("Tune in, Turn On, Drop Out") and ex-FBI agent and Watergate mastermind, Gordon Liddy. How did they meet?

"Mr Liddy and I met about 15 years ago when he arrested me — for charges which were eventually thrown out of court

— on possession of a tiny amount of marijuana," explains the engaging sage who is every inch the lively college don, tempering his barbs with wit and now acting the worried prophet, crying for sanity in a wilderness of media confusion.

#### Prophet and profit

Both of them have served their time in prisons, but latterly translated their experiences to the profitable page and two years ago became born-again celebrities

on the lucrative college lecture circuit. The film is a documentary record culled from several such evenings, interspersed with penetrating interviews. The crew spent nine months arguing while cutting the film.

"Movies are very important," asserts Leary. "I live in Hollywood and my wife is a producer — that's how the project came about — so it's natural for me to think that way. But I am sure ideas can generate box-office: Louis Malle's *My Dinner with André* was a guidepost for us. We're following the basic Athenian tradition of democracy-talking things through — and we've made a thinking man's *Rocky* where we slug it out!"

#### Mutual admiration

If the pair are not exactly philosophical bosom buddies they share an evident liking

and mutual respect though their viewpoints on almost everything are diametrically opposed.

Dr Leary begins to bemoan the Falklands extravaganza; "It's a disgrace with all the problems England has, in education, economics, even in the division of class, to go down there and beat up a bunch of totally insane Argentine generals whose only reason for starting it was to conceal their own inadequacies".

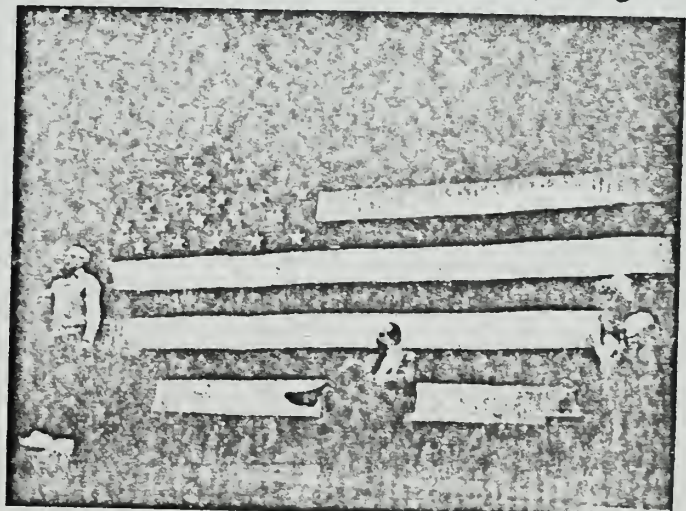
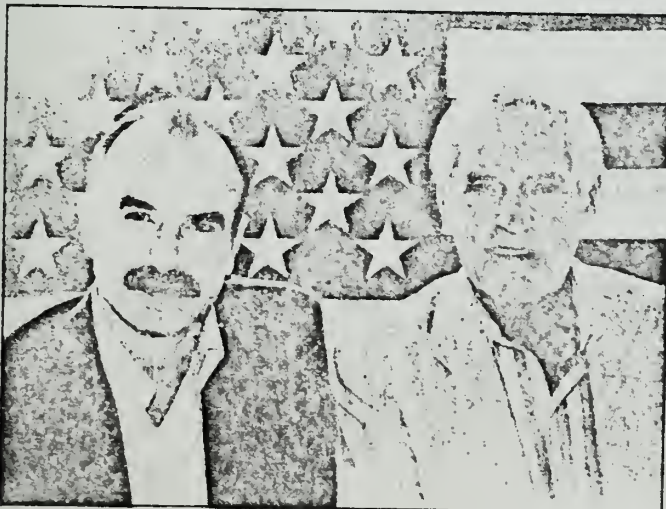
Liddy immediately jumps in with "when Dr Leary has finished denigrating military strength, had we not previously developed military strength in time, we would all be speaking German now".

#### But, seriously

They concede the difficulties of finding airtime for such serious discussions. In US TV programmes they are more used to having an actress talk about her make-up. "But," says Dr Leary, "people are getting tired of all the *Dynasty* nonsense, they can try something tougher. We've got Hell's Angels, crazed Christians condemning the Devil, we got people calling Liddy a Nazi, we have our wives discussing our personal lives ("My wife did me in, I'm afraid," Liddy interjects), and we made no move to censor."

They are happy to go on at each other's tenets indefinitely. Their verbal skirmishes offer a scintillating display of logic and reason in an increasingly unreasonable society and the film is an appropriately quixotic tilt at all manner of windmills great and small, in the mind, and out of it.

**Phillip Bergson**





# The Darby and Joan of L.A.

Return Engagement (15)  
Screen on the Green

*Return Engagement* takes as its starting point a travelling showbiz entertainment (the stopover here is Los Angeles) featuring the unlikely double act of Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy. Its object, however, is not to surrender the floor to these two genial, opposed ideologues (non-combatants now, rather respected veterans), but to use the engagement—Liddy the burglar of Watergate, vs. Leary the guinea-pig of a thousand and one mind-expanding substances—as a way into the recent, riven history of the United States.

Alan Rudolph, the director, worked with Robert Altman on several films, including, in particular, *The Long Goodbye*. *Return Engagement* offers a similar mesmeric reflection of the Californian way. More significantly, however, Rudolph was assistant director on Nashville and co-author of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*—two history lessons, the latter told through participants turned, as here, sideshow performers.

This being L.A., Liddy the ex-prosecuting lawyer (it was he who in the Sixties first put the cuffs on Leary, hence the title) and Leary the ex-college professor spar with a dispassionate mellow ease. All real passion is spent. They behave, someone remarks, like an old married couple. They are content, after the vicissitudes of the past 20 years, when they represented the Drug Culture and the American Way, merely to entertain, to enjoy their slightly tainted celebrity in the California sun. People pay to

see them, because gaol, it seems, has only increased their cockiness.

What gives this singular film its edge is that all is clearly not as mellow as these two equable and in many ways disarmingly attractive men would have us believe. Leary has no answer for a man who was blinded by gunmen on a "bad trip"; Liddy, ever his country's loyal servant, can dispassionately discuss how he was assigned to weigh the pros and cons of murdering a famous newspaper columnist, but overall singularly fails to justify his past criminality. Both men have their positions so carefully defended that they both ultimately register as deeply untrustworthy.

They resolutely refuse to come to terms with what they once peddled seriously and what they continue to profit from. Liddy, the ex-con turned author, disingenuously lines himself up with O. Henry, Defoe and Anwar Sadat; Leary, the fluffier of the pair, claims only to be the cheerleader for the postwar generation. Of course they have their reasons, and one is half-inclined to believe them. Creatures from another age: telling exhibits for today's high-school seniors—who, thank heaven, appear not to be taken in.



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*Return Engagement (15):  
Screen on Islington  
Green.*

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THE debate between G. Gordon Liddy, the architect of Watergate, and Timothy Leary, the prophet of the drug-orientated hippie generation, had to be riveting. In this documentary they agree to disagree on just about everything, but obviously got along famously.

At times it's hard to remember how influential they and their disastrous opposing philosophies have been in shaping the attitudes of America.

Leary, still considered a threat, was refused entry into Britain to promote the film and his book. The cold-eyed Liddy, apparently, is all right—he's simply a crook who served his time and justifies his crime on the grounds of patriotism and loyalty.

Someone described them in the movie as consummate scoundrels, which didn't appear to bother them overmuch. They just went on talking. The only time Leary had the grace to be speechless was when he was confronted by a victim of LSD-crazed thugs.

•



DAILY MIRROR, Friday, September 9, 1983

## DEADLY DOUBLE ACT

☐ DR TIMOTHY LEARY and G. Gordon Liddy have been called the biggest scoundrels in America. You can see why in **RETURN ENGAGEMENT** (15, Screen On Islington Green). These former political rivals pretend to hate each other's guts yet both had a hand in the downfall of President Nixon.

Leary is the Harvard professor who, during the Sixties and Seventies, urged America's youth to "tune in, turn on and drop out."

G. Gordon Liddy had Leary arrested and also masterminded the Watergate break-in, the bungled burglary that finally brought down Nixon. In private, they are back-slapping buddies. So they should be. They have come up with a knockabout double act on lecture tours that proves hypocrisy can pay off.



# Master minds clash in a war of words

Return Engagement (15)  
Screen on Islington Green

WHEN TWO notorious old adversaries such as Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy mount their own lecture road-show to do combat, they are surely engaged in the profitable politics of survival.

As two much reviled men of conviction, their resilience is as understandable as it is necessary. I'll scratch your eyes out in public, if you scratch out mine: that seems to be the mutually beneficial understanding that has brought the two polemicists together on the college circuit, where they are reportedly the highest priced speakers.

One of their encounters, symbolising as it does the fundamental clash between two deeply contrasting philosophies, has been recorded on film in *Return Engagement*. As a microscopic glimpse of the American debate over the past 20 years or so, it is an intellectual prize fight not to be missed. The drama continues outside the ring.

The British distributors of the film offered an apology for the non-appearance of Dr Leary at the London Press screening this week. The Home Secretary, they declared, had refused him entry into the UK on the basis of his previous record.

He has impeccable antecedents. The one-time Harvard professor and so-called LSD guru has been challenging authority for a long time, and he still issues his famous call "Tune in, turn on, dropout"—this time on the platform to his old rival.

Yet it is by no means an unequal contest. Liddy, former FBI agent, was the mastermind behind the Watergate break-in. He spent four-and-a-half years in prison but resolutely refused to name his associates. And his first encounter with the philosopher-scientist occurred when, as an assistant district attorney, some 16 years ago he arrested Leary in Dutchess County, New York.

The silver-haired academic, a man bubbling with seductive slogans, is patently adept at sententious verbal demolition. He begins the debate by insisting that it is his duty to expose his admirable foe.

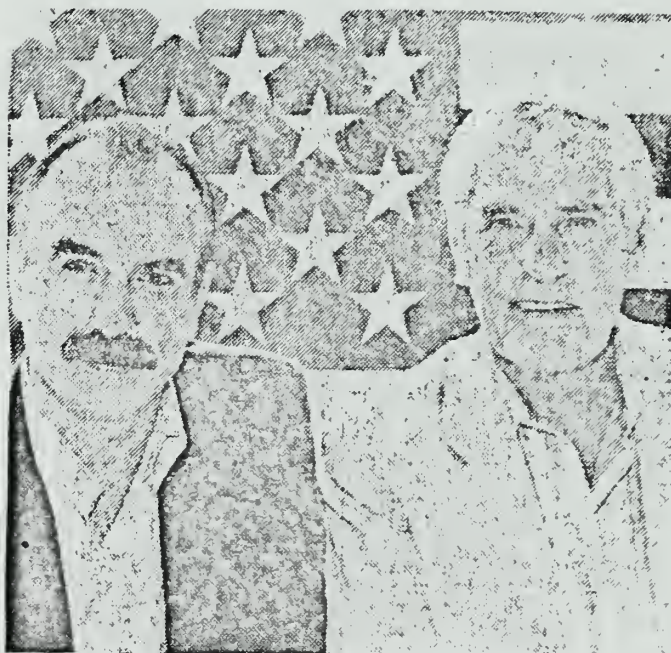
Liddy, according to the pro-

phet, is a member of a very dangerous and destructive group: he is a self-confessed lawyer, one of that exclusive band of intellectual hitmen. Most of those who fought in the Second World War saw it as a test of manhood. They became addicted to it—Legionnaires' disease, he calls it. From the political Right comes formidably cool Liddy. Had it not been for those warriors, they in the US would now all be speaking either German or Japanese.

Challenged from the floor, the former Harvard man insists that he has never advocated the taking of LSD or any other drug. "I do, however, advocate the option of the American citizen to make an intelligent decision about who and what to put into his/her body."

Not all the decisions, though, are intelligent ones. The professor is visibly shaken when one member of the audience, a Vietnam veteran, steps forward to declare that he had been blinded, not on the battlefield but back home in the US—by a trigger-happy group high on LSD.

Both men are clearly well versed in the hard-sell business. Such salesmen need to be treated with caution and deep suspicion, though that in itself does not explain why the venerable doctor should not be here in London to explain what he calls his cheer-leading is all about.



Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy in  
"Return Engagement."



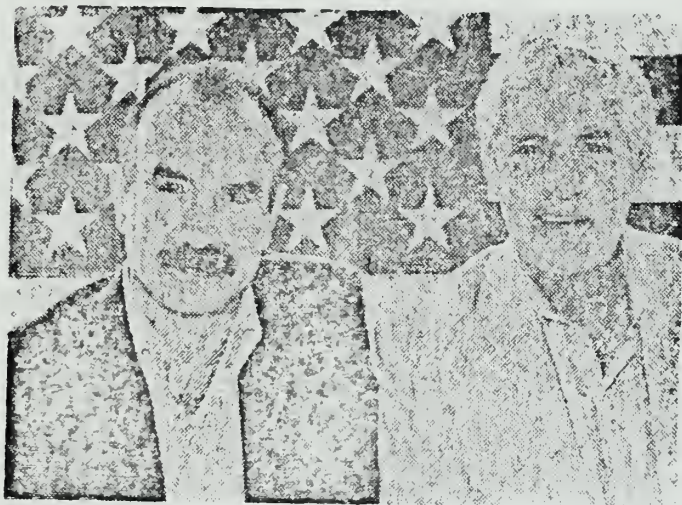
## *The pirates of panache*

A MUCH more entertaining documentary, Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* (15: Screen on the Green) is a journey across a substantial part of America's psychological and ideological landscape, our guides being the Sixties' drugs guru, Timothy Leary, and the Watergate mastermind, G. Gordon Liddy. The film goes behind the scenes of a lecture tour they made together, in which they expound to huge audiences the fundamentals of their (respectively) naive Utopianism and paranoid conservatism.

It somehow encapsulates the themes of the week: the merits and demerits of alternative lifestyles; the ambivalent impulses in American life; Leary and Liddy as the Gilbert and Sullivan of the American campus scene, outrageous, satirical, but (to borrow a wicked James Agee phrase about W. S. Gilbert) "whose every punch is a sort of self-caress."



## THE ARTS



Tuning in: Liddy, left, and Leary

*Return Engagement* presents a spectacle just as bizarre, though rather more disturbing. An amiable duffer sits in an oatmeal-coloured pullover repeatedly saying "I'm a philosopher", though his tenets number two: those born before 1946 are dead, even if they are alive; the future of the world, furthermore, lies in young kids and video games. Alongside is a whipper-snapper in grey and dark blue, plausibly expounding odious notions of private and public morality.

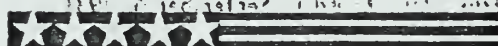
Despite first impressions, these figures of fantasy and nightmare are real, certified people. The first is Timothy Leary, former Harvard professor and drugs prophet, responsible for the precept "Tune in, turn on and drop out; the Home Secretary this week banned his proposed trip to Britain to publicise his autobiography. The second is G. Gordon Liddy, former lawyer, FBI agent, Nixon aide and mastermind of the Watergate burglary. O brave new world, as Miranda said, that has such people in it.

The lessons of *Return Engagement* are rather less salutary. For Leary and Liddy, after a combined eight years in jail, have teamed together to become the highest-paid performers on America's lecture circuit: they recount their exploits and declare their thoughts while young audiences, frighteningly, take notes. The film documents eight days in their lives: on stage at a Los Angeles theatre, relaxing with their wives, lecturing to schoolchildren, playing in video arcades, visiting Hell's Angels.

*Return Engagement* provides evidence of his continuing fascination with American counter-culture, but the fragments are assembled here with self-effacing skill: Leary and Liddy are left to reveal themselves through their own words and actions. The tactic works well in small doses, though the viewer is left with a great many questions unanswered. It is only in the final restaurant scene, for example, that we glimpse the pair's combative social relationship and find their minds meeting head on; the public debate only reaches the level of music-hall sparring.



Daily Mail, Tuesday, September 6, 1983



## **Ban on LSD professor**

FORMER Harvard professor Dr Timothy Leary, who discovered LSD and has served a prison sentence for drug offences, has been banned from entering Britain.

Dr Leary sought to come to London for the opening of the documentary film *Return Engagement* in which he co-stars.



## Derek Malcolm reports on the highlights of this year's Edinburgh Film Festival

ANYONE presented, as we were at Edinburgh's Film Festival earlier this week, with films like Andrzej Wajda's *Danton* and Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* might be forgiven for thinking that the problem of setting the world to rights was well beyond human endeavour.

Both films are really about where we go from here: Wajda's is a treatise on the problems of the revolutionary process as reflected by *Danton* and *Robespierre*, and Rudolph's the record of a highly remunerative lecture tour by Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, protagonists of the left and the right in American terms.

Given the choice, which of course one never is, I would personally have to think long and hard which of this extraordinary quartet I would rather be ruled by. Preferably — at least as they are presented in these two films — it would be by none of them. The problem with Wajda's otherwise excellent film is that neither *Danton* nor *Robespierre* seem very capable of inspiring trust, though clearly Gerard Depardieu's *Danton* is the more likeable of the two.

*Return Engagement* gets there even sooner but I can't resist the comment that if this is what Americans think socio-political debate is about, they have to be either stupid or crazy. The film is a wonderful entertainment but when you hear Carole Hemmingsway, the debate moderator, telling the audience to "cool it, let's talk mellow," you do begin to wonder whether the Californian sun finally addles the brain as one's always suspected.

Anyway the thought of tuning in, turning on and dropping out with the gallantly ageing Leary, who abjures everyone not to vote for anybody born before 1948 before asking them to listen to him, is fairly horrendous. Though one can certainly support his idea that nobody born before that date (except himself, that is) knows any name for relaxation other than booze, which is probably the most destructive.

As for Liddy, he is very funny about prison warders,

describing them as people with an IQ at room temperature who have failed to get into first the police and then the fire service. But one does wonder at his suggestion that he might just divorce his wife of long standing or even kill his son if patriotism demanded it. And what of the amiable doctor's statement that you can tell the age a man had his first orgasm by the kind of music he likes? That's fruitful ground at a place like Edinburgh just now.



# LONDONER'S DIARY

## Open sesame for '60's guru

TIMOTHY LEARY, high priest of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and a convict for much of the Seventies as a result, has finally been given the seal of approval by the British government.

Refused entry to Britain on no less than three occasions back in those days of notoriety, the Home Office now seems to have forgiven and forgotten and Leary will be arriving here at the weekend for the first time since a brief trip some 11 years ago when he was on the run from a U.S. gaol. Then he was allowed no further than Heathrow Airport.

And his mission this time? It could not be more bizarre—to promote not only himself, in the form of an autobiography out shortly, but also to lend a helping hand to the unlikely figure of an old adversary, the Watergate "dirty tricks" burglar, G. Gordon Liddy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the former FBI agent Liddy, a God and Country man arrested Leary, laid-back and anti-State, twice on drugs charges and that there is still little love lost between them, they have established a barely plausible but lucrative business arrangement whereby they tour the States together giving joint lectures on

their diametrically opposed philosophies.

By all accounts, their "shows" are a scream. They sit at opposite ends of a stage with an impartial judge between and, starting with their first meetings as sheriff and outlaw, recount two very different tales.

So successful has the circus been that, with extra footage of their lifestyles thrown in, their encounters have been made



Liddy confronts Leary.

into a film, *Return Engagement*, which is to be given its world premiere at the Screen on the Green next Tuesday.

The protagonists are keeping apart in this country — other commitments is the reason officially given. Liddy, an obsessive self-disciplinarian who once bit off a rat's head and used to burn himself to conquer phobias about rodents and fire, is here already but leaves shortly before Leary arrives.

And the tough guy's verdict on the man who would undermine his beloved country? "Dr Leary talks like somebody who has injected himself with too many chemical substances. But he's got an elfin Irish wit. I think linearly. I'm a lawyer and I have to pounce on him very quickly."

As one mutual acquaintance puts it: "It's remarkable that they can bring themselves to make money out of each other."



CIRCUIT

# CINEMA

## Liddy: where there's a will...



The Chas and Dave of the Acid Generation? Freshly banned Timothy Leary at the pianoforte, Gordon Liddy on vocals...

Gordon Liddy was the Watergate hurglar. Timothy Leary was the acid king. Now they are together as themselves in the film 'Return Engagement.' DUNCAN CAMPBELL met Liddy in a darkened hotel lobby last week-end.

The idea of 'Return Engagement' is that you take two polar opposites and watch the chemistry. Which is fine except that Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary are terribly similar. Both pursued and over-indulged in two of the most celebrated of American drugs—power and acid, respectively.

Both were damaged by them but both have used that to their advantage. Liddy now thinks that Leary is an OK guy.

'In his own perverse way he has a degree of integrity. I was visiting his home one time and he pointed at some chocolate chip cookies and said "It's all right for you to have those but avoid those brownies"—they were laced...'

Liddy's autobiography is called 'Will', which refers not to some old marine buddy but to what he feels has taken him where he is—his will. The last line of the book, referring to his five children, is 'Tomorrow belongs to them'. What about the associations with Nazism?

'The song was written by the fellow who wrote "Cabaret", who happened to be Jewish and, I can assure you, had no Nazi sympathies.'

'But the people singing it did and

it's sung here by young fascists... and you like singing the "Horst Wessel" song and describe "Triumph of the Will" as a masterpiece.'

'I learnt it (the 'Horst Wessel' song) as a youth. And "Triumph of the Will" is listed as a masterpiece at the film academy in the University of California in Los Angeles.

'I believe you can appreciate the techniques of a film without adhering to the beliefs it espouses,' says Liddy, sipping a Bloody Mary. He is very cool—and neat. I am sure he never travels without a nail-clipper.

'You espouse some of those beliefs, you espouse the beliefs on geneticism.' (In 'Will', Liddy recounts how he had sought 'the woman I wanted to bear my children: a highly intelligent, tall, fair, powerfully built Teuton, whose mind worked like the latest scientific wonder, the electronic computer.')

Liddy doesn't pause: 'the difference in my beliefs and those espoused in the Third Reich are that I think a person contemplating marriage and children would be well advised to use the common body of knowledge about genetics. But I would recognise that everyone has a freedom of choice. The Nazis' belief was that no-one would have that choice.'

And the five little Liddies? Are they all now looking for their perfect genetic mate or... 'how about your children? Any hippies? Drug-takers?'

'The oldest child is a nurse at the medical centre in Boston and an accomplished marathon runner. The next child, she has just graduated from university.

James is the next, he's an officer of the student government and a world class water-polo player. Thomas spends his summer in the marine corps barracks in Virginia and will be a marine jet-fighter pilot. The last one down is Raymond. He is a very physically powerful young man.

'None of them will ever smoke a cigarette, indeed only one will even eat ice cream because it contains sugar... They find me too much to the left for their taste.'

'What—all of them?'

'Yes.'

How about the other Watergate villains? Are they all doing so fine? (Liddy says he earns £100,000 a year on the college lecture circuit, in his security business and with his writing. That's in a 'poor' year.)

'I have been in correspondence with President Nixon but have not had occasion to see him directly in person... Dean is a pariah and he

skulks about... Magruder took a degree in divinity and subsequently became a Presbyterian minister in California; all I can say is they had better keep a weather eye out on the poor box.'

He's a Reagan fan, supports him against people who want the 'so-called Equal Rights Amendment', thinks Russia's ultimate goal is 'tanks on the Mexican/American border at El Paso,' believes the Russians masterminded the assassination attempt on the Pope, has absolutely no regrets about Watergate except getting caught, doesn't set fire to his hand any more to prove his 'will'—something he did in prison to win the initiative with the other cons, thinks that Rupert (Sun) Murdoch's papers in the States are mainly concerned with stories like 'Baby Eats Mother's Left Leg' and are read by 'people who don't vote, they're not people of consequence.'

He's just returned from a day at the Edinburgh Festival—he saw the Military Tattoo—and met some film people there, mainly 'politically to the left, which doesn't surprise me because the film industry in my country is oriented to the left.'

'But American films are terribly right-wing at the moment—vigilantes, violence, vengeance, Eastwood, Bronson...'

'These are more crime things. There's nothing political in that... These pictures appeal to the fantasies of "alright the police can't stop it so I will", that sort of thing.'

'That's what you were doing, acting outside the law.'

A pause. 'Well, I was acting outside the law, but most of the time I was acting, I was part of a law enforcement agency, who in certain circumstances, typically, did things that were outside the law.'

My italics. His fantasy. Watergate was, he says, 'an accident of history. I really look on it as a detour, an accidental diversion.'

His theme song is really 'No Regrets', not 'Horst Wessel'. But perhaps that's the song he has to hum because what burns him more painfully than any flame to his forearm is the fact that, thanks to his cock-up at Watergate, we were all given a brief, fleeting and alarming glimpse of The Beast in all its genetic majesty.

Unintentionally Liddy turned a nation on to distrust of its leaders, in the end a far more subversive piece of mind-management than any of Dr Timothy's sunshine.

See Cinema: New Releases and West End for details of 'Return Engagement'.

## CITY LIMITS

CITY LIMITS SEPT 9 15, 1983



# IS THERE LIFE AFTER WATERGATE?

I didn't remember much about G Gordon Liddy — only that he was the one from Watergate that wouldn't squeal. While Dean, Magruder, McCord and the rest were trooping up to Capitol Hill to spill the beans to the avuncular Senator Sam Ervin, it became apparent that only Liddy — the 'mastermind of the bungled burglary' — could tell us what we all wanted to know: who told him to make the break-in? But Liddy wouldn't talk.

Now, ten years on, I am amazed to find myself sitting across a restaurant table from Liddy watching him eat Japanese raw fish with chopsticks that he keeps rubbing against each other as if he were trying to sharpen them. I am asking the questions that I used to want someone else to ask him — and he is answering them.

The occasion for my interview is the release of a documentary feature, 'Return Engagement', that presents Gordon Liddy in his new occupation: travelling the lecture circuit in America with — wait for it — Dr Timothy Leary, guru of the LSD era and once the victim of two drug busts led by Liddy himself.

I was apprehensive about meeting Liddy. Reading his bestselling autobiography 'Will' in preparation for the interview, I had encountered a portrait of a fanatic on a par with Travis Bickle, the protagonist of 'Taxi Driver'. Like Bickle, Liddy is obsessed with physical fitness, guns and right-wing politics. Unlike him, fortunately, he is highly intelligent and very amusing.

'If I have any redeeming social value,' Liddy tells me, 'it's that, I have a sense of humour. With the kind of life that I lead, you need one.'

Liddy thoroughly enjoys taunting liberals. 'I like to pull their chain.' He does so by flaunting his belief in *real politik*: Liddy happily confesses that he once offered to assassinate investigative columnist Jack Anderson in order to stop him leaking the name of a CIA agent. He admires the Germans for their 'technical efficiency' in military matters, and he thinks that it's OK to commit crimes in pursuit of a greater good.

But if you press this textbook authoritarian about his beliefs, the most surprisingly liberal sentiments come to the surface. What kind of conservative is it who abhors anti-Semitism and racism, who wants equal rights for women, who is ag-

Matthew Hoffman dines with G Gordon Liddy, the 'mastermind of the bungled burglary' who's now enjoying a profitable career on the American lecture circuit.



nostic and despises organised religion, and whose own children disappoint him by being 'very intolerant of homosexuality'?

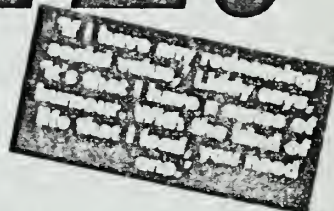
I begin to relax on hearing these congenial thoughts and dare to point out to Liddy that he is not really so different, after all, from Leary. Suddenly, the small, neatly attired figure becomes all still concentration. His obscurely dark eyes stare fixedly at me as I stammer out the comparison: 'You are both admirers of certain things — you deadly machinery and he hallucinogenic drugs — and you are both willing to break the law to indulge your tastes. Both of you justify doing so by an argument about the greater good.'

Liddy reflects, smiles wanly and begins to relax. 'Maybe. Anyway, that's a paradox or an irony that will assist your piece.' He then goes on to flatter me for being an 'intelligent

liberal', not the 'knee-jerk kind we have in the United States'.

I too relax, pour out a little more saké and turn to Watergate. Does he think that it was right that he should have been jailed for doing the President's will by burgling the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist? Yes, he does. It is an 'occupational hazard' of intelligence work. And what the Democrats did to Nixon by impeaching him was also fair. 'We'd have done the same thing to them in their place.'

In short, Liddy does not believe in the arbitrary exercise of executive power (as, for example, in Nazi Germany). He just believes that those in authority have the right to break the law as long as they are willing to accept the consequences if they are caught. That's the code he learned to live by when he was an FBI agent, and it's the one he's sticking to.



Liddy goes on to point out that since leaving prison he's been honoured by US military intelligence, the New York City Police Department and the Coast Guard. 'I'm a happy man,' he proclaims. 'Virtue has finally had its rewards.'

But the thought of Judge Sirica still niles. Liddy tells me that he did a 'research job' on his old enemy. He discovered that the father of the judge that broke the Watergate cover-up used to run 'the biggest package bootleg operation in Washington' during Prohibition, and at a time when Sirica himself was a US attorney 'chargeable with prosecuting people in those activities'. 'I don't say he should have jailed his old man, but quit jerking me off John about cover-ups and all that bullshit. He's a phoney.'

One thing G Gordon Liddy is not is a phoney. I wondered when I was reading his book about his claim to have burnt his palms and wrists with cigarette lighters in order to strengthen his will-power. At first I thought to dare him to do it in the restaurant, but I settled for asking to see his scars. As Liddy showed me the twisted and glossy scar tissue, he began to explain how the 'holes eventually fill up with new flesh'. I didn't pursue the subject.

What does Liddy see in the future for himself? For the next few years he just wants to continue lecturing and writing bestselling thrillers. But his real ambition is to be a university lecturer, 'if they would ever let me in'. I suggest that they might employ him at one of the right-wing colleges, but Liddy wants to teach at an institution where students would be able to go from a class taught by a liberal 'like yourself' to one taught by him, so that they could learn the principles of 'free inquiry'.

'But,' I protest, 'that's classical John Stuart Mill liberalism.' Liddy's eyes narrow. 'That's a dirty word,' he cautions menacingly.

*'Return Engagement' opens at The Screen on the Green on Thursday September 8. See Film: West End/First Run listings for details.*





G Gordon Liddy (left) and sparring partner Timothy Leary in **RETURN ENGAGEMENT**; see New Releases for review and Circuit for interview.

CITY LIMITS SEPT 9-15, 1983

■ **'Return Engagement'** (15) (Alan Rudolph, 1983, US) Timothy Leary, G Gordon Liddy 89 mins.  
Disgraced Edwardian celebrities often eked out their twilight years regaling music hall audiences with the lessons of their misspent youth. Following that tradition, but relocating it to the American lecture circuit, are Dr Timothy Leary and G Gordon Liddy, who earn well buttered crusts by debating with each other their visions of the American dream. Breaking with their Edwardian predecessors' tradition, they also proclaim that they were right all along. **'Return Engagement'** is a documentary of Leary/Liddy debates, interviews, drunk/stoned anecdote and geographical and mental ramblings. Leary suggests that, as the brain behind the wearisome phrase 'tune in, turn on and drop out' he, together with Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, 'brought down the Nixon White House'. Even this delusion palls before the twin conceit that the two men stand in heroic opposition, and that they matter. Leary speaks up for stoned liberal anarchism, 'youth' and individualism; Liddy for radical right anarchism, quack genetics—and individualism. Leary's pathetic search for the lost grail of youth renders him a pathetic figure, while Liddy's chirpiness makes him mildly engaging. But the film should stand or fall by the tension between the two protagonists, and what we see here is some bizarre Californian version of a TV wrestling bout, no blood, no guts, and a fix from beginning to end. (Nigel Fountain)  
(**'Return Engagement'** plays at the Screen/Green; see West End for details.)



# *Michael Dwyer At The Cannes Film Festival*

THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE, 22 MAY 1983

**T**HE most unlikely movie stars visiting Cannes were Professor Timothy Leary and former Watergate burglar Gordon Liddy. The two men are diametrically opposed on almost every issue and have taken to debating together for big fees throughout America. They're in Cannes to tout *Return Engagement*, a well-crafted documentary of them and their debates by Alan Rudolph. It attracts a good deal of interest in the Market.



**THE SUNDAY TIMES, 28 AUGUST 1983**

And so to a last documentary, which also nicely conveys this Festival's flavour. Sharp of wit and eye, **Return Engagement** shows that improbable pair, C. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate burglar, and Timothy Leary, the Harvard guru, on tour with their double act of salty intellectual burlesque. No film better achieves the tension of facts and fantasies, delusion and truth, the techniques for confusing which Edwin S. Porter introduced at the turn of the century.



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THE OBSERVER, SUNDAY 4 SEPTEMBER 1983

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As always in Edinburgh there was a wide-ranging crop of documentaries. The most entertaining was **Return Engagement** (more on this when it opens in London next week).



DAILY EXPRESS

9/9/83

● RETURN ENGAGEMENT  
(15) Screen on the Green, is  
a curious entertainment—a  
documentary focused on  
Gordon Liddy and Dr  
Timothy Leary and one of the  
so-called debates they engage  
in for profit.

Liddy, who went to jail for  
masterminding the Water-  
gate burglary, attempts to  
justify his actions on the  
grounds of loyalty to his  
country.

Leary, who did time for  
drug offences, defends the  
joys of freaking out on LSD.  
They both seem as devious as  
their arguments are specious.

In terms of showbusiness,  
you laugh at them rather  
than with them.



# The Barnum touch

IN Shakespeare's only venture into the Americas, the first reaction of the jester Trinculo to Caliban is to contemplate the fortune this bizarre inhabitant of the New World would bring him in a freak show. In this he anticipated the great nineteenth century showman Phineas T. Barnum, who believed that anything slightly out of the ordinary could be installed for profit in what he called his 'American Museum,' in the process creating a metaphor for that function in American life that transforms everything into a branch of show-business.

The latest addition to that great American Museum is the double act of Timothy Leary, the former Harvard psychology professor, naive utopian guru and advocate of freedom through drugs, and G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, samurai of the suburbs and staunch upholder of victory through willpower.

This past year they have been touring America, lecturing and debating together, and Robert Altman's former assistant Alan Rudolph has made an engrossing, very funny documentary about a week this odd couple spent in Los Angeles, *Return Engagement* (Screen on Islington Green, 15).

This title refers to revisiting the Sixties and Seventies through these emblematic figures, and to the fact that back in 1966 Liddy, as an eager young district attorney in an ultra-conservative New York county, arrested Leary's whole commune several times on drugs charges. This harassment led, so Leary argues, to Liddy being hired as a narcotics expert by the White House, and thus on to Watergate, justifying Leary's claim that the pair helped bring down Nixon.

## CINEMA

by PHILIP FRENCH



G. Gordon Liddy: 'I plead not guilty on all counts.'

For commercial reasons the two need each other. Until Liddy came along, Leary was a drug on the market as a lecture-circuit performer, while Liddy needed a way-out stooge to make him sound more humane and reasonable. Together they can attract a mixed house of doves and hawks. But though, as Liddy remarks, 'we disagree about everything it is possible to disagree about,' the pair have taken to each other. Whatever each may actually profess, they are representatives of a cranky American individualism at its most extreme that took both to jail for long sentences.

Appropriately the movie begins with Liddy's hoarse baritone rendition of 'America, America' to what he terms Leary's 'psychedelic' piano accompaniment, and their good-humoured public dialogues take place before a giant 'Stars and Stripes' backdrop that recalls the pre-credit sequence of 'Patton'.

Rudolph's film (with Altman operating one of the cameras) is as deceptively loose-textured and as artfully contrived as his directorial debut, 'Welcome to

L.A.,' with exposition as carefully planted as in a well-made play. We have the pair doing their act on stage and separately interviewed by the Los Angeles journalist who moderates the public sessions. A roof-top hotel breakfast with their wives presses on family issues, and allows us to observe the acquiescent femininity of Leary's young wife, and the toughness of Mrs Liddy — when Liddy refuses to talk about his sex-life, saying 'I plead not guilty on all counts,' she retorts, 'You always do—that's why they gave you 20 years.'

Rudolph cross-cuts between Liddy working out in the gym to the point of extreme pain and Leary playing with his mind-extending word-processor. When Leary goes off to talk a load of mystical guff to a largely nude audience of 'Me Generation' zealots at the Esalen Institute, Liddy is out on the road with a local motor-cycle gang, whose leader did time with him in a Federal penitentiary.

While Liddy visits an indoor shooting-range, keeping up his skills with shot-gun and pistol, Leary drops in on a computer-games arcade, preaching his message that with computers 'you can double your intelligence in a week.' Both have a session with a class of high-school seniors, Liddy lecturing them on ethics and social responsibility, Leary flattering them with his ideas on the imminent and necessary takeover by post-war youth.

What they have to say is usually eloquent, and in Liddy's case often shrewd. But sooner or later (usually sooner) their particular brands of authoritarianism and anarchism are pushed so far that each disappears into the wide blue yonder on the back of the great American eagle with a maniac gleam in his eyes. But they're a genial couple, deep in the American grain. There are few dull moments in their company and 'Return Engagement' is as much a testimony to the resilience of American democracy as it is evidence of a national addiction to show-business.



## The buccaneers of the lecture circuit

**Return Engagement** (Screen on the Green: 15), a documentary about Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, is the pleasant surprise of the week. The film's protagonists, who met when Liddy arrested Leary on a drugs charge, are now a popular double-act on the American lecture circuit. Since there is no danger that they will find common ground, they accept the invitation to parody themselves, and there is something trumped-up about their confrontations on stage; but "Return Engagement" leavens the lecture-hall footage with interviews and conversations.

On stage, Liddy has an ugly, hectoring manner, except when he is making wisecracks about mellow California; in interviews he cheerfully owns up to things most people would try to keep secret under torture. He married his wife (with children in mind) because she was a "math genius" and because her father had been a champion athlete. Love, he says, is by definition an act of the will.

Liddy has the knack of identifying himself as an individual unable to deny his moral conscience, when there's a law to be broken, and then as the representative of national necessity, when there's an individual to be suppressed. He is that oddity, a conformist loner, following the line of least resistance but seeing it always as a victory over massive odds.

Leary is a much milder figure, maintaining simultaneously that his estimated 5,000 acid trips have not affected his intellectual powers and that he has been reborn ("sociobiologically, I have changed species in midstream"). Leary's recent obsession is the baby-boom generation (birth dates from 1946 to 1964), who are

learning from video games how to run the world, and need only to be led tenderly from the arcade to the Oval Office.

Predictably enough the interviewer, Carole Hemmingway, gives the blander of her two subjects a much tougher time; the Home Office, which last week debarred Leary from entering the country, seems to be following her cue. No objection was made to Liddy's entry.

Alan Rudolph came to notice in the 1970s as assistant director to Robert Altman (who has produced previous Rudolph films, and graciously acts as assistant cameraman on "Return Engagement"); he has given shape to the documentary material, without undue editorialising. His subjects are only too willing to expatiate on their differences, and thereby disclose their resemblances. Timothy Leary is every bit as smug sitting at his word-processor as Gordon Liddy is when he rides his motorbike.

The pair of them do show some redeeming qualities offstage. Liddy defends Leary to a group of Hell's Angels against charges of being a "snitch". Leary intervenes tactfully when Frances Liddy (seizing her opportunity as the cameras roll) berates her husband for being interviewed by nubile journalists and never introducing her to them. Leary asserts that the employees of "People" magazine are "notorious trollops", capable of anything.

Alan Rudolph's film is manipulative only when it shows us an odd-looking person in the audience at the debate, queuing up to ask a question. He has good reason to look odd; but since his immediate predecessor at the microphone has turned out to be a fundamentalist, calling down fire and brimstone (at different temperatures, to be sure) on both participants, we are led to dismiss him in advance.

In fact he presents himself as evidence of the harm Leary has done as an LSD prophet; he was shot by people who were tripping at the time. He retains 130 pellets in his brain: "The eyes you see," he says, "are plastic". Not only does he blame Leary; he forgives him.

This confrontation is electrifying, and also entirely unfair, but Alan Rudolph can hardly be blamed for that, and his "Return Engagement" is by and large a well-paced and thoroughly entertaining film.





Above, Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary in *Return Engagement*; right, Kevin Kline in *The Pirates Of Penzance*

**Tim Palleine reviews *Return Engagement*, *The Pirates Of Penzance* and *Wild Style*, and previews an animation festival**

THE GUARDIAN Thursday September 8 1983

# Prattle hymn of the republic

IF OVER a span of years television has increasingly sought to preempt the traditional territory of the feature film, the cinema has lately shown signs of readiness to appropriate on its own amplified terms the "talking heads" format associated with TV. Last year we saw Louis Malle's *My Dinner With Andre*, and now — couched in more journalistic terms — but comes Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* (Screen on the Green, 15).

The participants of the film are two singular exemplars of the American inter-war generation who went on to become public enemies of contrasting hue — Timothy Leary, a high priest of Sixties "drop out" transcendentalism, and Gordon Liddy, prominent Watergate

"plumber." Both have served gaol sentences and have emerged to take up profitable writing and lecturing careers. It is in this capacity that the film regards them as they stage a public debate before a vast audience in Los Angeles.

Rudolph's highly enjoyable movie is not a straight record of this event, but goes behind the scenes and builds up a quicksilver mosaic that is all of a piece with his earlier fiction features, *Welcome To LA* and *Remember My Name*.

We see Liddy hobnobbing with a group of Hell's Angels, one of whom served with him, and Leary holding court at some kind of convention of nudist free-thinkers. And we see the two of them, trim and well preserved, breakfasting in a matey foursome with their wives, and chatting sparringly over a wine-flowing restaurant meal.

It is true that what is said, in public or private, by either man frequently seems little more cogent than the dinner table or saloon bar discourses of one's own experience. But what is diverting, and sometimes stimulating, is the sense not of difference but of symbiosis. It is Leary who describes himself as middle-class, Liddy who professes to be "inner-directed." While Leary extols the virtues of space invader games (and throws out the alarming prediction of video arcade Shakespeare in years to come), Liddy enlivens his target

practice with a sci-fi laser gun.

The good-natured opposition between the two is mirrored by the film's own lightness of touch and serves as a reflection of that multifaceted American individualism hymned long ago by Walt Whitman. Neither Liddy nor Leary emerge as admirable figures, but they are allowed to have their own reason. Not for nothing one feels, and certainly not for glib ironic effect does Rudolph sign off the picture with a child's voice singing *America The Beautiful*. I, for one, left the cinema remarking inwardly that a society which can so openly and cheerfully expose its own contradictions has quite a lot of good luck and good judgment on its side.



The Mail on Sunday, September 11, 1983

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*Return Engagement (15):  
Screen On Islington  
Green*

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THERE is no underestimating the conceit of those who have become celebrities, however small-time.

This witty, fascinating documentary looks at the lecture-circus set up by two Americans from opposite ends of politics: Timothy Leary, guru of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and G. Gordon Liddy, the bungling burglar of Watergate.



SCOTLAND

FILMS

## Bright double act

By JOHN GIBSON

People can say what they like about Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary — and they usually do — but the pair of them, one infamous for masterminding the Watergate burglary, the other notorious for his pronouncements on drugs, make a good, showbizzy double act and it was a bright idea to make a feature-length film about their bizarre lives and times.

"Return Engagement," given its first public screening on Saturday night at Filmhouse, is not a commercial picture, but at the end of a punishing first Festival week it kept me amused, interested and wide awake for 90 minutes.

It shows Liddy and Leary on the road, for the sheer hell and money of it, talking to anybody who will listen, and talking at, rather than to, each other.

They may be kindred souls but they hold violently opposite views on most subjects.

Liddy was there in person, on stage, to answer questions after the screening.

Now that he has done time for his Watergate involvement, and can no longer practise as a lawyer, he lives on the international security business he runs in Miami, and some hundred lectures a year.



TWO opposite ends of the American Dream come together in **RETURN ENGAGEMENT** (Screen on Islington Green). It is a remarkably enjoyable collision for the viewer and, though not a meeting of like minds, makes us understand how showbiz for the Americans is so much a part of politics.

Alan Rudolph's documentary is a visually witty account of the lecture-circus set up by the immovable object and the irresistible force — Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy.

Leary was the LSD guru of the '60s and a man of ostentatiously humanistic pretensions; Liddy was the CIA mastermind of the bungled burglary of Watergate. Both have served time in jail for their very disparate offences.

Now, the twain meet on the lecture stage, talking to a paying audience, explaining themselves to the public as though they felt that strange need for confession.

I would have liked to know which agent genius set them up in the first place (and why, apart from the monetary LSD) but Rudolph's camera does intrude very cleverly into their stage act with its own set-ups of circumstance — a breakfast in which Liddy's wife of 29 years does an amusing put-down of him; a tinsy dinner in which our heroes behave, as an attendant journalist remarks, "like an old married couple".

Liddy comes across as the ultimate yes-man to anything that demands loyalty to his country. He is a small-eyed, hard-nosed man with an inordinate belief in himself and what he thinks he stands for.

Leary is looser, more vulnerable to outside pressure — a man in his audience blinded by thugs on LSD shatters him — but just as inflexible you feel in his liberalism as Liddy is in his absolutes.

If Liddy comes over, eventually, as the man you would most like to meet, then that's because, as a lawyer, he's the most practised.

The whole thing is a wonderful exposure of people who, in their way, have been at the heart of power. They still have personalities like blast furnaces. Marvellous stuff.

# In two minds



● Leary (left) and Liddy: inflexible Liberal meets ultimate yes-man.

HAM & HIGH, September 9, 1983-





## Leary is banned from Britain

By Nicholas de Jongh,  
Arts Correspondent

DR TIMOTHY Leary, one of the great hippie figures of the late 1960s, when he was known as the high priest of the mind-changing drug LSD, has been banned from entering Britain by the Home Office.

He was to have attended the English premiere of the documentary film, *Return Engagement*, in which he stars. Dr Leary's co-star in the movie, the Watergate burglar Gordon Liddy, has been allowed to enter the country and has already given interviews.

Dr Leary, a former Harvard University lecturer and author of the *Politics of Ecstasy*, has a conviction for possession of marijuana and another for escaping from gaol.

In 1973, three years after he had escaped from gaol, Dr Leary arrived at Heathrow Airport and asked for permission to stay in the country, but was told that he was on a list of unwanted and undesirable persons.



He said that perhaps now the best way to make his views clear were through statements in the Black Panther party paper in the United States. He also said he hoped to start a paper here.

But he responded to questions, and eventually continued to talk, and the conversation lasted an hour. In the course of the conversation, Cleaver said journalistic objectivity was amiss and reporters should be "committed."

"I only, like committed reporters," he said.

He differentiated "establishment reporters" from "committed" ones. He said he was now an international editor for Ramparts magazine, one

of the voices of the militant New Left.

But he did not argue the point when he was reminded that many leading "establishment" journals had urged Black Panther party members be treated fairly by police and by the courts.

And he seemed very upset when the visiting correspondent declined to contribute cash to the Black Panther party movement.

Cleaver said he planned to stay in Algeria as long as he was able to accomplish "his work," but he would like to return to the United States some-day "because it's my home."

Asked whether he expected to see his revolutionary goal—the destruc-

tion of the present system of the United States government — accomplished in his lifetime, he replied:

"Our perspective is revolution in our lifetime. I am young and the ruling

★ Los Angeles Times 7  
Wed., Oct. 28, 1970—Part 1

class is weak enough. Unless I have an untoward demise, which I don't expect, I'll be around to see the revolution."

## PLAYBOY ON TIM

Chinook  
24 June 71

An interview published in the July (current) issue of *Playboy* says that SDS and Weathermen fugitives Bernadine Dohm, Jeffrey Jones, Bill Ayers and Mark Rudd, using funds contributed by "dope dealers all around the country," engineered the escape from a California jail of Timothy Leary, and his flight, with his wife, to Algeria.

Writer Donn Pearce, who interviewed Leary and his wife in Algeria, also reports that at the height of the plane-hijacking scare, with airport security at its tightest, the two slipped past guards at Chicago's O'Hare Airport to board a flight to Paris.

In his article, "Leary in Limbo," Pearce reports that he had to be "cleared" by friends of Leary in the United States before he could interview the high priest of LSD and Rosemary, his wife.

Leary was in the California's Men's Prison, doing one to ten years for possession of marijuana at the time of his escape. He also faced a ten year sentence in Texas, and was accused in New York on charges that could have brought the total to 28 years.

Pearce writes of the escape: "The planning took three months and was engineered by Bernadine Dohm, Jeffrey Jones, Bill Ayers and Mark Rudd, tribal leaders of Weatherman and the SDS, and all of them fugitives. Timothy was very proud of this and wanted to have their names published, so they could get credit.

"There were 40 people involved. A fund of \$30,000 was raised through contributions from dope dealers all around the country. The final nine-member escape group was commanded by a 19-year-old kid assisted by a 10-year-old.

Four cars were used, all equipped with two-way radios.

"The news media indicated that the escape was a mere walkaway. It was a 'country club' joint, with minimum security, reserved for old-timers, good risks, assorted rats, finks and snitches, political cons of all kind.

--w page 5--

ADVERTISEMENT



--LEARY from page 3--

"But Timothy had to climb a 12-foot chain-link fence topped with barbed wire; and outside, five trucks with armed guards in the cabs patrolled in the darkness. Suspicious of possible roadblocks, the four escape cars leapfrogged ahead of one another, radioing back when everything was clear. One car was given the job of leaving Leary's prison clothes in a gas station rest room eight miles in the wrong direction.

"(Leary) was joined by Rosemary who had been given a 10-year sentence but had been free under an appeal bond. Together, they were shuttled across the country, hiding out in a string of safe houses provided by the Weatherman underground.

"To board a plane for Paris 13 days after the escape — using false passports — Rosemary changed her appearance with glasses, makeup and a wig.

"Timothy cut his hair short. The center of his head was shaved to simulate baldness and the rest of his hair was dyed red. He removed his false teeth and his hearing aid, wore heavy-rimmed glasses and assumed a vacant facial expression with popped eyes. He was wearing a business suit and tie.

"Meanwhile, O'Hare Airport was in a security crisis due to an epidemic of skyjackings. New equipment had just been installed. New regulations were in effect. All hand luggage was thoroughly examined before boarding. Every passenger stepped between two shiny metal poles, a plainclothes security guard intently watching a dial that would detect large metal objects. It was the gateway to their freedom....

"Timothy was told to stop, to back up, to walk through slowly. The guard watched the instruments, nervous, undertrained and inexperienced, paying no attention whatever to this funny-looking guy with the silly expression.

"Behind him stood Rosemary, unable to smile, unable to talk, unable to swallow because of the large ball of hashish she held in her mouth."

Pearce reports that Leary would not give him all the details of the escape not only because "there is a key to its success that might prove useful to others," but also because Leary is writing a book about it himself.

While Leary was in the California jail, he and Panther leader Huey P. Newton, in "maximum security" in the same prison, kited notes back and forth. Pearce's interview took place before Eldridge Cleaver, Panther Party leader who preceded Leary as a fugitive in Algeria, placed Leary and Rosemary under "house arrest" for five days. It was also before the split between Newton and Cleaver.

Six years after Leary ate his first "magic mushrooms" in Mexico, Leary had taken 311 trips on psilocybin and LSD, and averaged one a week ever since. He is gaunt, his hair gray. Some people suggest he has suffered

permanent brain damage. Ten years after the mushrooms, Leary was in jail where he used heroin.

During the interview, Leary praised Newton and Cleaver, whom he called the future leaders of the U.S., as "generous" and "forgiving." By contrast, he described the Weathermen as "acid revolutionaries," young — between 18 and 22 — middle-class and from the Middle West. They are in "very good physical condition and very beautiful," he said.

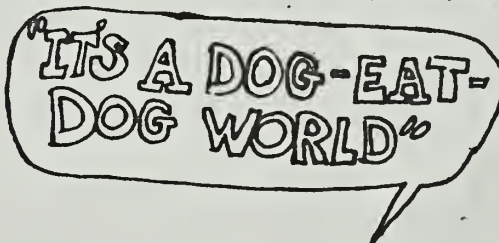
The Learys felt they had to be careful about drug use in Algeria to avoid offending the "Puritan attitudes of the orthodox government," Pearce reports. They said, however, they eventually they will have a supply of LSD brought them.

Rosemary, 35, is Leary's third wife, Pearce was told. His first wife committed suicide when Leary was 35; a second marriage lasted seven months. He has a son, Jack, 20, who has been arrested 14 times, and a daughter Susan, 22. The son of a career Army officer, Leary was at West Point 18 months.

The Learys were hostile to him, Pearce says, regarding him as an "establishment whore."

"Timothy Leary," Pearce concludes, "is once again in prison. After escaping from the cells and the bars of 'Amerika,' he finds himself in the larger confinement of Algiers, nervously pacing back and forth, surrounded by a puritan religion, an ascetic culture and hostile politics, denounced, ignored, his psychedelic dreams reduced to black and white."

—from a *Playboy* publicity release





# Still In

Leary is still in jail without bail. He is caught up in the most fantastic legal web the courts could have ever devised. They've got him for ten years in Texas and ten years in California. The crime is grass. In Texas he carried it and in California he possessed it.

Apparently the law really wants Leary because they won't give him bail.

In 1965 Leary, his wife Rosemary, his son John and daughter Susan attempted to cross the border at Laredo, Texas. They were turned back by Mexican Secret Service officers. As they came back across the bridge customs officials found a half an ounce of marijuana on Susan. Timothy took the beef and was convicted of importation of grass. He was sentenced to thirty years and fined \$40,000.00.

Tim appealed that, naturally, and it was finally thrown out by the Supreme Court.

The U.S. government decided to

change the charge from importation to ~~transportation~~ of grass and in a retrial Leary was convicted. Judge Ben Connally sentenced Leary to ten years and denied him bail on the grounds he is a menace to society.

Essentially the same thing happened in Orange County in February of this year. Tim had been convicted for possession of a couple of roaches of grass found in the ash tray of his car. The judge gave him ten years for possession and he also denied Leary bail. Rosemary got six months and his son John is now doing 90 days in Vacaville under observation for being with him.

They also have Leary on ice for a bust at Millbrook that took place in 1967. Leary is charged with a dozen misdemeanors including the "conspiracy to practice religion." Leary is going to fight the dope laws on that case claiming they are based on superstition and grossly inaccurate information. The trial should start soon and will cost \$100,000 according to his lawyers.

Leary can't get out of jail.

His latest appeal for bail reached Justice Douglas who presides over this Federal district and the judge turned him down. Douglas claimed he was powerless since California statutes give judges the right to deny bail.

Meanwhile Leary has been shuttled from joint to joint and he now resides in San Luis Obispo prison along with Huey Newton. At one point he was transferred from Vacaville to Chino where the authorities had him spend a couple nights in a cell with his son Jack.

Leary is flat broke and his support organization is in desperate need of energetic assistance. They're called Holding Together, located at 1240 Queens Road in Berkeley.



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

### Founding Fathers of LSD

One was a 40-year-old Irish Catholic, married, with two children; the other, a 29-year-old Jewish bachelor, the son of an ex-president of the New Haven Railroad. The two held doctorates in psychology from major universities. They came together as faculty members at Harvard University in 1961, discovered the "spiritual visions" of psychedelic drugs and began extensive experiments with a variety of hallucinogens, especially the powerful LSD. But because their experiments involved undergraduates, Harvard officials fired both Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert in 1963. Still undaunted, Leary, accompanied by Alpert, founded his drug-based religion, the League for Spiritual Discovery, and took his message to students (Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out). Today, thousands of students turn on with marijuana—and less commonly with LSD (SPECIAL REPORT), and Leary still makes the campus circuit. But Alpert has abandoned the drug cult and turned to Far Eastern mysticism to explore his inner consciousness.

Leary, now 47, and sporting long, silver hair, tied in the back with a rubber band, sees himself as the leader of a "spiritual revolution" that will overthrow "original sin, the Book of Genesis and the whole Judeo-Christian bad trip." He



Dan Bernstein



Gladys Manyan

Alpert in 1963 and Ram Dass today: A long trip from Harvard

makes his home at a ranch "high on a mountain in the Southwest" (he won't say specifically where) with his second wife, Rosemary, and still lectures while the courts hear his lawyer's arguments appealing a marijuana-smuggling conviction. "There is some possibility that my friends and I have illuminated more people than anyone else in history," Leary claims. But he cautions that "only 50 per cent of the population should consider taking LSD. The other 50 per cent is biochemically and psychologically unfit to take it." His own ultimate trip, he says, "is the union of male and female at all levels of consciousness. The last 150 times I've taken LSD, I've always taken it with my mate."

Alpert took a different sort of trip last year—to India, where he spent a winter of study under a guru in a tiny temple in the Himalayas. He returned to the U.S. with a new name, Baba Ram Dass ("servant of God"), and a commitment to help others find peace and meaning in life. He now spends winters on his father's estate in West Franklin, N.H.—pilgrims from four states come to see him there—and also lectures. "Psychedelics first demonstrated to me the possibility that everything could be different," he says. But, he adds, drugs do not fill spiritual needs. "I believe young people will discover the real values, but it will happen in stages and we adults must be patient and have compassion."







## Tribunal Rejects Leary Bail Bid 4-24

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — The California Supreme Court denied without comment Timothy Leary's petition that he be freed on bail pending appeal of his marijuana possession conviction.

The former Harvard University lecturer has been confined since February at the California Institute for Men at Chino on a sentence of one to two years.

Judge Byron K. McMillan of Orange County Superior Court earlier had denied Leary's bail request, calling him "a pleasure-seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue-oriented advocate of free use of LSD and marijuana."

The conviction stems from Leary's Dec. 26, 1968, arrest at Laguna along with his wife, Rosemary, and son John.

After their convictions, Mrs. Leary was released on her own recognizance and the son sent to Chino for a 90-day psychiatric examination. **FRENO**



#### ARMS OF THE LAW

New Haven, Conn.; Switzerland is demanding that Edith Irving be extradited upon completion of her jail sentence in the United States. If my memory doesn't fail me, Switzerland refused to extradite to the U.S. prison escapee and LSD advocate Dr. Timothy Leary. In the light of the Swiss government's double standard, the U.S. should tell the Swiss to yodel in the Alps.

JOHN ALBANESE.

#### NO CURTAIN CALL

Queens: What acting school did City School Chancellor Scribner graduate from? The schools and the city are terrorized by rampaging drug addicts, and he claims politics got him subpoenaed to appear before the House Crime Committee investigation in Washington. He is another of the "compassionate" liberals who are making the city and country unliveable for the decent majority.

EDWARD HUBIBURG.

N.Y. Daily News - June 30, 1972



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PARIS TRIB

Nov 71



by a new set of armed rulers obviously more homicidal and usually less intelligent. (Ask the Seneca about their version of 1776, or consider the superiority of the Canadian experiment.)

And that it was particularly reactionary to react in physical rebellion against the American military-police establishment which (as our red, brown, and black-skinned brothers can demonstrate) ranks among the most murderous systems in history and which is currently the most efficiently armed regime our bloody race has ever produced.

There were ironic and tender overtones to our discussion—sitting as we were in the dayroom of the county jail, both rolling cigarettes, happy to be sharing this moment, myself denied bail on sentences totalling up to 30 years, himself to be returned to the freedom of his campus in a matter of two hours.

I communicated my distress that the young militants were shouting slogans and quoting political dogmas which had not worked even in their own native states and times—and using violent tactics which were light-years removed from the accelerating and rapidly evolving realities of *our* space and time.

And my conviction that the new age for which we have all yearned (and righteously earned) had already begun, that the revolution had already happened—the revolution which always and only occurs in the minds and consciousness of men, women, and their children—

—that violence in the aim of freedom can only postpone our freedom—

—that anger in the search of peace can only postpone the pacific moment of our coming together—

—that the mighty stream of wise evolution carrying us all inevitably along to the ocean of bliss which awaits us cannot be hurried—

—that the specific instruments of our common liberation were, as always, love, honesty, intelligence and humor—precisely, scientifically, appropriately, aesthetically applied.

He nodded politely, not really listening to my comments, because like every prisoner, his central attention was tuned to the silent loudspeaker over which would come, and shortly did come, the voice of the master.

**TALBOT! N-7! ROLL UP YOUR GEAR! YOU ARE BAILED OUT!**

He jumped up and walked actively to his cell, rolled up his towel, sheets and blankets in the mattress and walked down to the exit door. He turned, grinned, flashed the "V" and was gone.



# An Incident of Violence Avoided & Freedom Gained

BY TIMOTHY LEARY  
ORANGE COUNTY JAIL, Calif.—

The day started sweetly.

At 4:00 AM our five-hour sleep was interrupted by the guard's voice static-cracking over the P.A. system, metalling down the cement walkway, ricocheting off the iron walls of our small cages.

REVEILLE! EVERYBODY UP!  
MAKE UP YOUR BUNKS! GET  
DRESSED IN FULL JAIL ISSUE!  
YOU HAVE FIFTEEN, ONE-FIVE  
MINUTES UNTIL CHOW!

Brilliant, icy fluorescent glare ripped the warm darkness.

At 4:15 AM an invisible hand on a lever, and fourteen barred box-car doors clang open.

"M" AND "N" TANKS ON THE  
LINE FOR CHOW!

We scuttled out hurriedly, bleary-eyed, Japanese-thong sandals in hand to beat the iron jaws crashing shut behind us.

Breakfast was sensational! Fresh fruit! The bananas were not rotten for a change and the cereal milk less watery grey than usual.

We joked as we ate, four to a gun-metal table. Eleven minutes and the deputy motioned us down to the garbage counter where we dropped our metal cup, spoon and tray.

Outside the mess hall and down the windowless corridor we filed, in sections, past the shatter-proof glassed guard booth toward our module when, suddenly, inexplicably, the routine began to alter.

The Marine-Corp-drill-sergeant electric speaker blared.

HANDS IN POCKETS! NO TALK-  
ING! WALK SINGLE FILE ON THE  
LEFT SIDE OF THE CORRIDOR!!

On the left side! We looked at each other in peasant astonishment, eye antennae wagging upward in disbelief. On the left! Some alarming emergency must be prompting this unheard-of change in traffic flow.

HALT BY THE DOOR!

The leader of our antfile, Manuel, an illiterate, middle-aged, stoop-shouldered Chicano, paused in confusion. There were four steel doors at the end of the corridor, including the elevator door which went in one direction—to the hole.

GODDAMIT! YOU HEARD ME!  
HALT BY THE DOOR! BACKS TO  
THE WALL!

Bewildered glances. Christ, what's happening? The firing squad? The commands were completely novel. For millions of years our slave column had filed right to build the pyramids, to man the triremes, to raise the towers of Babylon, the aqueducts of Rome, to execute the latest whim of the military powerholder. At the end of the corridor we always turn right and cluster in front of our module door until an unseen me-



Manuel, the lead goat, stood transfixed. Our guard around the corner, unaware of the potential riot, beckoned us to safety again. Manuel glanced back, uncertain. We called to him softly, "Move on, Manuel. Let's go home." And pushed gently against the men in front of us and we flowed against Manuel. Suddenly our twenty-eight-legged-caterpillar slave file, the unstoppable force of history, was in relentless motion again, pulling Bradshaw along, hands still on hips, walking backwards but moving with us.

The deputies looked at the surprised sergeant. The P.A. was silent. The sergeant shrugged and we turned the corner into the safety of our module. The door clanged shut. Crowded together, waiting for the tank doors to open, we were all grinning.

Whooo! That was slender! We almost had a rumble going! Bradshaw was shaking with anger, but pleased, too. The few older cons, red boozy faces, were cursing, but the young, long-hair heads were laughing.

We walked back to our cells and lay down for the long delicious hibernation from breakfast to lunch. (Perhaps the bio-ecological system should be clarified. We are each a soul inside a body, inside a cell, inside a tank, inside a module, inside a level inside a pen—united in essence with our loving mate.)

After ten minutes, when we were slipping softly into the smooth naked arms

of our beloved, the fourteen heavy eight-foot metal-barred door-jaws suddenly rumbled open eighteen inches, just enough to build up momentum, and then, angry, frustrated, slammed shut. The machine's metallic insult.

Denny, the squeaky-voiced, brash, pampered homosexual boy, called out, "They always want the last word, don't they?"

And the rest of us, tuned in to our private address systems, stirred lazily under the torn army blankets on the plastic mattresses over the metal-slabbed frames and laughed and drifted off, serene.

We laughed because we had won once again in the eternal dialogue of spirit vs. structure, of love against metal. Because even the weakest of us knew that (although the choice is stupid and certainly avoided by the sensible) we would rather be on our side of the bars and the bullet-proof glass. We are living in the life we cannot lose. We are men, not machines. We are the underground, barbarian, seedy, pagan, wild, never to be domesticated, intractable, free.

After lunch, I fell into discussion with an SDS militant assigned to our tank for a few hours while awaiting bail for assaulting a policeman during a campus riot. The activist challenged me for helping to avoid the violence which could have erupted. He quoted "that French psychiatrist" ("You mean Fanon," I suggested) who wrote about colonial masters and the slave revolt.



I expressed to him my belief that homicidal violence as a political tactic was morally wrong and practically disastrous; that every armed revolution in history, including above all the American revolution of 1776, succeeded only in replacing one set of armed masters by a new set of armed rulers obviously more homicidal and usually less intelligent. (Ask the Seneca about their version of 1776, or consider the superiority of the Canadian experiment.)

And that it was particularly reactionary to react in physical rebellion against the American military-police establishment which (as our red, brown, and black-skinned brothers can demonstrate) ranks among the most murderous systems in history and which is currently the most efficiently armed regime our bloody race has ever produced.

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of us in pity, some in fear, some in anger and all in support of him, Bradshaw. Some of us uneasily, aware of the irony that it is always Bradshaw standing hands on hips, screaming his righteous defiance in the ill-understood rhetoric of opposition, Marxist, dogmatic, Stalinist, Maoist, anarchist—of all people, Bradshaw, who, but for the grace of an uncontrollable passion for his own easily controlled daughters and baby-sitters could have been a guard himself.

"Goddamit, don't tell me to shut up, pig! Up against the wall, you mother-fucker," shouted Bradshaw, the daughter-fucker.

Zap! There it was! The battle cry of the time. The violent confrontation, the pregnant moment of revolution. A stir of fear and pleasure rippled along our ranks. The slave revolt. The armed master was defied. Watch out, Bank of America! The torch is coming!

Instantly two deputies and a sergeant appeared ringing around Bradshaw. We all braced for the violence.



team; inundated by mother's Christian rigidity, holding hands and pitching woo and hiding Playboy girl folders under his mattress, scared by poor Dad's anti-intellectual inertia from reading books and taking pre-college courses. The kid who had the after-school job and saved his money to buy the Chevy that he worked on and polished and drove to the bowling alley and the Jack-in-the-Box drive-in on Saturday midnight, radio tuned to the Top Forty.

Poor young boy-scout radar technician released from the army six months early when he signed up for post-service Police training, marrying the girl from down the street; General Motor's television child who never learned that you can turn the dial, tune into other channels, never quite believing it right and possible to turn off the American Broadcasting Company and walk out the door and turn on the rhythms of that free, jazzy, negroid, loose, hippy, bra-less, grinning John and Yoko, Jewish, Harvard, blues-band, long-hair hipster, easy rider, Manhattan, playful, sexy rock and roll.

Clustered in the metal corridor of the brand new Orange County Jail we looked up through the glass into the eyes of Deputy Marshal Wendell what's his name, the nice quiet kid from High School, innocent, bewildered of the great mechanical system. And understood. Well, Wendell, too bad we missed you somehow; it was always so hard to get through to you. Through the smooth plexiglass screen of red, blue and lily white they wrapped around you. You, Wendell, the 10% whom we couldn't get to turn on, laugh, dance and make the peace sign. Well, we won't give up on you, Deputy Wendell, we're going to keep on standing in front of your bullet proof windows and wave and smile and wink and sing funny Beatle songs and write articles for *ROLLING STONE* to try to get you to see that it's *you* that's in jail, not us.

In the same way, we'll continue to crowd around the angry Bradshaws; some of us in pity, some in fear, some in anger and all in support of him, Bradshaw. Some of us uneasily, aware of the irony that it is always Bradshaw standing hands on hips, screaming his righteous defiance in the ill-understood rhetoric of opposition, Marxist, dogmatic, Stalinist, Maoist, anarchist—of all people, Bradshaw, who, but for the grace of an un-



chanical hand clicked the lock open.

But not today.

Some high command crisis must be occurring. But what? We checked our ranks to see who among us might be missing. Ralston. He didn't come out to dine. Perhaps he . . . escaped? Freaked out? Went berserk?

Around the corner the door to the module opened and the familiar face of our home deputy appeared, impatiently waving us inside.

In our seven-story, new, mod model, steel, fire-proof, escape-proof, air-proof, multi-million dollar showcase, inter-commed, escalated, close-circuited, remote controlled, T.V.-surveyed, 1984 jail we rarely hear the unamplified voice or look into naked eyes of a guard.

Young, crew-cut, automated, brisk-jerky walking, synchronized, calibrated, selected for their profession from the testing grounds of Camp le Jeune and Vietnam, they issue terse clipped monotone commands over loud speakers in military-air-line public address dialect.

The "Officers," in khaki jackets, scuttle along glass-enclosed runways which radiate out from control booths—dialed, levered, instrument-panelled like 747 cockpits. Dozens of indicator lights flashing.

Our guard waved us in again. Manuel, wise old veteran slave, started forward cautiously, but the angry control booth screamed him down.

**GODDAMIT! I SAID HALT!**

Manuel froze. Our file braked to a bumping stop.

Bradshaw—touchy, defensive, child

molester, Sagittarian—turned towards the booth and shouted, "Our module door is open." He pointed around the corner. "The Deputy is telling us to come."

The communications systems of their future are designed to be uni-directional. Vice-President Spiro Agnew has explained why. You can't have every citizen announcing policy. Our tympanic membranes vibrate to their amplified, static loudness. They see us gesticulating in the corridors, on the streets of the palace steps, in front of the Chancellor's office, but through bulletproof glass they hear only faint muffled, incomprehensive shouting. The silent majority, indeed.

**SHUT UP BRADSHAW! I TOLD YOU MEN TO HALT!**

Suddenly we all understood. There was no external, objective crisis. No probable cause for the mysterious, confusing screamed orders. Just the deputy convulsed in some private petulant power freakout.

Poor young deputy. We prisoners come and go. Bailed out. Paroled out. Transferred out. Probated out. We escape from the metal system through judicial pity, high court appeal, our lawyers' crafty sorcery. Supreme Court treachery. We serve our time and depart to freedom.

Poor young deputy. He doesn't smoke marijuana. He doesn't visit Fillmore East. He reads the firearms ads, Argosy and True. He doesn't take his trips on LSD. He hunts and fishes with the dad and Uncle Everett. He doesn't burn his draft card down on Main St. Not him. Faceless neat kid, his name Wendell in High School, well-muscled but too inhibited and graceless to make the Varsity



The 20-year-old son of Dr. Timothy Leary was sentenced to three years probation for possession of marijuana and dangerous drugs. John Bush Leary had just completed a 90-day psychiatric examination at the California Institution for Men at Chino which was ordered after his conviction, March 11. He appeared in Santa Ana Superior Court in conservative attire, shorn of his beard and with relatively short hair. Leary's father is serving a 1-to-10-year prison term for narcotics violations.

ROUTE SLIP

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6-19-70

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## New Age Begins For Tim Leary

—Continued from Preceding Page

of our beloved, the fourteen heavy eight-foot metal-barred door-jaws suddenly rumbled open eighteen inches, just enough to build up momentum, and then, angry, frustrated, slammed shut. The machine's metallic insult.

Denny, the squeaky-voiced, brash, pampered homosexual boy, called out, "They always want the last word, don't they?"

And the rest of us, tuned in to our private address systems, stirred lazily under the torn army blankets on the plastic mattresses over the metal-slabbed frames and laughed and drifted off, serene.

We laughed because we had won once again in the eternal dialogue of spirit vs. structure, of love against metal. Because even the weakest of us knew that (although the choice is stupid and certainly avoided by the sensible) we would rather be on our side of the bars and the bullet-proof glass. We are living in the life we cannot lose. We are men, not machines. We are the underground, barbarian, seedy, pagan, wild, never to be domesticated, intractable, free.

After lunch, I fell into discussion with an SDS militant assigned to our tank for a few hours while awaiting bail for assaulting a policeman during a campus riot. The activist challenged me for helping to avoid the violence which could have erupted. He quoted "that French psychiatrist" ("You mean Fanon," I suggested) who wrote about colonial masters and the slave revolt.

I expressed to him my belief that homicidal violence as a political tactic was morally wrong and practically disastrous; that every armed revolution in history, including above all the American revolution of 1776, succeeded only in replacing one set of armed masters by a new set of armed rulers obviously more homicidal and usually less intelligent. (Ask the Seneca about their version of 1776, or consider the superiority of the Canadian experiment.)

And that it was particularly reactionary to react in physical rebellion against the American military-police establishment which (as our red brown and



# Dr Schon on difficulty of influencing governments

By a Staff Reporter

Ideology and political beliefs were largely irrelevant to the question of how the governed reacted to their government, said Dr. Donald Schon, an American industrial and social consultant, in the sixth and final 1970 Reith Lecture on B.B.C. radio last night.

If it turned out to be true that the problem was primarily one of transmitting information and that a centralized system was failing to adjust to changes, then it did not matter whether Richard Nixon or Fidel Castro was at the helm. The government would still tend to behave in ways that made its simple message true at the periphery for all instances.

"That", he continued, "is a kind of euphemism for authoritarianism or, in the language of my students, fascism. The tendency of governments to make their message true when the message does not happen to fit the problems at the periphery is, I think, quite analogous to the tendency of industry to make its product message true to advertising when the product does not happen to fit consumer want."

In a discussion broadcast at the end of his lecture, Dr. Schon returned to the point, saying: "What I want to say about politics with a big P is that it does not much matter, with respect to the issues I am trying to confront.

If you are running an operation which has a centre-periphery form in which politics are like products that you try to diffuse throughout a periphery, and you have to retain the identity of that system and make it go, then you are going to be led—whatever your politics, whatever your ideology—to a mode of behaviour which will be perceived as homogenizing, dehumanizing and repressive. And you will be doing it in the name of preservation of the means of operation of the system."

His argument was that what was important was the design and development and management of new kinds of institutional forms, which was a critical question with an information problem at its roots.

The issue being raised by "youth culture" for every established government or organization, was, Dr. Schon said, that of how the individual could influence government policy if he disagreed with it.

"The United States history of the last 10 years says that the straightforward answer to that question is by the creation of a crisis. And that through the creation of a crisis one gains a certain period of time which grows less amenable as its distance from the crisis increases, in which you can exert an influence.

"This is certainly the inference to be drawn from the behaviour of both institutions and young people in the United States over the last decade. I think that the drift of the talks that I have been giving is that, the organizations themselves, and particularly government organizations, have got to shift in order to be able to adapt themselves to that kind of influence."

In his lecture Dr. Schon drew attention to the "mis-match" which commonly occurred between the intentions of a social agency or organization and the nature of the problems which needed to be tackled. There was, for instance, an agricultural department with 70,000 agents in the field looking for something to do, and meanwhile there was a problem in the cities to which one was trying to invent an organization capable of responding.

"What has occurred out of what I have been characterizing as the loss of the stable state is that that state of mis-match has become endemic. It is not an occasional discontinuous event; it becomes the normal state of affairs. Our organizational map is endemically and perpetually mis-matched to the problems that we think are worth solving".

Leading article, page 11





NIXON GESTURING WITH CLENCHED FIST AT REPUBLICAN RALLY IN ANAHEIM

## Violent End to a Vitriolic Campaign

...to take the gloves  
...the 1970

Governor Ronald Reagan and Senator  
George Murphy to address a crowd of  
...in the San Jose municipal audito-

on the offensive the following  
at a rally in A...



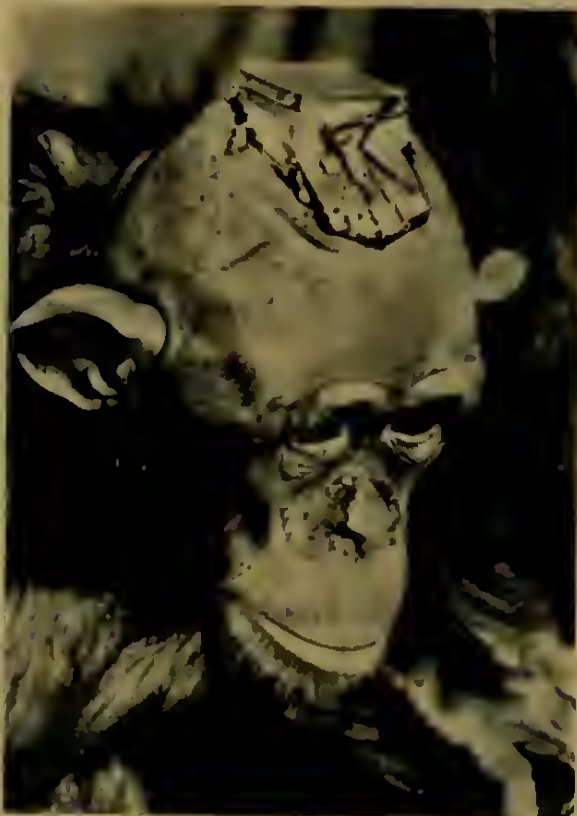
„Prawda“ hatte er 1965 geschrieben: „Die fruchtbare Entwicklung der Wissenschaft, Literatur und Kunst erfordert das Vorhandensein verschiedener Schulen und Richtungen“ — und wurde daraufhin von seinem Posten abgelöst. Inzwischen ist er als Vorsitzender des Gelehrtenrates für Probleme der konkreten Sozialforschung der Akademie der Wissenschaften zum Spitzen-Soziologen aufgerückt.

## FORSCHUNG

### GEHIRNSTEUERUNG

#### Zanksucht gezähmt

Nervös tänzelte der sechsjährige Schimpanse Paddy im Gehege auf und ab. Mit Drohgebärden vertrieb er seine drei Käfig-Genossen aus ihren Revieren. Dreißig Minuten später jedoch wagten sich die Unterdrückten wieder in die Nähe des Tyrannen:



Computergesteuerter Affe  
Reize vom Großen Bruder

Denn nun kauerte er lammfromm am Boden und schnitt Grimassen.

Die Verwandlung des rauflustigen Einzelgängers in ein friedfertiges Mitglied der Schimpansen-Sippe gelang dem amerikanischen Neurophysiologen Dr. José M. R. Delgado, Professor an der Yale University in New Haven (US-Staat Connecticut), im Verlauf eines makaber anmutenden Experiments. Erstmals beeinflusste der Forscher, der in der Vergangenheit schon mehrfach das Verhalten von Versuchstieren durch Stromstöße ins Gehirn gesteuert hatte, einen Affen maschinell — mit Hilfe eines Computers.

Das Experiment wurde auf einer von einem Wassergraben umgebenen künstlichen Insel ausgeführt, auf dem Luftwaffenstützpunkt Holloman im US-Staat New Mexico. Und schon im nächsten Jahr, so kündigte Delgado vorletzte Woche an, will er die Ge-

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## THE U.S.

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### The Battle That Was

The price of freedom may be eternal vigilance, but it also requires a high tolerance for folly, a willing retention of disbelief, the patience to endure the seasonal inflations of rhetoric and emotion at election time. No campaign pleases everyone, and some seem to satisfy no one. The election battle just past certainly could not have pleased those who feel a desperate need for calm and reasoned debate of the issues.

For such citizens, this was a disheartening campaign. Sometimes it seemed as though the Republicans had nothing to cheer but fear itself (to twist a long-forgotten F.D.R. slogan), and the Democrats were leaderless and without easily focused issues. But if it was not the best of campaigns, it was probably not the worst, either. For all the obfuscations and invective, despite widely reported apathy, the voters were conscious of having the last word. On the morning after, the U.S. could only hope that soon the smears would fade, the hot words cool, the politics of accommodation resume.

as the following notes illustrate, the battle there were odd

chuted into remote villages weeks before the election. Then, provided wind currents do not carry the voting kits across the Bering Strait into Soviet territory or the caribou migrations have not lured voters away from their precincts, the hard part begins. Eskimos in the bush view their ballot as important, and paddle boats and mush dogsleds many miles to reach the polls. Results are relayed by radio, but transmissions are sometimes interrupted by atmospheric interference from the Northern Lights. The election supervisor in Nome has yet to be excited by the problems voters faced on Nov. 3. She is still waiting to hear about the primary in the Kobuk River village of Ambler. Nothing has been heard from Ambler since September.

#### One Conservative's Dream

Ordinarily, everyone has to wait until the day after the election to hold a copy of his dream aloft. But not Conservative Mandarin William F. Buckley Jr.; he put his dreams on a pre-election cover of his weekly *National Review*. A bogus New York Times front page reported the "glad tidings [of] a conservative tidal wave."

Leading the page was the news that Brother James had won; a picture of the new Senator Buckley beside Nelson Rockefeller asserted that Rocky "glided in on Buckley's coattails." Senator Ed-

HEINZ KLUETMEIER—LIFE



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#### Capricious Campaign Awards

*Nominations for high and low points of the campaign:*

**MOST UBIQUITOUS CAMPAIGNER.** Pennsylvania's Democratic Senate candidate, William G. Sesler, who often seemed beside himself and, to a degree, was. Sesler achieved the appearance of being in Pittsburgh and





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pathizers . . . Westernize the econ-  
omy for U.S. investment. Thus the  
CIA is as integral as the U.S. Army  
for controlling and exploiting  
Southeast Asia."

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Calabria, Reggio would gain in jobs,  
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## Marijuana Causes Genetic Defects in Rats

By Lacey Fosburgh

NEW YORK, Oct. 14 (NYT).  
—A professor reported here yes-  
terday that pregnant rats which  
breathed marijuana smoke  
equivalent to one cigarette a day  
for ten days in his laboratory  
produced offspring with serious  
genetic defects.

The professor, Dr. Vincent  
Depaul Lynch of St. John's  
University here, said his studies  
indicated that the use of  
marijuana could have "very  
serious consequences" for hu-  
man reproduction.

Dr. Lynch, a professor of  
pharmacology, said his tesis  
tended to corroborate previous  
experiments conducted in the

### Humans Warned By Scientist

British West Indies and Augus-  
ta, Ga. He said these produced  
serious malformations in the  
fetus after the injecting of  
pregnant rats, hamsters and  
rabbits with highly concentrated  
doses of pure marijuana resin.

Dr. Lynch disclosed his find-  
ings in testimony yesterday at  
a public hearing of a state  
committee evaluating marijuan-  
a laws.

The rats and mice in Dr.  
Lynch's experiments breathed

marijuana smoke that was  
channeled to them for three  
minutes. Twenty percent of  
their offspring, he said, were  
born with serious defects.

Dr. William F. Geber, an  
associate professor of pharmacol-  
ogy at the Medical College of  
Georgia, in Augusta, whose ex-  
periments with pure marijuana  
resin have produced serious  
malformations in animals, said  
that Dr. Lynch's studies had  
"added a definite, important  
link in establishing the dangerous  
potential harm of marijuana on  
the developing fetus."

"They would indicate it's  
something less than smart," he  
added, "for the pregnant woman  
to smoke marijuana."

tify  
understood  
a MIRV warhead  
seidon or a Minuteman  
missile.

By far the largest test  
was the Russians', which  
place at 0600 GMT beneath  
Arctic island of Novaya Zem-  
land with a force of six megatons—equal  
to six million tons of TNT.

Though dwarfed by at least three  
(two Soviet, one U.S.) previous  
atmospheric tests, the Russians'  
was the largest underground test  
ever conducted and was five times  
bigger than any conducted under-  
ground by the United States.

It was believed to be a test of a  
MIRV warhead for a Soviet SS-9  
missile, which is understood to carry  
three warheads of six megatons  
each.



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...given of the release, but a West German correspondent appointed as a pool representative for the foreign press witnessed their departure from Israel.

They looked healthy and tanned, he said, and stated that their treatment by the Israelis had been "very correct."

As they prepared to board a BOAC plane and resume the voyage to London interrupted two months ago, an Israeli police officer handed them their Algerian passports, properly stamped with the entry and exit visas of the state of Israel.

**Souvanna in London**

LONDON, Oct. 14 (AP).—Prince Souvanna Phouma, Laos premier, conferred for 45 minutes today with British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home on the Indochina situation.



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stronghold in the in order to gain experience and better their prospects. "Finding Parliamentary candidates is the least of the Party's worries," says Mr R. W. Elliott, 50-year-old farmer MP for Newcastle upon Tyne North, who is the party's new vice-chairman in charge of candidates. "We have no particular figure in mind for the list, that would be foolish, but at the moment it is too unwieldy and I want to cut it down."

In October Mr Elliott wrote to all 700 on the list and asked if they wished to remain. Only

to associati to him that is regular mentary career, the moment past for him in terms of age-selection committees would consider it a drawback. It is no easy job telling people that sort of thing. But I've been lucky so far, they take it remarkably well."

In the mid-election period, the Labour Party had a list almost as large as the Tories. Just before the last election it had 608 names, but in accordance with Transport House tradition, they are now at

to oppose," she says. But from now on, Liberals wishing to be Parliamentary candidates face a tougher test. "A new Candidates Committee has just been formed and the screening of people for the Candidates List is going to be much more severe than ever before," Miss Kininmonth warned.

Muriel Bowen

Barry

## ys in the cradle



Child control: by sucking, he is focusing a film

movements, which, in turn, reduces the amount of information taken in by the child. Since small babies can only do one thing at once, the act of sucking has a calming effect.

These experiments suggest that infants are more aware of their environment and more able to react to it than psychologists had thought. And once the information is available it suddenly seems odd that it took so long to discover it. "But it is difficult to be tough minded about such tender creatures," Dr Bruner explained in Boston last week, "you tend to worry more about whether they're wet or not."

Certainly some of his simplest experiments might alienate a doting parent. One is designed to show that a three-week-old has already established a hypothesis about the world. In the Harvard laboratory infants are separated from their parents by a glass partition and the sound of their mothers' voices are transmitted to the children through stereo speakers that can separate the sound of a voice from its origin.

While the sight and sound of the mother was in harmony her child was content, but once the sound appeared to the child to be coming from somewhere other than the mother's lips the child invariably became agitated and the ordered system to its brain had adjusted in more about parent education," says Dr Bruner.

than a warm glow in a proud parent's breast? Dr Bruner, 55, father of two grown up children, and Master of one of Harvard's Colleges believes it does. He talks excitedly about "developing the last frontier, the last resource we have . . . the human being."

More prosaically, he goes on to talk about preparing children for formal education and adulthood by providing them with the capacity to develop the skills they all have. An educational expert, Maya Pines, describes the process. "Good toys 'tempt out' more self initiated activity, and responsive parents quickly establish a code of mutual expectancy between themselves and their babies which serves as a precursor to language. When parents fail to encourage play and dialogue, however, and react to their babies mostly by punishing them for errors, the result is to breed a sense of powerlessness which effectively stops learning," she writes.

Dr Bruner's message might well be: "Don't treat children like children because they're much too smart." But he adds that the scientific discovery of that cleverness increases parental responsibilities too. If the full intelligence of the very young is to be nurtured, their mothers and fathers will have to do more than stand around murmuring coochee-coochee. "We should now consider whether we oughtn't to do more about parent education," says Dr Bruner.

Stephen Fay

## POLLUTION

### Halving the bite of pesticides

THE MASS of pesticide which is now drifting uselessly and dangerously through the air or on to the soil could be halved if a new technique of applying sprays becomes accepted by farmers. The new development could reduce environmental contamination with pesticide by a massive 10,000 tons a year in Britain alone.

Full details of the method—considered by many to be the most important development in crop protection since the manufacture of DDT—were revealed for the first time to delegates at a recent National Aerial Applicators meeting in Las Vegas.

A strong negative electrostatic charge is imparted to the droplets of pesticide spray as they are pumped out of the spray tanks (mounted on tractors, aircraft, helicopters). When the droplets come close to the foliage of the crop that is to be protected they induce a positive charge on the plants' surfaces. This means that the droplets are strongly attracted to the crop, and fall on it, cutting out the huge wastage that up to now has been considered an inevitable part of the spraying business.

The charging apparatus is manufactured by an American company, Electrogas dynamics Inc, New Jersey. The company's Liverpool born vice-president, David Malcolm, says: "We developed the apparatus from an industrial paint sprayer in which we use the same principle. By charging the spray droplets we can cause two or three times as much pesticide to land on target. This means that pests can be controlled just as effectively when broadcasting 50 per cent or less of the pesticide liquid than would normally be used."

Only 20 per cent of the spray from conventional spraying machines ever reaches the crop—the remaining 80 per cent contaminates the environment by either landing on the soil or drifting away in the air.

Apart from reducing environmental contamination the new technique could show great profit for farmers. "Even halving the amount of pesticide used would save American farmers £210 million each year," Malcolm explains. "Similar savings in Britain would lead to economies of over £10 million."

Graham Rose



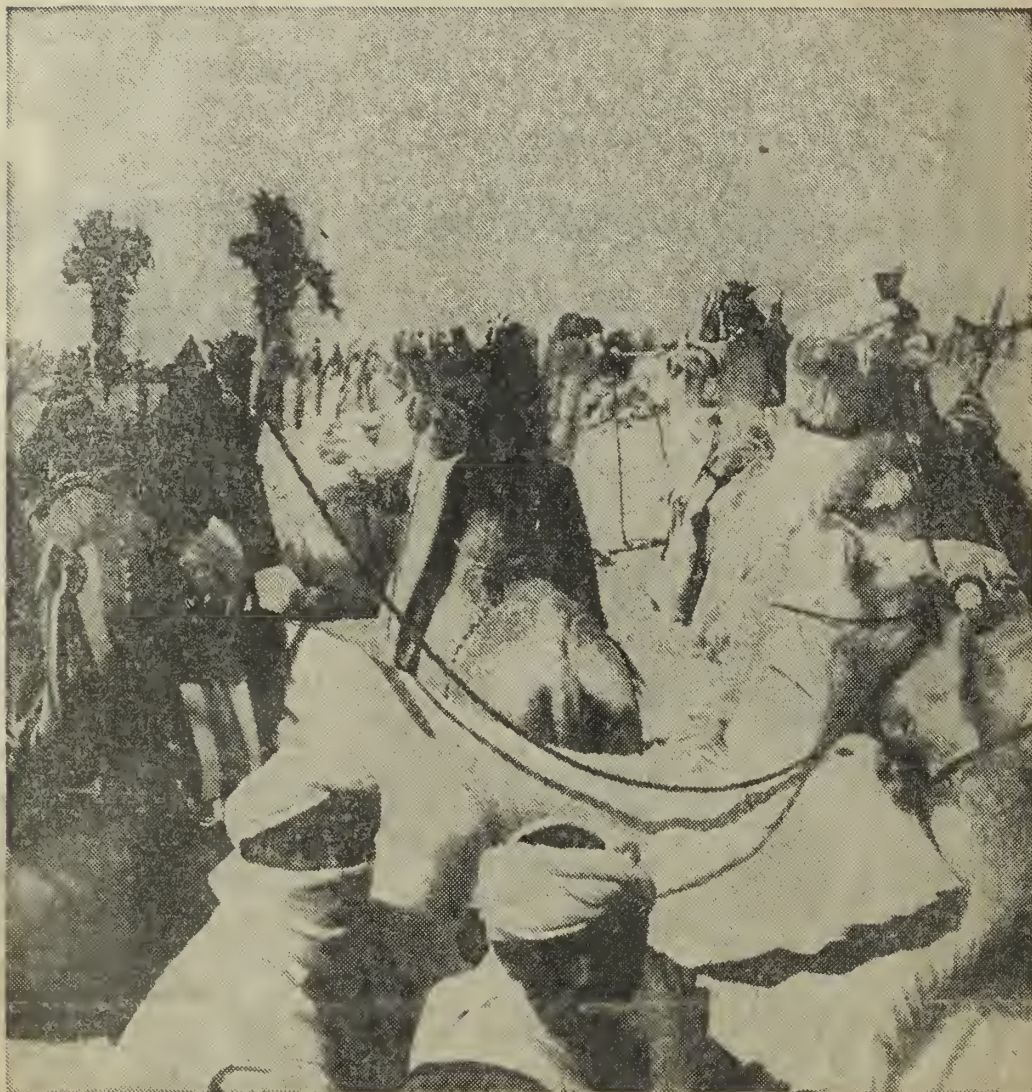


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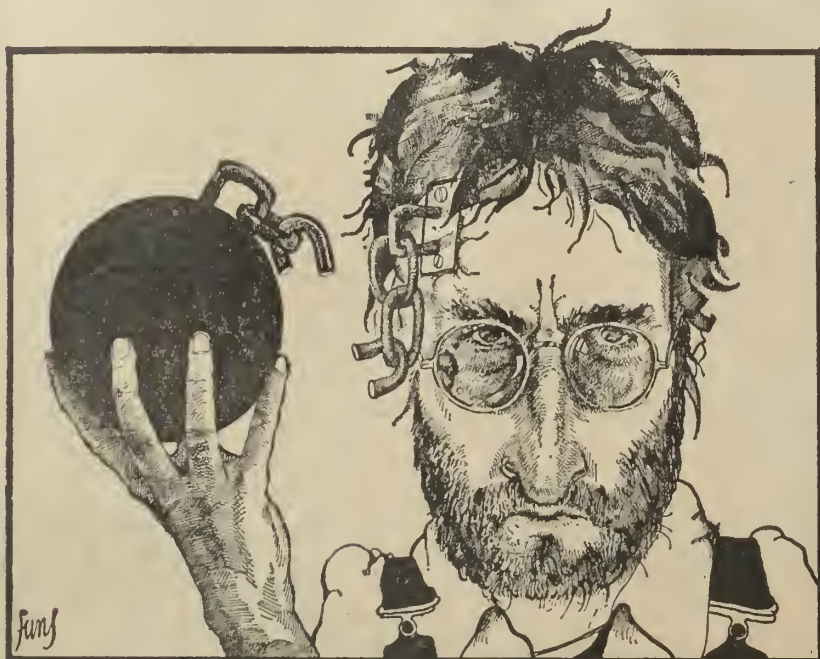








# Good-bye to the 'Now Generation'



Ex-Beatle John Lennon as seen by Fons van Woerkom.

These excerpts are from an interview with John Lennon that appears in the January 7 edition of *Rolling Stone* magazine. The interview was conducted by Jann Wenner, editor of *Rolling Stone*. Lennon was a member of the Beatles, the recently disbanded British rock group.

I no longer believe in myth, and Beatles is another myth.

I don't believe in it. The dream is over. I'm not just talking about the Beatles, I'm talking about the generation thing. It's over, and we gotta—I have to personally—get down to so-called reality.

You see, we believed the Beatles myth, too. I don't know whether the others still believe it. We were four guys . . . I met Paul [McCartney] and said, "You want to join me band?" Then George [Harrison] joined and then Ringo [Starr] joined. We were just a band that made it very, very big that's all. Our best work was never recorded.

What we generated was fantastic, when we played straight rock, and there was nobody to touch us in Britain. As soon as we made it, we made it, but the edges were knocked off.

But we sold out, you know. The music was dead before we even went on the theater tour of Britain. We had to reduce an hour or two hours' playing, which we were glad about in one way, to 20 minutes, and we would go on and repeat the same 20 minutes every night.

The Beatles music died then, as musicians. That's why we never improved as musicians; we killed ourselves then to make it. And that was the end of it. George and I are more inclined to say that; we always missed the club dates because that's when

we were playing music, and then later on we became technically, efficient recording artists—which was another thing—because we were competent people and whatever media you put us in we can produce something worthwhile.

If we want real rock and roll, it's up to all of us to create it and stop being hyped by the revolutionary image and long hair. We've got to get over that bit. That's what cutting hair is about. Let's own up now and see who's who, who is doing something about what, and who is making music. Rock and roll will be whatever we make it.

The best stuff is primitive enough and gets through to you, it's beat, go to the jungle and they have the rhythm. It goes throughout the world and it's as simple as that, you get the rhythm going because everybody goes into it. I read that Eldridge Cleaver said that blacks gave the middle class whites back their bodies, and put their minds and bodies together.

I must of had a thousand trips [on LSD]. I used to just eat it all the time.

I never took it in the studio. Once I thought I was taking some uppers and I was not in the state of handling it, I can't remember what album it was, but I took it and I just noticed . . . I suddenly got so scared on the mike. I thought I felt ill, and I thought I was going to crack. I said I must get some air. They all took me upstairs on the roof . . . and then it dawned on me I must have taken acid. I said, "Well I can't go on, you'll have to do it and I'll just stay and watch." You know I got very nervous

just watching them all. I was saying, "Is it all right?" And they were saying, "Yeah." They had all been very kind and they carried on making the record.

In L.A. the second time we took it, Paul felt very out of it, because we are all a bit slightly cruel, sort of "we're taking it, and you're not." But we kept seeing him, you know. We couldn't eat our food, I just couldn't manage it, just picking it up with our hands. There were all these people serving us in the house and we were knocking food on the floor and all of that. It was a long time before Paul took it. Then there was the big announcement.

So, I think George was pretty heavy on it; we are probably the most cracked. Paul is a bit more stable than George and I.

I think LSD profoundly shocked him, and Ringo. I think maybe they regret it.

I think I'll be able to control myself. "Control" is the wrong word. I just won't get involved in too many things, that's all. I'll just do whatever happens. It's silly to feel guilty that I'm not working, that I'm not doing this or that, it's just stupid. I'm just going to do what I want for myself and for both of us.

I'm sick of all these aggressive hippies or whatever they are, the "Now Generation," being very up-tight with me. Either on the street or anywhere, or on the phone, demanding my attention, as if I owed them something.

I'm not their parents, that's what it is. They come to the door with a peace symbol and expect to just sort of march around the house or something, like an old Beatle fan. They're under a delusion of awareness by having long hair, and that's what I'm sick of. They frighten me, a lot of up-tight maniacs going around, wearing peace symbols.

The bigger we got, the more un-reality we had to face; the more we were expected to do until, when you didn't sort of shake hands with a Mayor's wife, she would start abusing you and screaming and saying "How dare they?"

All that business was awful, it was a humiliation. One has to completely humiliate oneself to be what the Beatles were, and that's what I resent. I didn't know, I didn't foresee. It happened bit by bit, gradually until this complete craziness is surrounding you, and you're doing exactly what you don't want to do with people you can't stand—the people you hated when you were ten. And that's what I'm saying in this [new, solo] album—I remember what it's all about now you

—you! That's what I'm saying, you don't get me twice.





## PRAYER FOR A NEW YEAR

Instead of anger  
Let me feel  
Compassion.

Instead of rage  
Let me show  
Concern.

Instead of hate  
Let me seek  
Change.

For, if  
To a warring, wondering world  
Each of us will bring

Compassion  
Concern  
Change,

Then perhaps there will be  
Love.





# OMAR KHAYYAM HOTEL

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Cairo

1974



...four some's first meeting is "the equivalent of the conventional couple's class, respectable' white suburbanites. They ranged in age from 18 to 70 and



SCENE FROM "BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE"  
From mating dance to mating session.

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regularly ride bikes in the  
on the road are infinitely less  
station wagon with two mar-

Business, though, may kill it,  
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#### EASY RIDING IN CALIFORNIA

ded box, frozen into the glacier of unmoving steel and winking  
red taillights on the ribboned parking lots that expressways  
have become, he can slide through the spaces, take off, go . . .  
And the kick is prodigious.

Instead of insulating its owner like a car, a bike extends  
him into the environment, all senses alert. Everything that hap-  
pens on the road and in the air, the inflections of road sur-  
face, the shuttle and weave of traffic, the opening and  
squeezing of space, the cold and heat, the stinks, perfumes,  
noises and silences—the biker flows into it in a state of height-  
ened consciousness that no driver, with his windows and heat-  
er and radio, will ever know. It is this total experience, not  
the fustian clichés about symbolic penises and deficient fa-  
ther figures that every amateur Freudian trots out when mo-  
torcycles are mentioned, that creates bikers. Riding across  
San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge on his motorcycle, the  
biker is sensually receptive every yard of the way: to the  
bridge drumming under the tires, to the immense Pacific  
wind, to the cliff of icy blue space below.

"*Se tu sarai solo,*" Leonardo da Vinci remarked five hun-  
dred years ago, "*tu sarai tutto tuo*" (If you are alone, you  
are your own man). Biking, like gliding, is one of the most de-  
lightful expressions of this fact. There is nothing second-  
hand or vicarious about the sense of freedom, which means  
possessing one's own and unique experiences, that a big  
bike well ridden confers. Anti-social? Indeed, yes. And  
being so, a means to sanity. The motorcycle is a charm  
against the Group Man.

■ Robert Hughes



Harvard tradition which dictated that the president of the university must have attended Harvard College as an undergraduate. For Bok earned his college degree from Stanford (Phi Beta Kappa) in 1951 before enrolling at the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated magna cum laude in 1954. A Fulbright scholarship took him to Paris, where, as a student at the Sorbonne, he met Sissela Ann Myrdal, the comely blond daughter of Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal. Now Mrs. Bok and the mother of three, she completed work on her doctorate in philosophy from Harvard last year.

Bok himself springs from a notable Philadelphia family. His journalist grandfather, who wrote the classic autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," married into the Curtis publishing family (Derek Bok is a trustee of the Curtis estate), and his father was a distinguished Pennsylvania Supreme Court justice. But when Bok finished at Stanford, he nearly selected the Foreign Service over the law. It was not until his Army stint—during which he earned a master's degree in economics at George Washington University—that he made a firm career choice. "I started getting things together in my mind," he recalls, "and decided I wanted to teach."

**Changes:** After teaching antitrust and labor law at Harvard for ten years, Bok succeeded Erwin Griswold as dean of the law school in 1968. Although the Law School is not a place that easily or quickly, Bok wasted no time in increasing its involvement in the world. And he also strengthened ties with the rest of the university, helping develop new programs and schools.

But Bok is not a man who is very good indeed. He is a man who is a leading confrontation." Yet, outside the law school, a leading Harvard professor finds in those same traits what he regards as worrisome similarities between Bok and the president of Yale. "Bok is a small-time Kingman Brewster," he says, "style and no principle, trendy, acquiescent."

The criticism and the praise, however, are not necessarily at odds. Depending on one's views of any issue, a university dean or president may be judged a man of principle or an opportunist. Bok himself is not unaware of these ambiguities, and last month he identified for Newsweek's Frank Morgan the qualities he believes a university president must possess. Among Bok's chief criteria:

- "A university president must be someone who really understands that the job is no springboard for all sorts of public activities and other interests. The job has to consume his entire life."

- "He must have a capacity for an enormous amount of patience because his options for exerting influence are so indirect. The president exerts moral authority."

- "He should be extremely articulate because he must communicate to many audiences with different problems and points of view."

- "He must have intuitive powers, such as an ability to judge human beings, because he multiplies his influence and power manyfold through his appointments."

- "He must have tremendous administrative skills. At Harvard, we are going through a period when we will have to learn to live with much less growth resources. Instead of new, exciting programs, the president will have to put priorities on what is done."

And how does Bok deal with the endless crises confronting a university administrator? "You have to be calm," he says. "You have to be patient. But you also have to be decisive. I've seen many presidents who are I'm



...reelies.

Remember that smiling mop-haired, scrubbed-faced quartet? That was only an image. Says Lennon, "Everybody



Yoko, John: 'They despised her'

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late Br  
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novations, is  
the death of B  
Stones, a particu  
anything"; and M  
bosom buddy, he accu  
outright imitation.

And so it goes as L  
guts in a convulsive spasm  
posed to be compulsive h  
disgustingly self-indulgent  
tious. What he's left with is  
"She makes music like you  
heard on earth," and few w  
heard her music would disagree  
if he thinks he is a genius, Lennon  
fully puts aside false modesty and  
up. "Yes, if there is such a thing as  
... A genius is a form of madness ...





The 1969 Harvard bust: 'Expectations and reality are out of joint'

\$566,000 to more than \$5 million. The number of black students has jumped from ten to 290. In contrast, the number of students coming from prep schools has fallen from nearly 70 per cent to under 40 per cent. And while nine out of ten qualified alumni sons were admitted in the early '50s, only about four in ten are accepted now.

Harvard was, as usual, in the forefront of the Ivy League movement away from the "preppies" and toward a student body diversified geographically, financially and racially. The university's commitment to diversifying its student body was a key part of its identity in the 1960s.

the mass of Harvard students and faculty into opposition to the university administration, which led to a weeklong and endless recriminations.

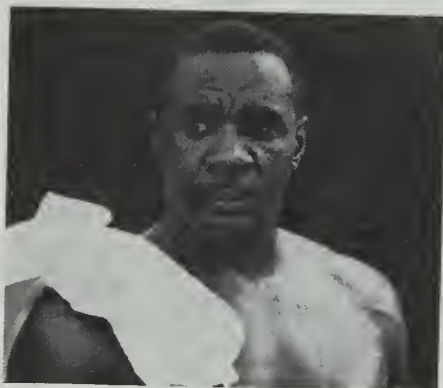
To this day, Pusey insists that the rising did not hasten the end of the war, which comes two years after the mandatory date for the leagues belatedly effective.

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10 victories in his 5-2 record. He won the title by flattening Floyd Patterson in the first round in 1962, did it again in 1963, then proceeded to lose the championship and tarnish his ring reputation with two strangely inept knock-outs at the hands of Cassius Clay in 1964 and 1965.



Ken Regan—Camera 5

### Sonny Liston: Ups and downs

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## Yippies Demand Cut In Festival Profits

New York

A group of promoters announced Monday a \$1 million rock music festival to be held in northern New York State in June and the Yippies immediately demanded to be cut in.

Jim Rutherford of the Youth International Party said the Yippies insisted on a 50 per cent voice in booking the talent, free admission for Negroes and poor people and assurances that some of the profits would be used to defend Dr. Timothy Leary, the Chicago 7 and the Black Panthers.

Otherwise, he said at a news conference called to announce the plans, the Yippies would run a free festival of their own in competition.

Promoter Bud Filippo said he and his partners hoped to limit attendance to 100,000 persons at the festival on a

1240-acre dairy farm they have bought at Harrisburg, about 25 miles from the Canadian border near the Thousand Islands.

He urged all those attending to leave their drugs at home.

Filippo did not give a direct answer to the Yippie demands except to say that "some of the profits will definitely be donated to causes that are important to the country." He said the festival would cost \$1 million and he hoped profits would reach \$1 million too.

Tickets for the three-day festival, he said, would cost \$20 and be sold only through the computerized Ticketron agency. The price includes free parking and camping starting June 24 with the festival proper getting underway the 26th.

Associated Press



# 1971 Just May Be Better

AS Americans rang in the New Year last week, it was an oddly kaleidoscopic moment. Bostonians had slogged through the snowiest December since 1947, and the traffic-snarling snowfalls gave the angular shapes of the town houses on Commonwealth Avenue a specially softened calm. Houston's golf courses were flecked with executives basking in record warm temperatures. Nippy winds scoured clean the usually smoggy Los Angeles basin, offering Southern Californians breathtaking panoramas that they rarely see. The vagaries of the weather matched the novelty of the national mood, as Americans took stock of 1970 and looked to the year ahead. However tentatively, the feeling was that things have been so bad that maybe, just maybe, they are about to get better.

Though there was no sudden end in sight to the litany of plagues that turned 1970 into a year to be well rid of, there came scattered signs that at least the nation's economic illness may be turning into convalescence. That will be the best of any good news; a Louis Harris survey published this week found that more Americans are concerned about the economy than about any other issue. The Commerce Department reported that its economic leading indicators rose an average of 1% in November. November also saw an increase in help-wanted classified ads for the first time in 14 months. In Paris, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development predicted a "fairly strong" U.S. business upturn—and a slackening of inflation—for 1971. Last week the Dow-Jones average soared into the mid-800s, the high for 1970.

**Wait Till Next Year.** Despite the frenetic peregrinations of the last days of the 91st Congress, Administration operatives found the turn of the year a time for self-examination. President Nixon helicoptered to Bethesda Naval Hospital for his annual physical checkup; his doctors found him to be in "excellent health," even to have "a young man's blood pressure." His political standing seemed less clear. At the end of 1970 the Nixon men, reported TIME White House Correspondent Simmons Fentress, were "still a bit defensive, like ballplayers who can only tell the fans to wait until next year." Nixon is still getting low ratings in the polls on the performance of his job, though Americans paid their President a customary tribute by voting him the man they most admired in an annual Gallup sounding—by a considerably smaller margin than the year before.

Nixon's men promise that something new is being charted in the Administration, and that midcourse corrections are being made. There will be, they say, a more positive approach to the Congress. Already there has been a re-

jigging of advisers and administrators at Cabinet level and below. There is even a new spirit of self-criticism among the men who came confidently into office with Nixon only to find their earlier certainties inadequate to the nation's needs.

When Daniel Patrick Moynihan left the White House staff last month to return to teaching, he asked for a frank recognition that simplicities in government no longer suffice. A Harvard colleague, Sociologist David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*), echoes the thought. "I don't ask for the leadership to be preachery and noble," says Riesman, "but I think we would be in much better shape if it were more complex and candid. If the President said, 'We don't know how to manage a big economy, no society has really done it very well,' my feeling is that people would be less anxious. The same with drug problems, Viet Nam and many other of our large burdens."

To Riesman, the questions now troubling Americans are basic: "What can we believe? What is our ultimate end? Who will lead us? Where are we going?" Part of the malaise, he adds, "lies in not knowing where the bottom is and how far down we're going to go." But no national mood can last forever, whether it be the ebullience of the Kennedy years or the despair that has been increasingly the style since November 1963.

**New Innocence.** Already there are signs that the gloom is lifting. Aptly enough, even the radical Weathermen seem to sense a change in the climate: Bernardine Dohrn gave a statement to the Liberation News Service suggesting that bombings have been a tactical mistake because they isolated the bombers from possible supporters. She called for a return to pacific protest. The recent ferment has begun to be quelled in trivial ways: Boston's staunchly traditional Locke-Ober, which lifted its men-only rule for the first-floor restaurant in August after a Women's Lib onslaught, has just reinstated the ban. After Cambodia and Kent State, the campuses are newly quiet. It is a time of consolidation: a time when people turn from the weariness of insoluble problems to a refuge in romance and the kind of new innocence incarnated by Actress Ali MacGraw in *Love Story* (see SHOW BUSINESS).

From the thesis of characteristic American optimism and the antithesis of wild disillusionment, there may come a synthesis that is more honest and appropriate to the modern world than either. If that happens, paradoxically, Americans could turn to antiquity for a text for their times. "Perseverance is more prevailing than violence," wrote Plutarch. "Many things that cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little."



FACES IN A CHICAGO CROWD



# An Unsettling Finale in Congress

**S**LUGGISH, vacillating and quarrelsome throughout its two years of life, the 91st Congress could not even muster the means to die gracefully. It did not so much expire as commit suicide, victim of its ineffectual procedures, disagreement over priorities and inter-chamber acrimonies.

Most of the blame for the closing debacle fell upon the Senate, which had diddled and dawdled too long over too many issues. In a rare public display of bitterness, members of the House, which had discharged its duties much more expeditiously, openly assailed the Senate. "I am fed up with the procrastination, the indecision, the inability to get the job done on the other side of the Capitol," House Republican Leader Gerald Ford told his colleagues. Missouri Republican Durward Hall used harsher words: "The American people have been set upon, as was Caesar of ancient Rome, by supposedly friendly Senators."

**Gordian Knot.** The net effect of most of the senatorial intransigence was to defer final decisions on many issues. The buck-passing means that some battles will have to be fought again. Thus the Senate refused to give the President his Family Assistance Plan, new restrictions on imports of foreign goods or funds for continued development of the supersonic transport aircraft. Even a much-needed increase in Social Security benefits to help senior citizens keep up with the cost of living became a casualty of the deadline pressures.

The setbacks to Administration programs occurred mainly because most of the issues had become intertwined in a Gordian knot of the Senate's devising. The welfare reform, trade quo-

tas and Social Security increase had all been meshed into a single bill by the Senate Finance Committee. Its chairman, Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, finally moved last week to strip the bill of all except the Social Security provisions—against the will of leaders of both parties. The Administration wanted all three programs and figured that Social Security was must legislation that would piggyback the other two into law. Democratic leaders, opposed to the trade quotas but willing to accept welfare reform, still hoped to work out a deal with the White House: if the President would forget about trade, they would push welfare. There was no response from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Exhausted by the impasse, the Senators accepted Long's package-splitting motion, 49 to 21.

The move allowed the Senate to pass the Social Security bill for the moment, while trade and welfare died in limbo. The Administration could now charge that the Democratic-controlled Congress had killed welfare reform, and there was no doubt that it would. Said one White House legislative aide: "We'd just as soon have the issue as the bill. We're going to go up and down the country showing who killed the bill."

Even the Social Security increase died, however, when Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, protested that there simply was not time to resolve "100 major differences" between provisions of the House and Senate bills in a conference committee. Actually, Mills had his own special motive, again tied to welfare reform. He intends to push through his own version of a family assistance plan in the next Congress, but calculates that he needs the Social Security increase as the sweetener to get the reform. His target is to pass a bill "by Lincoln's birthday" that would include a Social Security increase retroactive to Jan. 1 so that the delay would not hurt recipients. Vowed Mills about the Senators and his own welfare reform: "They're going to eat that bill."

The SST issue similarly will carry over, since a Senate filibuster against the aircraft led by Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire proved effective in blocking a definitive decision to continue desired by Washington's Boeing-conscious Democrat Henry Jackson and other SST supporters. Overriding the objections of South Dakota Democrat George McGovern and other liberals, the Senate grudgingly accepted a House-passed food-stamp bill that disqualifies a family from the benefits if it includes an able-bodied adult who refuses to accept work.

**Failure to Perform.** The dominant quality of the 91st Congress thus was its negativism, which can, of course, be a valuable legislative contribution. The

Senate's finest hours may have been in its rejections of the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court, not, as the President claimed, because they were Southerners, but because they fell short of the court's high standards. The Senate also demonstrated a healthy skepticism about military budgets, new defense systems and the President's conduct of foreign policy.

More positively, the Congress extended voting rights in national elections to 18-year-olds, instituted a lottery system for the draft, passed a comprehensive reform of the Post Office and launched programs to provide better rail passenger service, check air pollution from au-

PAUL CONKLIN



McGOVERN & AIDE DISCUSS FOOD STAMPS  
Battling against forced labor.

tomobiles and combat water pollution. It gave the Federal Government new powers to enforce safety standards in industry and in coal mines. But it also demonstrated, all too dramatically, just how badly its own procedures need to be modernized.

## Tribune for the Military

For five years Lucius Mendel Rivers presided over the powerful House Armed Services Committee as the military's best friend on Capitol Hill. Somehow, when he died last week at 65 of progressive heart failure, his rule seemed to have lasted longer, so forceful had it been. In a changing of the guard that will probably prove one more of style than of substance, F. Edward Hébert, 69, will assume the chairmanship when the 92nd Congress convenes. A 15-term Congressman from Louisiana, Hébert acquired his political savvy serving on the House Un-American Activities Committee and later on Armed Services. If anything, he is as obdurate a cold warrior as Rivers, as suspicious of civilian Pentagon officials and as opposed to the changing face of the military. "I'll be seeking the same goals Mendel did," he announced, offering a potpourri of

PAUL CONKLIN



JACKSON (CENTER) IN HUDDLE ON SST  
Fighting to preserve jobs at home.





A "resettled" South African child.

## Pack, Black Man, and Move

By Nadine Gordimer

**JOHANNESBURG.**—Americans who are repelled by a color bar, but are at least prepared to consider that the South African "separate development" political philosophy of apartheid may be something other than Jim Crow legislation under another name, have said that they did not know what to think of the South African government's resettlement schemes for blacks. Living so far away, ignorant of local conditions, is one qualified to judge?

There are many white South Africans living in the country who express similar reservations. Isn't decentralization vital for industrialized countries? Isn't it a good idea to clear rural slums? Politics aside—and in South Africa, separate development purports to aim at the eventual partition of the country, along lines laid down exclusively by the whites, between black and white—don't the industrial planners and community development experts know best?

I would say to Americans what I have said to my fellow white South Africans. You know well enough to eat when hungry, don't you? To turn on the heat when you're cold? To choose a place to live at the rent you can afford, on a transport route convenient to your work, and the pursuit of your interests?

### No Expertise Needed

That is all the expertise needed to judge the reasonable needs of any fellow human being. Forget about his color or "what he was used to": he hungers, thirsts, and must work for a living just as you do. It is too easy for us to shelter behind the analyses of the behavioral sciences, that serve to rationalize the American "hamlet" system in Vietnam as the "restructuring" of society rather than the waging of war, and the crypto-behavioral theory of apartheid that rationalizes arbitrary resettlement in South Africa on the premise that affinity of skin-color and race overrides all other human needs.

In South Africa, in ten years, 900,000 black people have been

*Nadine Gordimer lives in Johannesburg. Her most recent novel is "A Guest of Honour." This article is a New York Times special feature.*

moved from their homes because the lands on which they were living—and some had been settled up to a hundred years—have been declared "black spots" in a white area. The blacks have had no choice. The moves are decreed under laws they had no voice in making, since they had no vote. They are poor people, who live humbly where they were; do not imagine that they are set down in some sort of model village, the shell of a bright new community waiting to be inhabited.

They are usually eventually granted some sort of compensation for the houses they leave behind to be bulldozed, but where they are sent, there are no new ones; at best, some basic building materials may be supplied, and they are expected to build new homes themselves, living meanwhile in tents that may or may not be supplied. There may be water nearby, and fuel; often they must walk miles for these necessities. If they are rural people and are moved to a bit of ground classified non-rural, they must sell their cattle before they go.

The bit of ground may be near a white town where work is available, or may not—it has not proved to be part of the "planning" to insure in advance that those who lose employment by the move shall be provided with alternative employment where they are ordered to live. Some settlements consist entirely of unemployables—officially termed "surplus people," "redundant people," "nonproductive people"—swept out of the towns since they cannot serve as units of labor.

The physical conditions of resettlement are practically, without exception, of such desolation that, confronted with them, one is almost unable to think beyond bread and latrines. The sense of urgency aroused on behalf of people whose struggle for existence has been reduced to a search for wood to make

a fire, a bucket of clean water to drink, 20 cents to pay a bus-fare to a clinic, is inclined to set the mind safely on ameliorating such unthinkable concrete hardships. Newspaper accounts of these conditions have led the public of Johannesburg, for example, to do what is known locally as "opening its heart" to pour forth from the cornucopia of white plenty, blankets, food and medicine to warm, feed and tend the tent-and-hovel black "towns."

This is done in the name of common humanity. But in the name of common humanity, how do white people manage to close their minds to the implications of the resettlement policy while at the same time "opening their hearts" to its callous and inevitable results?

In the second richest country in Africa, in the new decade of the 20th century, choosing to manipulate the lives of a voteless and powerless indigenous majority in accordance with a theory of color preference, we in South Africa are reproducing the living conditions of 19th-century European famine victims allowed to labor under sufferance in another country. In a world with a vast refugee problem still unsolved from the last world war and the lesser ones that have succeeded it, we who have never suffered the destruction of our own soil and cities have created encampments of the people living like the homeless refugees of Palestine, Biafra and Vietnam.

Every human life, however humble it has been, has a context meshed of familiar experience—social relationships, patterns of activity in relation to environment. Call it "home," if you like. To be transported out of this on a government truck one morning and put down in an uninhabited place is to be asked to build not only your shelter but your whole life over again, from scratch. For the hundreds of thousands of blacks who are having this experience forced upon them in South Africa there is no appeal.

As for the whites—if our hearts were ever really to be opened perhaps all we should find would be, graven there, this comment from one of the inhabitants of a resettlement: You can't say no to a white man.





Associated Press.

in Bonn by Chancellor Willy Brandt. With them are Averell Harriman and Foreign Minister Walter Scheel.

## ism After Kosygin Talks

environmental and pollution problems.

Sen. Muskie appeared quite relaxed and in good spirits but was reluctant to provide details about what Mr. Kosygin had told him on major international issues. But he was quite willing to discuss what he told the Russians.

"My objective was to indicate that, by and large, the American people would like to see a constructive improvement in our relations," Sen. Muskie said. Because of long periods of hostility, "it is always a problem for the average American as well as the average Soviet [citizen] to identify the ultimate intentions of the other side," he said he told Mr. Kosygin.

"There is a tendency to believe that the ultimate intention of the other side is hostile and this is exacerbated from time to time by developments of incidents in either country that are misinterpreted or misunderstood in the other country," Sen. Muskie continued.

The senator said the recent incidents caused by the Jewish Defense League against Soviet representatives in the United States "relate to the Leningrad trials... and the Jewish minority in the Soviet Union."

"I think both sides ought to focus on that rather than on the harassments that take place... I hope responsible leaders on both sides would discourage such incidents. They're not helpful, they poison the atmosphere and diminish the prospects for talks and agreements in the more substantive areas," Sen. Muskie said.

### Positive Attitudes

On the strategic arms talks, now adjourned until March 15 in Vienna, Sen. Muskie said that he finds both the American and Soviet attitudes to be "very positive."

He stressed the need for an early agreement because he believes the current time is "a period of maximum possibility for agreement because of a relative balance in nuclear arms."

Sen. Muskie, who is regarded as a likely contender for the 1972 Democratic party presidential nomination, said that Mr. Kosygin and he spoke "on fundamental questions" which separate the two countries, "and not upon the harassments and incidents which exacerbate the differences."

"I found that encouraging and useful," he said. "There are obviously harsh judgments on each side about the other. There was no reluctance to examine them and discuss them, but the whole emphasis was positive."

Commenting on the Middle East, which he had visited before coming to Moscow, the senator said

Communist bloc as "positive, forthcoming and creative."

The senator made the comment at an airport news conference following an hourlong talk with Mr. Brandt. Bonn was the final stop on his fact-finding tour.

The conversation centered on Mr. Brandt's attempt to negotiate a lowering of tensions with the Communist bloc based on non-aggression treaties.

"I like it," Sen. Muskie said of Mr. Brandt's policy. "It is positive, forthcoming and creative. Risks? Yes. But an enlightened willingness to take risks can do nothing but serve our best interests."

The senator later left Germany to return to Washington.

## Paul Gekker, 53, Federal Reserve Economist, Dies

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17 (WP).—Paul Gekker, 53, senior economist in the international finance division of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, died yesterday.

A native of London, Mr. Gekker received bachelor's and master's degrees in international economics from George Washington University. He did additional graduate work there and was also a lecturer and academic consultant on Soviet economics.

He served in the U.S. Army during World War II and later was an intelligence research specialist at the State Department. He also had served as economic and financial officer at the American Embassy in Stockholm.

A specialist on Soviet and Eastern European economic and financial systems, he had been with the board of governors since 1960. He was the author of numerous articles for professional journals.

### Philippe Thys

BRUSSELS, Jan. 17 (AP).—Cyclist Philippe Thys, three times winner of the Tour de France, died here today. Mr. Thys, 80, a Belgian, won the Tour in 1913, 1914 and 1920.

### Alexandros Vamvetsos

ATHENS, Jan. 17 (UPI).—Alexandros Vamvetsos, 81, a former politician and distinguished jurist, died yesterday. Although he founded parties and led various political groups, and although he was considered to be the most outstanding Greek legal mind of his time, Mr. Vamvetsos only managed to be elected to parliament

## Optimism

By James Feron

WARSAW, Jan. 17 (NYT).—Expressions of disillusion appear to be seeping through some levels of Polish society as the new government of Edward Gierk, the Communist party leader, nears its first month in office.

The optimism that swept the nation with Wladyslaw Gomulka's resignation as party chief can still be felt, observers note, but it is tinged now with impatience and frustration.

A scientist who worked once in Western laboratories watched the evening television news in Warsaw a few nights ago and finally said sharply, "Nothing has changed."

Most of the program had been devoted to scenes of national lead-

## Montecristo Isle To Be Preserved

ROME, Jan. 17 (UPI).—The government announced last night that it was not selling the island of Montecristo, a tiny, uninhabited granite rock in the Tyrrhenian Sea made famous by the 19th-century French novelist Alexandre Dumas.

The four-square-mile island will become a nature reserve, a statement by the agriculture minister said.

The decision ended months of speculation about Montecristo. There were reports that the state wanted to sell it. But the National Research Council and other state agencies asked the government to maintain it as a nature reserve because of its unusual flora and fauna.

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Friday  
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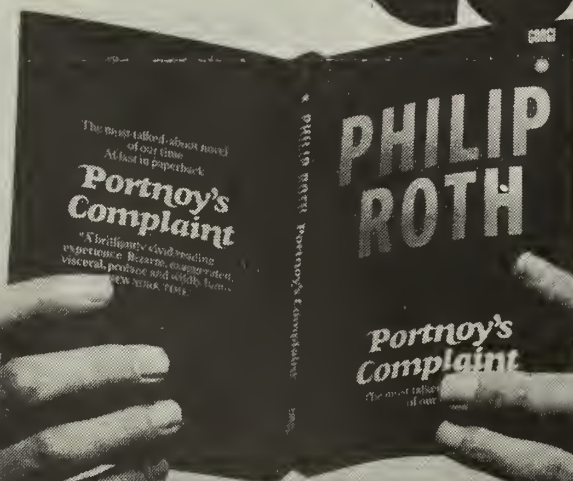
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## Operation Steel Tiger

The Vietnam conflict has been one of the least romanticized wars in history, but some of the American units who have fought in the field—among them the Special Forces and the First Air Cavalry Division—have acquired a certain glamour. Thus a report last week that the last two Green Beret camps were being transferred to the South Vietnamese and that a brigade of the Air Cav would come home in March emphasized the real meaning of that jargon word "Vietnamization." Another evidence of the changing nature of the war came with Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's forecast, while en route to Saigon, that the U.S. would end its "combat responsibility" in Vietnam this summer. The future U.S. role, said Laird, would be one of logistic, artillery and air support.

To a large degree, that is already the U.S. role. The biggest military operation the U.S. is currently conducting in Indochina is a massive bombing campaign in Laos. With the fighting in Vietnam at an ebb, southern Laos has become the strategic focus of the war. Hanoi is pushing more soldiers and supplies into the mountainous pathways of the Ho Chi Minh Trail than in any recent year. Not to be outdone, the U.S. Air Force is dropping such a volume of bombs that one U.S. military analyst was moved to remark: "It makes the mind boggle."

**Struggle:** The air war in Laos, a costly campaign in which 227 pilots have been reported missing and nearly 500 planes and thirteen helicopters have been lost, stretches back to 1964. But now the effort has reached crescendo proportions as 1,500 tons of bombs hit the trail network every day in a Swiftian struggle between the computerized technology of the U.S. and the guerrilla tactics of the

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computerized... the Air Force and the tenacity of North Vietnamese peasants.

Ever since they lost the use of the port of Kompong Som during last summer's allied incursions into Cambodia, the North Vietnamese have had to rely on their Laos supply system to equip their forces in the southern part of the peninsula. Accordingly, the Communists have created a new trail in western Laos, have devised methods of moving free-floating containers down the waterways and have constructed underground tunnel networks and storage caves. To operate and guard this supply complex, Hanoi has moved in perhaps as many as 75,000 men. Significantly, however, the majority of the men and supplies are staying in Laos, not pushing through the "pipeline" into South Vietnam. Hanoi's purpose, say American analysts, is nothing less than the development of a mammoth logistics operation which can feed its entire southern Indochina campaign.

To frustrate this plan, the U.S. has intensified Operation Steel Tiger, a campaign which in the last two months alone

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Inevitably, spec the bombing cam by a South Vietn. But one Pentagon ing that such an tarily feasible quickly adds: "I approved." And cost of "another likely to be m cares to pay a election. As a more and bigg

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## TRIALS:

## Day in Court

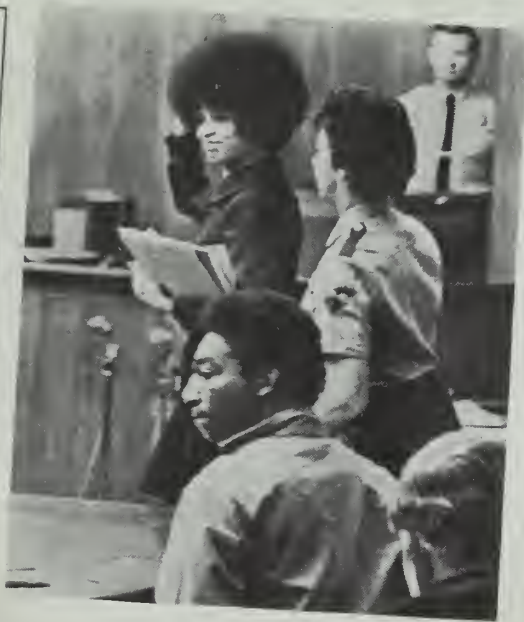
Tall, slender and straight-backed, her fine face framed in a full Afro hair-do, she walked into court, smiled down at her heavily chained co-defendant, Russell Magee, and thrust her right fist upward in the revolutionary salute. And then Angela Davis, 26, the former UCLA philosophy instructor and avowed Communist accused of helping plot the shootout murder of a judge in San Rafael, Calif., rose to speak in the courthouse where the deadly drama had occurred.

Her words were entirely in character. "I now declare publicly before this court and before the people of this country that I am innocent . . ." she said at her arraignment last week. "I stand before the court as the target of a political frame-up which, far from pointing to my culpability, implicates the state of California as an agent of political repression." She asked that she be allowed to assist in her own defense, and told the court, "A system of justice which virtually condemns to silence the one person who stands to lose most would seem to be self-defeating."

Though normal courtroom protocol didn't require it, Judge Joseph G. Wilson let Miss Davis have her say. But he took her miscellany of defense motions under advisement—and expelled Magee, the lone survivor among four blacks involved in the August shootout, for shouting. The moments of drama sustained Miss Davis's standing as a wall-postered *cause célèbre* for the American left and the Communist world; her case has so engrossed the Russians in particular that President Nixon felt moved to invite fourteen Soviet scientists to watch her trial. But the proceeding last week was only the beginning of Angela Davis's day in court—and her only the first in what

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# HENRY C. WALLICH ON BACKBONING

In 1966, when prices and wages were beginning to boom lustily, it became evident that employers needed a little encouragement to resist high wage demands. In a *NEWSWEEK* column, I suggested that this purpose could be accomplished and employers' backbones stiffened by placing a tax penalty on enterprises that gave wage hikes in excess of a guidepost for reasonable wage increases. Today, wages and prices are booming even faster. Present policies seem to be a little slow in producing the promised price stability. The tax proposal, on which meanwhile I have done some casual research, seems worth disinterring.

The way it would work is easy to describe—perhaps less easy to administer. A guidepost for wages would have to be set. For every percentage point that a wage settlement exceeds the guidepost, the company's tax goes up by, say, 3 percentage points over the standard corporate rate of 48 per cent. If the guidepost were 5.5 per cent, a settlement of 9.5 per cent would boost the company's tax rate to 60 per cent. That is what has come to be meant by "backboning."

## JAWBONING

Backboning fits better into a market economy than jawboning. Businessmen are not hit over the head verbally or financially. If they find it profitable, or inevitable, they can ignore the guidepost. Only the weights are shifted. It becomes more expensive for business—not for labor—to disregard the public interest in wage decisions.

Soundings with the principal interested parties bring illuminating reactions. "It's an antilabor proposal," says a union official. "Sure, business pays the tax. But they can probably shift it. The effect is to slow the rise in wages. The workingman hasn't had an improvement in his standard of living since 1965. The workingman needs big pay gains to keep ahead of inflation."

"This tax is unfair to business," says an executive. "Today, profits are back where they were in 1966. The total take of labor is up 25 per cent since then. How are you to set a fair guidepost under those conditions?"

Tax administrators are less than enthusiastic. "Anyone making a proposal like this had better be sure it can be administered. The last time you and your academic friends came up with a tax gimmick, it was nothing but a can of worms. How are you going to

define a 'wage increase'? Where are you going to get the data? The taxpayer has to be able to compute his tax down to the penny. The Internal Revenue Service has to be able to audit it without endless litigation. Do you realize there are still tax suits pending from the Korean war excess-profits tax?"

Most of these objections have answers. A guidepost could be set that would be arbitrary but not unreasonable. It would have to take into account part of the going rate of inflation, say one-half, or about 2.5 per cent. Adding this to long-term national-productivity gains of about 3 per cent per year, one arrives for 1970 at a guidepost of about 5.5 per cent. The danger that business would shift the tax to the consumer is slight. Most recent research shows that the corporate-profits tax, in contrast to a payroll tax, is not shifted easily.

## HOW TO DO IT

The required data very probably are available to business. To compute the tax, it will be necessary to define the amount of a wage increase in terms much more precise than the usually publicized percentages. But business knows its exact payments for wages, salaries, bonuses and fringes, because these data are used in establishing profit-tax liability. Business also knows the number of hours worked, including overtime, because these data are used in making up payrolls. Thus a little arithmetic will show the increase in pay per man-hour. That is the "wage increase" to be measured against the guidepost. It does not allow, to be sure, for changes that may occur in the proportion of skilled workers with premium pay. Complicated accounting might accomplish even that, but it would probably be more trouble than it is worth.

Finally, the tax, though asymmetrical between business and labor, is evenhanded. Both are put under pressure. Both sides today try to defend their position by quoting contradictory statistics that demonstrate only this: both sides are hurt by unemployment and neither side can keep ahead of inflation. What the tax aims to do is to make a higher level of employment consistent with less inflation. This requires more resistance to excessive wage increases. The backboning tax should accomplish just that.

| Most      |        | Year's            |     | High   |       | Low |  |
|-----------|--------|-------------------|-----|--------|-------|-----|--|
| 2,450     | 2,155  | CIBA              | Fr  | 43     | 14    |     |  |
| 2,230     | 2,025  | CIBA              | Fr  | 173    | 17    |     |  |
| 3,315     | 2,670  | Nestle            | Fr  | 72     | 18    |     |  |
| 3,310     | 2,420  | Ste. de Bq        | Fr  | 60     | 15    |     |  |
| 3,580     | 2,520  | Credit Suisse     | Fr  | 76     | 19    |     |  |
| 4,600     | 3,040  | Un. Bques. Suiss  | Fr  | 63     | 16    |     |  |
| 4,725     | 3,550  | Sandoz Nom.       | Fr  | 62     | 15    |     |  |
| 3,600     | 2,670  | Alusuisse Port.   | Fr  | 43     | 14    |     |  |
| LONDON    |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 58/       | 42 1/2 | Imp. Chem. Inds.  | Sh  | 43     | 14    |     |  |
| 80/       | 39 2/4 | Furness Withy     | Sh  | 77     | 17    |     |  |
| 82/3      | 56/3   | Shell Transport   | Sh  | 72     | 18    |     |  |
| 62/3      | 50/9   | Marks and Spencer | Sh  | 60     | 15    |     |  |
| 114/6     | 68/6   | British Petrol    | Sh  | 76     | 19    |     |  |
| 56/       | 35/6   | Bowater           | Sh  | 36     | 9     |     |  |
| 16/       | 6/6    | Whim Creek        | Sh  | 12     | 9     |     |  |
| 47/4 1/2  | 34/3   | Beecham           | Sh  | 43     | 14    |     |  |
| FRANKFURT |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 218.5     | 123.2  | Badische-Anilin   | DM  | 132    | 12    |     |  |
| 187.3     | 114.2  | Bayer             | DM  | 120.4  | 11    |     |  |
| 429       | 244    | Deutsche Bank     | DM  | 293.5  | 28    |     |  |
| 239       | 160.5  | AEG-Telefunken    | DM  | 167.5  | 16    |     |  |
| 243       | 155.5  | Hoechst Farben    | DM  | 164.9  | 16    |     |  |
| 270       | 167    | Hamborner Bergh.  | DM  | 260.5  | 26    |     |  |
| 183.5     | 136    | VEBA              | DM  | 147    | 14    |     |  |
| 332       | 182    | Dresdner Bank     | DM  | 222    | 22    |     |  |
| PARIS     |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 165       | 130    | Saint-Gobain      | Fr  | 150.5  | 14    |     |  |
| 206       | 171    | Pechiney          | Fr  | 173    | 17    |     |  |
| 229       | 178    | Ugine-Kuhlmann    | Fr  | 185    | 18    |     |  |
| 264       | 214    | Rhone-Poulenc     | Fr  | 217    | 21    |     |  |
| 228       | 149.9  | Fr Petroles       | Fr  | 162    | 16    |     |  |
| 182.5     | 132    | Denain-Nord-Est   | Fr  | 133.2  | 13    |     |  |
| 75        | 58     | Nord (Cie. du)    | Fr  | 63     | 6     |     |  |
| 296       | 220    | Le Nickel         | Fr  | 260    | 25    |     |  |
| BRUSSELS  |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 2,850     | 1,948  | Petrofina         | Fr  | 2,750  | 2,800 |     |  |
| 4,520     | 3,370  | Arbed             | Fr  | 4,200  | 4,190 |     |  |
| 1,740     | 1,320  | Gevaert           | Fr  | 1,575  | 1,560 |     |  |
| 1,807     | 1,632  | Intercom B D'El   | Fr  | 1,755  | 1,760 |     |  |
| 1,824     | 1,268  | Cockerill-Ougree  | Fr  | 1,384  | 1,424 |     |  |
| 1,988     | 1,670  | Union Miniere     | Fr  | 1,755  | 1,785 |     |  |
| 2,900     | 2,520  | Solvay            | Fr  | 2,655  | 2,740 |     |  |
| 2,040     | 1,710  | Katanga P.S.      | Fr  | 1,755  | 1,800 |     |  |
| NEW YORK  |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 63        | 45 1/2 | Fed. Nat. Mtg.    | \$  | 60     | 62    |     |  |
| 35 1/2    | 16 1/2 | Chrysler          | \$  | 27 1/2 | 29    |     |  |
| 53 1/2    | 40 1/2 | Am. Tel. Tel.     | \$  | 44 1/2 | 47    |     |  |
| 25 1/2    | 9 1/2  | Telex Corp.       | \$  | 20 1/2 | 20    |     |  |
| 28 1/2    | 10 1/2 | City Invest.      | \$  | 14 1/2 | 1     |     |  |
| 35        | 21 1/2 | Scott Paper       | \$  | 22 1/2 | 2     |     |  |
| 24 1/2    | 17 1/2 | Tenneco           | \$  | 19 1/2 | 2     |     |  |
| 67 1/2    | 13 1/2 | Natomas           | \$  | 48 1/2 | 4     |     |  |
| TORONTO   |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 5.125     | 3.15   | Jockey Club Ltd.  | C\$ | 3.95   |       |     |  |
| 32.375    | 9.75   | Home Oil Ltd. A   | C\$ | 26.875 | 2     |     |  |
| 22.75     | 14.50  | Imp. Oil Ltd.     | C\$ | 19.875 | 1     |     |  |
| 17.00     | 11.75  | Brascan Ltd.      | C\$ | 15.50  |       |     |  |
| 51.00     | 30.875 | Hud. B. O. & G.   | C\$ | 38.50  |       |     |  |
| 4.15      | 1.75   | W. C. Seed Proc.  | C\$ | 4.00   |       |     |  |
| 15.50     | 10.125 | North. & Cen. Gas | C\$ | 14.625 |       |     |  |
| 26.25     | 18.625 | Steel Co. of Can. | C\$ | 24.625 |       |     |  |
| AMSTERDAM |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 67.9      | 46.9   | Philips           | Hfl | 46.9   |       |     |  |
| 156       | 113.7  | Royal Dutch       | Hfl | 143.5  |       |     |  |
| 111.4     | 70.7   | AKZO              | Hfl | 72.2   |       |     |  |
| 241.4     | 202    | Robeco            | Hfl | 214.2  |       |     |  |
| 230       | 158.3  | Rolingo           | Hfl | 166.3  |       |     |  |
| 121       | 79.1   | Unilever          | Hfl | 84.5   |       |     |  |
| 97.5      | 64.3   | Scheepvaart Unie. | Hfl | 81     |       |     |  |
| 92        | 58     | Ver Mach Fabr     | Hfl | 65     |       |     |  |
| TOKYO     |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 61        | 52     | Kobe Steel        | Yen | 53     |       |     |  |
| 125       | 68     | Jap Mail Stmshp   | Yen | 10     |       |     |  |
| 85        | 63     | Mitsubishi H Ind  | Yen | 8      |       |     |  |
| 1,270     | 518    | TDK Elec          | Yen | 5      |       |     |  |
| 223       | 65     | Sanko Stmshp      | Yen | 1      |       |     |  |
| 152       | 98     | Hitachi           | Yen |        |       |     |  |
| 1,339     | 491    | Daiwa House       | Yen |        |       |     |  |
| 520       | 340    | Alps Electric     | Yen |        |       |     |  |
| SYDNEY    |        |                   |     |        |       |     |  |
| 8.-       | —5     | Int. Mining       | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 289       | 54     | Poseidon          | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 21.5      | 11.-   | New Broken Hill   | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 17.8      | 8.4    | Western Mining    | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 14.6      | 8.3    | Peko Wallsend     | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 18.4      | 8      | Mineral Securitie | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 15.7      | 1.8    | Westralian Nick   | A   |        |       |     |  |
| 9.1       | 3.7    | Metals Explor.    | A   |        |       |     |  |

Quotations from Foreign  
3 Rue Du Marche,





BY STEWART ALSOP

## VIETNAM: OUT FASTER

WASHINGTON—Obedient to his Pavlovian impulses, Senator Fulbright charged last week that the air raids on North Vietnam and the prisoner-rescue operation signaled "an expansion of the war." The chances are that the precise opposite is true. For there is a growing feeling among the Administration's policymakers that it might be a good idea to accelerate the rate of withdrawal from Vietnam very sharply.

There are two good reasons why this would be a good idea. One is that discipline and morale in the American Army in Vietnam are deteriorating very seriously. The other is that the Army has accomplished the basic mission for which it was sent to Vietnam.

As to the first point, an item of evidence is the addition of the verb "to frag" to the enlisted man's vocabulary in Vietnam. The word means to use a fragmentation grenade to cool the ardor of any officer or NCO too eager to make contact with the enemy. No doubt the number of men who have been fragged is small, but the word itself tells the story.

Much other evidence tells the same story, like the recent article in Life about an infantry company whose West Point commander had to plead with his men to go on patrol—when a commander has to plead with his men, instead of ordering them, his outfit has gone plumb to hell. That the whole Army in Vietnam is in danger of going plumb to hell is further attested by a small flood of letters from Vietnam stimulated by a couple of recent pieces in this space.

### 'AVOID CONTACT'

A sergeant, for example, writes that "leaders of small combat units like myself" are under fierce pressure from their men to do everything possible to avoid contact with the enemy. Other letters bear witness to the bitterness of the combat soldiers who feel—with reason—that the system discriminates against them. "I am a combat infantryman, a draftee, a loser," one man wrote. "The few times we go to the rear we are treated like scum by the clerks and jerks . . . I would rather shoot my commanding officer than the enemy."

There are certain obvious reasons for the deterioration of discipline and morale. A retreat is the most difficult of military movements, partly because no one wants to be the last man killed in a

war. "No one wants to be a casualty for no reason at all," writes an enlisted man, "especially when the decision to terminate the fighting over here has already been taken."

Any army, moreover, reflects the home front, and the home front has lost stomach for the war. The war was hardly mentioned in the recent campaign, and no brass bands greet the returning veteran. The Army reflects the home front in another way too. Recent witnesses before a House committee testified that between 60 per cent and 80 per cent of the enlisted men have tried the powerful Vietnam marijuana. The drug culture, in other words, has invaded the Army. A pot-smoking army can hardly be expected to be a first-class fighting force.

### DREADFUL SYSTEM

There is also a less obvious reason for the deterioration—the Army's dreadful system of recruitment. Under the system, the Army entices men to enlist by promising them, almost in so many words, that they will not have to fight in Vietnam. A man who enlists before he is drafted is permitted to choose his own "MOS" or military occupational specialty. Not surprisingly, only 2.5 per cent choose the infantry.

This dreadful system has now caught up with the Army in Vietnam. The combat forces in Vietnam three or four years ago were highly professional, and very impressive. Now, as a result of the system, the combat forces are manned by bitter draftees. Almost nine out of ten (88 per cent) of the infantry rifle-men are draftees.

The result is inevitable—the draftees get killed in disproportionate numbers. They make up less than a third of the men in Vietnam. But according to a study by Andrew Glass for the National Journal, confirmed by the Pentagon manpower experts as accurate, they get killed at nearly double the rate of the non-draftee enlisted men.

Is it any wonder that the draftees are bitter? Is it, in fact, any wonder that they do as little fighting as possible? And is it any wonder that those who know the score are beginning to think about pulling this non-fighting army out of Vietnam in a hurry?

Present plans call for withdrawing to the level of about 280,000 men by May, with gradual withdrawals thereafter to

around 50,000 men in the fall of 1972. This "residual force" will be manned wholly by non-draftees. Its job will be to ensure continued air and firepower superiority to the South Vietnamese, thus protecting to the extent possible the huge American investment of blood and treasure in Vietnam.

This rate of withdrawal could certainly be accelerated. According to those who should know, the draw-down to the residual-force level could be completed, in an orderly fashion, by the fall of next year, perhaps by late summer. The chief argument against such an acceleration is that it would undercut our bargaining power in Paris. But surely it ought to be obvious by this time that the Communist side has not—and never has had—the slightest intention of negotiating a compromise settlement our side could conceivably accept.

There are risks, of course, in an accelerated withdrawal, but the greatest risk of all is inherent in the constant deterioration of discipline and morale in our Army in Vietnam. There is also another reason why the withdrawal could and should be accelerated.

### OBJECT ACHIEVED

The object of our long agony in Vietnam has been to prevent the Communists from seizing power by force in South Vietnam. No one can predict what might happen five or ten years from now. But for the immediately foreseeable future, according to sensible men who know what they are talking about, that object has been achieved.

The Communists can still make a lot of trouble, of course. But even after an accelerated withdrawal, they simply do not have the forces or the political support to make good on their promise to rename Saigon Ho Chi Minh City—not unless we Americans are asinine enough to throw away our whole huge investment in Vietnam by withdrawing, in a fit of pique, all our support for the people who have fought on our side.

Back in 1966, Sen. George Aiken proposed that we make a "unilateral declaration of military victory," and withdraw our forces from Vietnam. In the sense that the basic American objective in Vietnam has now been achieved, that "victory" has at last been won. So it is time to take those bitter draftees in our crumbling Army out of Vietnam—and the sooner the better.



complaints against the business and is clubby. However, the move to take. He is well known to shift the agency from the Justice Department to the White House, has long debated setting up a new consumer agency that would take many of the FTC's functions. The proposal was stalled in a committee last week but may be approved next year.) "Unless we prove our case," Kirkpatrick told NEWSWEEK's Bishop Jr. last week, "the commission will likely be dismembered."

That Kirkpatrick advocates to restore the Little Old Lady of Pennsylvania Avenue respectability is not an anti-business vendetta, but a careful exploration of the outer reaches of the FTC's statutory authority. "We are going after the big cases," he explains, because "major industries touch more consumers than minor industries do, and the more consumers the commission ultimately touches, the more we'll be enforcing the law." In Kirkpatrick's view, in short, the FTC serves as the cop on the business beat—and in that role, he says, "You don't give out traffic tickets when the bank is being robbed down the street."

## SECURITIES:

### A House for Firestone

If anything has demonstrated Wall Street's need for permanent capital, it has been the financial crisis of the past 10 years. The brokerage community has been appallingly slow to find new ways to meet this need, but last week brought a dramatic push in a new direction: the blue-chip investment banking house of Drexel Harriman Ripley, Inc., revealed it had sold a 25 per cent interest to Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. for \$100 million—the first such major investment in a brokerage firm by an industrial corporation in recent history.

Typically, for a change, the move was dictated by financial need. Drexel's president James Stratton insisted the firm was sound and profitable and would use the new cash to expand into new areas. "This," he said, "will ensure we know we're alive and thinking for ourselves."

On its own part, Firestone, a long-time Drexel Harriman client, described the move as a logical one for an international corporation with growing banking and investment operations. But for Wall Street, the implications of the move were dictated by the announcement that Firestone, as the firm will be known, would seek the New York Stock Exchange's approval to permit the firm to increase its interest to a 55 per cent share of the broker-

timers in the Big Board, who fear domination by giant corporations and financial institutions if the membership gate is unlocked. But considering the Street's present plight, it is bound to receive a very careful hearing.

### Good-by to a Guru

They called him "guru to the performance cult," and in the rampant bull market of the 1960s investment banker Burt S. Kleiner was said to have the hottest hand west of the Mississippi. His small firm, Los Angeles-based Kleiner, Bell & Co., catered to a fast-moving crowd of Hollywood bigwigs, industrialists and go-go mutual funds—and it moved their money and its own into a dazzling succession of hot stocks and intricate deals. In his heyday, Kleiner helped turn Commonwealth United Corp. from a film pro-



New York Times

Kleiner: Too many deals?

duction company with sales of \$6 million into a \$155 million mini-conglomerate, launched battles for control of Studebaker Corp. and Boston & Maine Corp. (his backers won control of Boston & Maine and two seats on the Studebaker board) and forced Milwaukee's Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. to back out of a merger deal with Signal Oil & Gas (now Signal Companies, Inc.).

**Life-style:** Kleiner's wheeling and dealing was matched by his flamboyant style of life. He amassed a \$1 million pop-art collection, invested in an underground magazine and record company and drove an Excalibur roadster, a modern reproduction of a 1927 Mercedes. And he wasn't about to join the clubby financial establishment. "Wall Street," he snorted. "Who needs it?"

But when the go-go stock market began to cool late in 1968, Kleiner's hand cooled even faster. Some of the stocks he promoted plunged even before the market slump; others floundered in the general decline. By the beginning of this year, Kleiner, Bell was in deep financial trouble and under investigation by the American and New York stock exchanges and the Securities and Exchange Com-

mission. In March the firm bowed out of the retail brokerage business; it has since managed to liquidate without loss to its customers. And last week, Kleiner, Bell received its coup de grâce. Charging multiple violations of securities regulations, the two major stock exchanges and the SEC barred the firm and two of its principals, Kleiner and Ralph J. Shapiro, from any future securities dealings. Among their alleged sins were selling unregistered stock, publicly recommending a stock while selling their own holdings, and falsifying bookkeeping entries to conceal the firm's financial condition.

This time, Burt Kleiner wasn't available for comment.

## AUTOS:

### The Toughest Year

When the United Auto Workers union and General Motors Corp. announced agreement on a rich, new labor contract a month ago, Detroit, naturally enough, rejoiced. After a 58-day strike that cost 394,000 UAW members more than \$600 million in lost wages and the company an equal amount in lost earnings, the almost universal feeling was that the worst was over for the auto industry. By last week, however, it had become increasingly clear that the settlement—welcome as it was—counted as only one hurdle overcome in what shapes up as the automakers' toughest model year in a decade.

At General Motors, the four weeks since agreement on the master contract have been occupied with bargaining on local working agreements at the firm's 155 plants across the country. But after all that time and talking, eight of the plants remained closed by strikes last weekend and only eighteen of GM's 24 U.S. assembly plants were producing cars.

**Tie-up:** Even that is far brighter than the picture at GM of Canada, where 22,100 UAW members are now about to start their fourth month on strike. Last week, UAW president Leonard Woodcock joined company and union negotiators in Toronto and said the strike could be ended if GM agreed to tie its Canadian workers to the cost-of-living formula covering GM's U.S. employees—a move that would mean an immediate increase of 21 cents an hour. GM wasn't buying. "As long as they take that position, we've got one hell of a dispute," snapped George Morris Jr., the firm's director of labor relations. "I don't know where this is going to wind up."

GM was not alone in its troubles. In prior years, a contract agreement at one of the Big Three companies has usually been followed by nearly identical bargains in quick succession at the other two producers—and accordingly, the union turned to Ford as soon as the GM deal was made. But bargaining turned sticky—and even if a national agreement is reached before this week's strike deadline, the betting was that local disputes would close many Ford plants.



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## LETTERS

### Hanging in the Balance

The unusually comprehensive piece on the strategic arms limitation talks (SALT) by Bruce van Voorst (INTERNATIONAL, Nov. 16) unfortunately misses one key point. U.S. deployment of MIRVed warheads on its land- and submarine-launched missiles ended the mutual inspection system that the U.S. and Soviet Union depended upon for intelligence data on strategic weapons.

For ten years aerial reconnaissance and satellite surveillance permitted both nuclear powers to inventory continuously each other's missiles. Now, with up to seventeen warheads emplaced on a single missile, overflight inspection techniques cannot determine the numbers deployed. MIRV has destabilized the uneasy nuclear balance of terror and additional MIRVed warheads on its land- and sub- while the SALT negotiations continue, if any limitation of the arms race is to be accomplished.

ROBERT Z. ALPERN

Annapolis, Md.

### There's Much to Do

A telling admission was made by Illinois U.S. Senate hopeful Ralph Smith (U.S. AFFAIRS, Nov. 16) if, as you report, he said that he "must have misread what people were concerned about."

If he explains his loss in that way, it verifies something chilling. It tells us he stumped the hustings on issues that he calculated as public interest, to lull voters into thinking he was their kind of man. Who knows what a man's convictions are if he responds in a "kneejerk" fashion to every odor floating in the breeze?

Such statements imbue many of us with an ennui toward elections—and with distrust, disgust and cynicism toward the men who aspire to public office.

MICHAEL VINE

Mission Hills, Calif.

■ Neither party can afford to lose votes in the '72 Presidential race. The Democrats would be well advised to become students of facial physiognomy in a hurry.

Consider the success of such faces as Buckley, Stevenson, Brock, and in the past Lindsay, the Kennedys, Reagan, Agnew and Eisenhower. Then analyze the faces of the top Democratic contenders for 1972: Humphrey—those eyebrows will never do. McGovern—a short upper lip suggesting contempt, and does he ever smile? Bayh—a persecution complex in the eyebrows. And then Muskie—worry, condemnation and thought in the eyebrows, and notice the pouty mouth, the puffiness under the lower lip disclosing a volcanic temper; it could easily cost the Democrats the next election.

ROY U. JORDAN

Emporia, Kans.

■ If Muskie is indeed nominated at the 1972 convention, the Democrats will be inviting defeat. Just as Humphrey was plagued later by his choice of the power brokers over the primaries in 1968, so Muskie will not be forgiven his strong

support of the pro-Administration Vietnam plank at the Democratic convention. He has aggravated the situation by cozily jockeying for the nomination instead of providing desperately needed Democratic leadership and addressing the issues.

KENNETH SOKOLOFF

Philadelphia, Pa.

■ That Nelson Rockefeller should indulge his conceit to run for a fourth term is unparalleled hubris, in the context of the course of recent democratic progress; that he should attempt to buy his election for \$6 million is open mockery of the principles espoused by the very people he eventually bought; that he should actually succeed, however, is further tragic commentary on the state of the American people themselves.

Ah, well; the majority do get what the majority do deserve.

EDWARD M. BRAND

Monnikendam, The Netherlands

### Alliance for What?

Your report on Chile's Marxist President (INTERNATIONAL, Nov. 2) underscores the fact that after a decade of abusing the principles set forth in the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. has succeeded in destroying all chances of achieving moderate, democratic administrations in Latin America.

The Alliance for Progress, initiated by the late President John F. Kennedy, was to have helped these nations, but it has been defeated by unscrupulous U.S. firms that have put their benefit before that of the people.

In a few words, spoken in December 1969, Sen. Mike Mansfield said everything that needs to be said about why our aid program has not returned the harvest we expected: "Foreign aid is no longer an aid program. It's a program for the benefit of American business. It's no longer being used for the humanitarian precept for which it was established . . ."

Today, in Peru, three large U.S. construction firms are on trial for attempting to defraud the government of that country. The hundreds of millions of dollars involved may not be considered important to a country such as the U.S., which has now become immune to any sum that is not listed in the billions, but for Peru this was a substantial amount of money. The U.S. Government agency responsible for monitoring the projects on which these firms were employed has been aware of the nefarious acts but has taken no action.

The Alliance for Progress has failed. The loss cannot be measured only in the billions of dollars wasted but must be measured in our loss of prestige and the unalleviated misery of millions of people. It is a monument to our greed and the aloofness and ineffectiveness of the U.S. civil servants entrusted with the job.

When will we learn?

CHARLES PETTIT

Torremolinos, Spain

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WRITING AT HOME

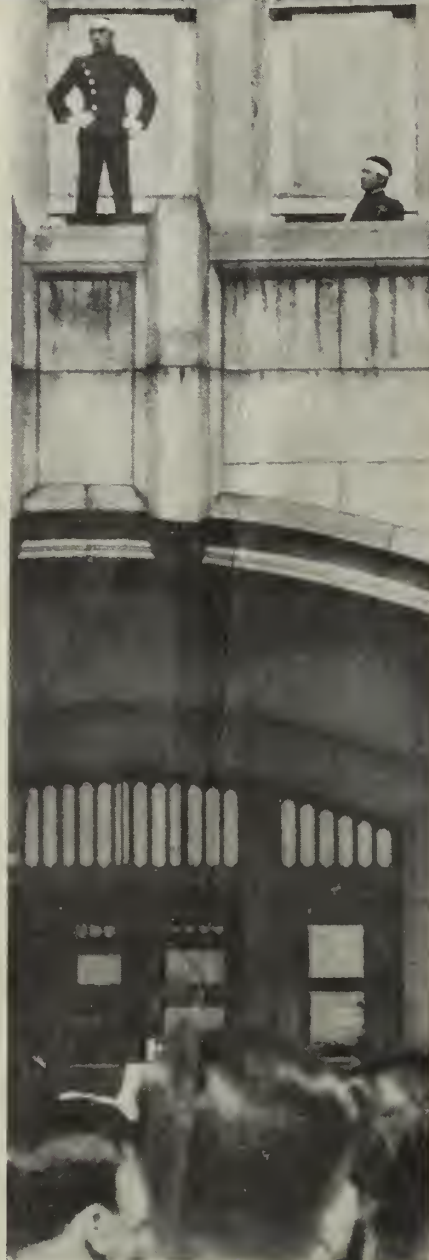


WRESTLING AT THE GYMNASIUM

month, plus 25¢ in "pocket money." Though the Thais have nominally friendly relations with the Ne Win government, Bangkok is fretful over signs of a Chinese-Burmese *rapprochement*, and many suspect that sympathetic Thai ministers simply wink at U Nu's activities.

**Fits of Rage.** U Nu will have to rally considerable support within Burma if he is to have anywhere near the "100% chance of success" that his followers claim. He is in tight with the Buddhist priesthood, and he is still regarded as something of a holy man by the Burmese peasantry. By promising them virtual autonomy in a future United States of Burma, he has managed to get the Karens, the Mons, the Chins, the Shans and other hill minorities to join him in a United National Liberation Front. He can claim at least theoretical support of 20,000 men under arms. The key to the struggle, however, is not U Nu's army but Ne Win's. He has taken care to make the Burmese army the one truly privileged class in socialist Burma—too privileged, perhaps, to think seriously of defecting to U Nu, as he hopes.

Ne Win is a suspicious man who used to go to Vienna twice a year for psychiatric treatment; once, on a golf course, he beat an aide senseless with his clubs during a fit of rage. Of late, however, he has been trying to keep cool in the face of a threat that may not be as substantial as U Nu's pagodas. His newspapers dismiss the Co. as "Ali Baba and the 40 thieves" and his ministers, when asked to reply: "U who?"



MISHIMA ON BALCONY BEFORE SEPPUKU

## JAPAN

### The Last Samurai

*Blood flows, existence is destroyed, and the shattered senses give existence as a whole its first endorsement, closing the logical gap between seeing and existing . . . And this is death. In this way I learned that the momentary, happy sense of existence that I had experienced that summer sunset during my life with the army could be finally endorsed only by death.*

—*Sun and Steel*

By the age of 45, Yukio Mishima had just about run out of challenge. He had produced 20 novels, 33 plays, a travel book, more than 80 short stories, and countless essays. He was a major contender for the 1968 Nobel Prize for Literature that went to his countryman, Novelist Yasunari Kawabata. He sang on the stage, produced, directed and acted in movies. Often called

"Japan's Hemingway" because of his love for physical contest and the outdoor life, he lifted weights and became proficient at karate and kendo, the ancient sword-fighting game once practiced by the samurai warriors. He was a perfectionist, a man of overriding obsessions. One of these obsessions was with his own death.

**Drained and Exhausted.** Early one morning last week, Mishima turned in to his publisher the final portion of his quartet of novels, *The Sea of Fertility*. Named after one of the moon's cold, empty seas, the quartet describes the conflicts of Japan's hereditary aristocracy and the *nouveau riche* from 1912 to 1970, and portrays the barrenness that Mishima saw in contemporary life. In a letter written on Nov. 17 to Harold Strauss, his editor at Knopf in New York, Mishima said: "In it I have put everything I felt and thought about life



WEARING HIS FORMAL KIMONO



ACTING IN HIS FILM "HARA-KIRI"

and the world." He added that he felt "utterly drained and exhausted."

After sending off the novel, Mishima joined four young students who belonged to the ultranationalistic paramilitary Shield Society that he had formed two years ago. For the first time in weeks, the sky over Tokyo was free of smog. When Mishima and his companions reached Ichigaya Hill in western Tokyo, the headquarters of Japan's Eastern Ground Self-Defense Forces, sunshine bathed the midday. Mishima had arrived on the threshold of his life's climactic act. It was the sort of act, Japanese Literary Critic Kenkichi Yamamoto wrote later, that "reached its apex in one pyrotechnic

„Prawda“ hatte er 1965 geschrieben: „Die fruchtbare Entwicklung der Wissenschaft, Literatur und Kunst erfordert das Vorhandensein verschiedener Schulen und Richtungen“ — und wurde daraufhin von seinem Posten abgelöst. Inzwischen ist er als Vorsitzender des Gelehrtenrates für Probleme der konkreten Sozialforschung der Akademie der Wissenschaften zum Spitzen-Soziologen aufgerückt.

## FORSCHUNG

### GEHIRNSTEUERUNG

#### Zanksucht gezähmt

Nervös tänzelte der sechsjährige Schimpanse Paddy im Gehege auf und ab. Mit Drohgebärden vertrieb er seine drei Käfig-Genossen aus ihren Revieren. Dreißig Minuten später jedoch wagten sich die Unterdrückten wieder in die Nähe des Tyrannen:



Computergesteuerter Affe  
Reize vom Großen Bruder

Denn nun kauerte er Jammfromm am Boden und schnitt Grimassen.

Die Verwandlung des rauflustigen Einzelgängers in ein friedfertiges Mitglied der Schimpansen-Sippe gelang dem amerikanischen Neurophysiologen Dr. José M. R. Delgado, Professor an der Yale University in New Haven (US-Staat Connecticut), im Verlauf eines makaber anmutenden Experiments. Erstmals beeinflusste der Forscher, der in der Vergangenheit schon mehrfach das Verhalten von Versuchstieren durch Stromstöße ins Gehirn gesteuert hatte, einen Affen maschinell — mit Hilfe eines Computers.

Das Experiment wurde auf einer von einem Wassergraben umgebenen künstlichen Insel ausgeführt, auf dem Luftwaffenstützpunkt Holloman im US-Staat New Mexico. Und schon im nächsten Jahr, so kündigte Delgado vorletzte Woche an, will er die Ge-

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Khan waited a total of 13 days before making a formal visit to the Ganges area to see the toll for himself.

**Privileged Families.** Leaders of East Pakistan's Peking- and Moscow-oriented parties seized on the relief debacle to reinforce their demands for more autonomy for their region. The cyclone aftermath deepened the hate and envy felt by East Pakistan's dark, rice-eating Bengalis for the taller, fairer—and wealthier—wheat-eating Sindhis, Punjabis and Pathans of West Pakistan, the dominant half of the divided Moslem country. Anti-West Pakistan riots among the Bengalis forced ex-President Mohammad Ayub Khan into retirement last year. Successor Yahya, who has scheduled for next week the first general elections since Pakistan won independence 22 years ago, has taken some steps to correct the economic and political imbalance between East and West. But he has a long way to go. In the world's fifth most populous nation (pop. 130 million), a group of "20 families"—nearly all in West Pakistan—control 66% of Pakistan's industry and 80% of its banking and insurance assets. Only two of the enormously privileged 20 bothered to contribute to the disaster relief effort. Their ante: \$100,000 each. Yahya has contributed \$9,000 from his own pocket and \$116 million from the treasury.

**No Visas.** Even as Yahya was stepping up his relief budget, Islamabad, the national capital, was balking at accepting aid from neighbors. When Indira Gandhi offered help, a Pakistani official told the Indian High Commissioner: "We don't know if it will be needed." The Pakistanis refused Indian helicopters, mobile hospitals and river craft, doubtless because they were worried that New Delhi might look better than Islamabad. Indian Airlines transports loaded with relief supplies were refused permission to land at Chittagong because the crews did not have visas. New Delhi was told to send the stuff by truck instead; less conspicuous.

Officials, however, had no monopoly on insensibility. In Bhola, young Pakistanis in freshly laundered clothes played badminton only 30 minutes away by pedicab from areas where decomposing bodies lay rotting. Few Bengalis bothered to bury the "strangers" from other towns washed up on their beaches. In Patuakhali, British troops dug graves for the dead, while Pakistani soldiers lounged in their barracks.

There was, at least, one bit of luck in the situation. The cyclone of 1876 was followed by an outbreak of cholera that killed 50,000. So far, miraculously, East Pakistan's water supplies seem remarkably free of contamination, and there has been no sign of the feared flare-up of cholera, which is endemic in the area. Health officials speculated that, after decades of living in the Ganges Delta, the Bengalis must be pretty much inured to any calamity—bacteriological, meteorological, or political.

## BURMA

### Voice from the Jungle

From a secret border site somewhere north of the Thai village of Mae Sot, a clandestine radio transmitter last week beamed an urgent declaration into the purple mountains of Burma. "Ours is no hasty, ill-considered decision," said the tape-recorded voice. "For months after my release from jail I pondered the problem. Recourse to arms was personally distasteful to me. But in the end, we decided to fight."

The voice from Mae Sot had not been heard in Burma for eight long years. It was unmistakably that of U Nu, the ascetic, still popular ex-Premier who was ousted in 1962 by General Ne Win, the Burmese army strongman, and imprisoned in a military "rest camp" near Rangoon for the next four



U NU IN THAILAND  
*A decision to fight.*

years. For the past 18 months, U Nu has been plotting his comeback. "I cannot tell you exactly at what time and in what month we will celebrate victory," he said in his broadcast. Less inclined to generalize, his lieutenants flatly predict "final victory" some time in 1971.

**Pagodas of Sand.** At 63, U Nu is opening yet another round in one of Asia's longest-running contests for power. The moonfaced, celibate Buddhist monk became the Union of Burma's first Premier when the country gained independence from Britain in 1948. He was gentle and compassionate, but he was also a sucker for a motley assortment of stargazers; one legendary day, presumably with appropriate astrological advice, he ordered 60,000 pagodas to be constructed—all of sand. The egregious corruption of his regime angered Burma's small middle class, and when he established Buddhism as the

state religion, the non-Buddhist 15% of the population was understandably outraged. By 1958, U Nu's rather whimsical administration was in such disarray that he voluntarily stepped aside to give Ne Win, his tough army chief, a chance to set things straight. U Nu returned to power in 1960 in a landslide election victory. But in 1962, Ne Win threw him out in a lightning coup, jailed 2,000 dissidents, put the country under martial law and set its potentially rich economy on what he called "the Burmese way to socialism."

Eight years later, as Ne Win himself once admitted in a rare moment of candor, Burma is "in a mess." The economy, almost totally nationalized, has virtually ceased to function. Last spring the state-owned distribution system collapsed altogether, and Rangoon shoppers who queue up before dawn are lucky if the shelves are not totally bare a few minutes after the People's Stores open. Prices have risen fivefold since 1962, but rice exports, once the largest in the world, are down to less than a third of their precoup levels.

In the countryside, Burma has a whole series of wars in progress. Private armies led by hill-tribe warlords wage a running battle for autonomy with the despised lowlanders from Rangoon. Rangoon and Peking recently agreed to exchange ambassadors once again (they were recalled during the Cultural Revolution in 1967); yet the Chinese have been quietly supporting a new group of Communist insurgents who have frequently bloodied Ne Win's 150,000-man army in clashes in Burma's sparsely populated northeast. Something less than half of the country (pop. 27 million) is really under Rangoon's control.

**A Budding Castro.** U Nu has been trying to get his own campaign going in Burma since mid-1969, when he staged a number of phony fainting spells and got Ne Win to let him seek "medical treatment" abroad. Last November he alighted in Thailand, where he was granted political asylum. He moved into a Florida-style villa in one of Bangkok's heavily American suburbs and started to style himself as a budding Castro. For many months, as he told TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud last week, he and his group of aging Burmese exiles lived "from hand to mouth." Then, some time last summer, funds started coming in from "individual friends," who are said to include Swiss financiers and Hong Kong Chinese.

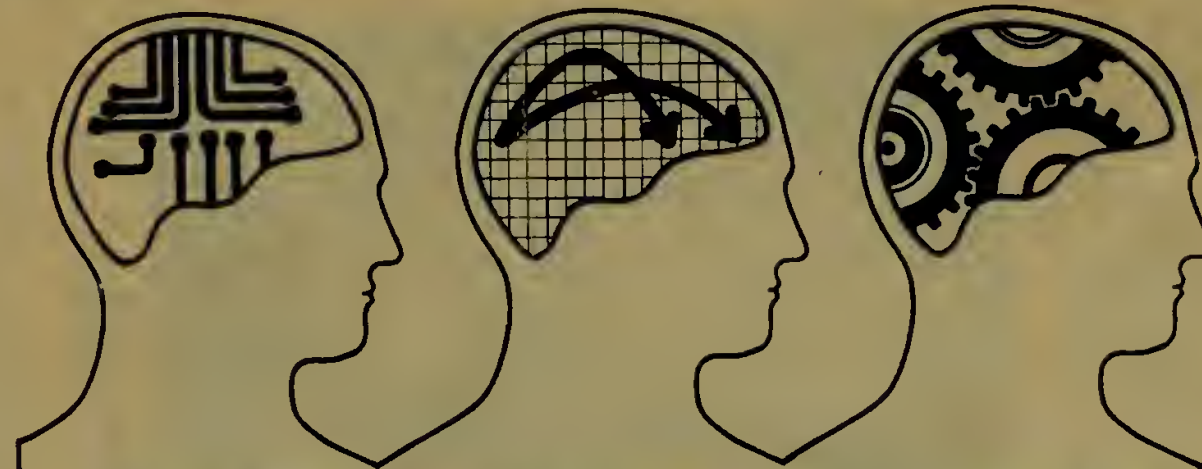
Whatever it comes from, the backing has been sufficient to finance a clandestine operation equipped with a \$5,000 offset press, radio transmitters, and something like 3,000 recruits who range into Burma from four border training camps. It costs roughly \$7 a month to supply each man with food, crisp new U.S. fatigues and M-1, M-2 and M-16 rifles. General Bo Let Ya, who organized the Burmese army in the 1940s and now heads U Nu's "war council," claims that his commanders draw only \$7 a

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writer—*Sun and Steel*, an autobiographical and philosophical book published this year, was not very favorably received—and that he feared reaching old age in obscurity. Said Critic Yamamoto: "He was already 45. After 50, he couldn't have achieved such beauty in his manner of death."

Last summer, Mishima agreed to a Japanese publisher's proposal to do a photographic study of various postures of man's death, and happily posed for 15 postures, including drowning, death by duel and hara-kiri. Then, at an unprecedented show in a Tokyo department store that ended only three weeks ago, he displayed a set of photographs of himself in the nude. Last week the body that he had trained until it became his pride, together with its severed head, was cremated. Yukio Mishima left two farewell *waka*, the 31-syllable Japanese poems, that he had composed, like a good samurai, on the eve of his death. One of them read:

*The sheaths of swords rattle  
As after years of endurance  
Brave men set out  
To tread upon the first frost of the  
year.*

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The New Ky

Once there was a Vietnamese pilot-politician who wore a violet scarf with his jumpsuit, tossed off remarks about Hitler's good points, and generally seemed to make himself the personification of a great deal that is wrong in Saigon. Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky is no longer so psychedelic in speech and dress. Still, he is such an easy target for peace partisans in the U.S. that when he was invited to address a pro-war rally in Washington in October, the Nixon Administration deflected the pre-election visit. As consolation, Henry Kissinger promised Ky an official invitation later for a tour of military installations and talks in Washington.

While collecting on his chit last week, Ky worked hard at disarming his critics and making an impression clearly pointed toward next year's South Vietnamese elections. Ky had breakfast with President Nixon, highlighted by "a little chat" about politics in South Viet Nam, then withdrew for a 90-minute discussion with Kissinger.

**No Hard Time.** Next stop: the National Press Club, where he told reporters that he was a draftee with no "natural penchant for the martial career." The suddenly moderate Ky ridiculed his image as a hawk ("Although I do fly, I have not very often thought of myself as a bird") and played up his role as head of the South Vietnamese delegation to the Paris peace talks.

He then went to Capitol Hill to meet with some members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When the closed meeting was over, even Senator J. William Fulbright had found mutual

ground with Ky. "I told him that I have thought for a long time that all foreigners should get out of Viet Nam at the earliest possible date," Fulbright reported. "Mr. Ky said that he couldn't agree with me more." Ky said, "Senator Fulbright didn't give me a hard time."

The possibility of Ky's opposing President Nguyen Van Thieu was raised several times during the visit. Ky has chafed in the secondary role he has been forced to play during the past three years. Ky would like U.S. support—or at least neutrality—concerning his political ambitions. But one congenial encounter with Senator Fulbright is not likely to erase the liability of Ky's old image, and that, coupled with President Nixon's frequently stated respect for Thieu, probably makes his quest quite futile.



BREZHNEV WITH KÁDÁR (LEFT REAR)  
Passing the test.

## HUNGARY

### Brezhnev's Blessing

"The Czechs showed what was impossible," a Hungarian intellectual said recently. "We are testing the possible." Last week, as the Hungarian Communist Party held its tenth party congress in Budapest, the country got a good idea of how well it is doing in the test.

As the Czechoslovaks so painfully learned in 1968, the ultimate trial of a reform plan in the East bloc is whether it passes muster with the Kremlin. Since Hungary is embarked on an economic reform that in some respects is similar to Prague's ill-fated experiment, Hungarians and visitors alike were eager to hear what Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev would say about the Budapest plan of instituting private-enterprise incentives within a Communist-controlled society. His verdict: thumbs up. As long as the Communist Party retains its supremacy in all aspects of the country's life, he said, "the Hungarian party's approach meets with the full understanding and complete sympathy of the

Communist Party of the Soviet Union."

Brezhnev's blessing meant that Hungary could press on with its New Economic Mechanism, which other Eastern European countries are watching closely to see how far they can go in reducing direct and often stifling party controls on the economy.

Under N.E.M., the Hungarians have curtailed the dictatorial powers of the central planners and placed economic decision making in the hands of local plant managers. The plan has wrought a mini-miracle since its launching at the beginning of 1968. Next only to East Germany, Hungary runs the East bloc's most successful economy. Industrial output has increased 33% in the past five years, and real income has risen 30%.

In a major address, Hungarian Party Leader János Kádár reassured the Russian guests that his country would remain Moscow's loyal ally. Hungary, he said, "rejected all forms of anti-Soviet attitudes." Kádár also has no intention of frightening the Russians by allowing, as the Czechoslovaks did, the emergence of press and artistic freedom and the growth of a political opposition. Nonetheless, he has sanctioned an easing of the political climate by encouraging non-party members to run for office under the auspices of the Communist Party.

**Hasty Summit.** Just about everyone of prominence in the East bloc was present in Budapest, with one highly significant exception: East Germany's Walter Ulbricht. He stayed in East Berlin to show his displeasure with his Communist comrades for cozying up to West Germany. Ulbricht's truancy brought a growing rift within the East bloc into public view for the first time.

To provide a pretext for his absence, the East German news agency carried a story that he was ill. But the very next day, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko flew into East Berlin from Moscow for talks with Ulbricht, who for a 77-year-old has shown remarkable recuperative powers.

By staying away from Budapest, Ulbricht also displayed his displeasure toward 1) Kádár for the slight liberalism Hungary is enjoying, 2) Poland for concluding a treaty with West Germany, 3) Polish Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomułka for inviting West German Chancellor Willy Brandt to Warsaw to sign the treaty, and 4) the Russians for sidestepping the issue of diplomatic recognition for East Germany.

East bloc diplomats admitted that there were difficulties between Moscow and East Berlin and that they have affected the slow-moving Big Four talks about improving the status of isolated West Berlin. One stumbling block may well be that the Russians are unable to induce Ulbricht to make concessions that would guarantee access between West Berlin and West Germany. In an effort to resolve the differences, the Communist leaders will meet this week in a hastily convened summit, which probably will be held in East Berlin.



# N.Y. Bond Sale

|        |          |         |                         |
|--------|----------|---------|-------------------------|
| 62     | 62       | 62      | -1 1/2                  |
| 66     | 66       | 66      |                         |
| 99 1/2 | 99 1/2   | 99 1/2  |                         |
| 3      | 91       | 90 1/4  | + 3/4                   |
| 7      | 78 1/2   | 77 1/2  | -1 1/2                  |
| 8      | 74 1/2   | 74 1/2  | - 1/2                   |
| 5      | 68       | 68      | -1                      |
| 100    | 100 1/2  | 100     | 100 1/2                 |
| 47     | 108 1/2  | 107     | 108 1/2                 |
| 49     | 73 1/2   | 70      | 72 1/2 - 1/4            |
| 196    | 110      | 108 3/4 | 108 1/2 + 1/2           |
| 181    | 109      | 107 3/4 | 109 + 1 1/2             |
| 88     | 25       | 71      | 70 - 1 1/2              |
| 591    | 20       | 63      | 61 1/2 - 1/2            |
| 1578   | 34       | 84      | 83 + 2 1/2              |
| 1583   | 29       | 65 1/2  | 65 1/2 + 3 1/2          |
| 1587   | 16       | 60      | 60 + 1 1/2              |
| 1586   | 10       | 61 1/2  | 61 1/2 + 1 1/2          |
| 1585   | 26       | 60 1/2  | 59 1/2 + 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 877      | 106 1/2 | 105 105 1/2             |
| 1586   | 1163     | 105 1/2 | 103 1/2 104 1/2 + 1/2   |
| 1586   | 742      | 82 1/2  | 77 1/2 82 1/2 + 5 1/2   |
| 1586   | 25       | 239     | 225 1/2 228 - 2         |
| 1586   | 235      | 131 1/2 | 124 127 - 3 1/2         |
| 1586   | 1440     | 71      | 66 70 1/2 + 4 1/2       |
| 1586   | 15       | 115 1/2 | 113 1/2 115 1/2 + 2 1/2 |
| 1586   | 34       | 68 1/2  | 67 68 1/2 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 46       | 35 1/2  | 35 1/2 + 1              |
| 1586   | 242      | 69      | 65 68 + 3               |
| 1586   | 27       | 110 1/2 | 110 110 1/2 + 1/2       |
| 1586   | 412      | 135     | 133 134 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 13       | 81      | 81 + 4                  |
| 1586   | 2        | 70      | 70                      |
| 1586   | 294      | 92      | 88 1/2 92 + 2 1/2       |
| 1586   | 60       | 88      | 87                      |
| 1586   | 77       | 17 1/2  | 16 1/2 - 2              |
| 1586   | 40       | 17      | 16 - 1                  |
| 1586   | 16       | 18      | 16 - 1                  |
| 1586   | 81 1/2   | reg     | 17 1/2 17 1/2           |
| 1586   | 9        | 18 1/2  | 17 1/2 17 1/2           |
| 1586   | 14       | 106 1/2 | 105 - 1                 |
| 1586   | 293      | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 + 1             |
| 1586   | 131      | 93      | 91 92 1/2 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 58       | 93      | 91 1/2 93 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 5        | 28      | 28 - 2                  |
| 1586   | 8        | 38 1/2  | 35 1/2 - 2 1/2          |
| 1586   | 14       | 34      | 33 1/2 34 + 1/2         |
| 1586   | 143      | 111 1/2 | 109 1/2 111 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 39       | 110     | 110 + 1 1/2             |
| 1586   | 101      | 107     | 105 1/2 105 1/2 - 1     |
| 1586   | 10       | 86 1/2  | 86 1/2 + 2 1/2          |
| 1586   | 19       | 90 1/2  | 90 1/2 - 3/4            |
| 1586   | 47       | 89      | 86 1/2 86 1/2 + 1/4     |
| 1586   | 19       | 77 1/2  | 76 1/2 77 1/2 + 1 1/2   |
| 1586   | 18       | 73 1/2  | 73 73 - 1/2             |
| 1586   | 14       | 68 1/2  | 68 1/2 - 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 9        | 64      | 63 1/2 64 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 3        | 72      | 72                      |
| 1586   | 13       | 68      | 67 1/2 68 - 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 9        | 78 1/2  | 78 1/2 - 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 16       | 98      | 98                      |
| 1586   | 25       | 89 1/2  | 88 1/2 89 1/2 + 1       |
| 1586   | 4        | 67      | 67 + 1/2                |
| 1586   | 67       | 220     | 209 1/2 220 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 42       | 106     | 104 105 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 22       | 83      | 81 1/2 83 + 1           |
| 1586   | 73       | 107     | 105 1/2 107 + 2         |
| 1586   | 10       | 29 1/2  | 29 1/2 - 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 3        | 24 1/2  | 24 1/2 + 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 79       | 111 1/2 | 110 111 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 115      | 108 1/2 | 108 108 1/2 + 1         |
| 1586   | 3        | 108     | 108                     |
| 1586   | 2        | 68      | 68                      |
| 1586   | 20       | 87 1/2  | 87 + 3/4                |
| 1586   | 15       | 96 1/2  | 96 1/2                  |
| 1586   | 2        | 98      | 98                      |
| 1586   | 65       | 107 1/2 | 105 107 + 1 1/2         |
| 1586   | 97       | 102 1/2 | 100 102 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 2        | 90      | 90                      |
| 1586   | 32       | 108 1/2 | 107 108 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 50       | 103     | 103                     |
| 1586   | 225      | 79 1/2  | 79 79 1/2 + 1/4         |
| 1586   | 147      | 112 1/2 | 112 112 1/2 + 1/4       |
| 1586   | 99       | 110     | 108 1/2 110 + 1         |
| 1586   | 337      | 84      | 81 1/2 84 + 2           |
| 1586   | 48       | 115     | 114 115 + 1 1/2         |
| 1586   | 439      | 192 1/2 | 183 1/2 188 + 3         |
| 1586   | 701      | 68 1/2  | 67 1/2 68               |
| 1586   | 208      | 109     | 107 1/2 103 + 1/4       |
| 1586   | 5        | 33 1/2  | 33 1/2 - 1              |
| 1586   | 241      | 102 1/2 | 101 102                 |
| 1586   | 38       | 108     | 105 1/2 105 1/2 - 2 1/2 |
| 1586   | 23       | 91      | 90 1/2 90 1/2 + 3 1/2   |
| 1586   | 10       | 106     | 106 - 1/2               |
| 1586   | 11       | 70 1/2  | 70 1/2 - 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 155      | 89      | 88 1/2 89 1/2 + 1/2     |
| 1586   | 241      | 74      | 71 1/2 73 1/2 + 1 1/2   |
| 1586   | 127      | 107 1/2 | 105 1/2 107 1/2 + 2 1/2 |
| 1586   | 134      | 102     | 100 102 - 1 1/2         |
| 1586   | 14       | 99 1/2  | 99 99 - 1/2             |
| 1586   | 56       | 122 1/2 | 117 1/2 122 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 72       | 70      | 66 69 - 1 1/2           |
| 1586   | 3310 1/2 | 104     | 105 1/2 105 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 53       | 104     | 103 1/2 104             |
| 1586   | 61       | 84      | 81 1/2 82 1/2 - 1 1/2   |
| 1586   | 143      | 113 1/2 | 112 113 1/2 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 10       | 102     | 102 + 1 1/2             |
| 1586   | 10       | 106     | 106 + 1/4               |
| 1586   | 6        | 59 1/2  | 59 1/2                  |
| 1586   | 39       | 53 1/2  | 52 1/2 53 + 1/2         |
| 1586   | 159      | 61      | 58 1/2 60 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 261      | 100 1/2 | 98 99                   |
| 1586   | 171      | 118 1/2 | 115 118 + 1 1/2         |
| 1586   | 31       | 106 1/2 | 105 1/2 105 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 57       | 97 1/2  | 96 97 1/2 + 2 1/2       |
| 1586   | 105      | 101 1/2 | 100 101 1/2 - 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 5        | 71 1/2  | 71 1/2 - 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 141      | 76 1/2  | 74 1/2 75 - 1           |
| 1586   | 35       | 109 1/2 | 108 1/2 109 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 2        | 63 1/2  | 63 1/2 + 1/2            |
| 1586   | 148      | 103     | 101 1/2 103 + 1 1/2     |
| 1586   | 23       | 89      | 87 1/2 89 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 6        | 74 1/2  | 74 1/2 + 1 1/2          |
| 1586   | 20       | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 + 1 1/2         |
| 1586   | 155      | 109 1/2 | 108 1/2 109 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 291      | 110 1/2 | 108 1/2 109 1/2 + 1 1/2 |
| 1586   | 25       | 97 1/2  | 96 97 1/2 + 1 1/2       |
| 1586   | 220      | 84      | 81 1/2 84 + 2 1/2       |
| 1586   | 5        | 83      | 83                      |
| 1586   | 63       | 83 1/2  | 82 83 1/2 - 1/2         |
| 1586   | 247      | 92 1/2  | 91 1/2 92 1/2 + 1 1/2   |

|          |       |       |           |         |         |         |         |
|----------|-------|-------|-----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| SearsAc  | 4 1/2 | 577   | 63        | 87 1/2  | 86 1/2  | 86 1/2  | - 1/2   |
| Seatrail | 6 1/2 | 594   | 517       | 77      | 74 1/2  | 77      | + 1     |
| ShellO   | 8 1/2 | 52000 | 50        | 109 1/2 | 108     | 109 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| ShellO   | 5 3/4 | 592   | 70        | 82 1/2  | 81 1/2  | 82 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| ShellO   | 4 1/2 | 586   | 5         | 80      | 80      | 80      | + 1 1/2 |
| ShellUn  | 2 1/2 | 571   | 30        | 99 1/2  | 99 1/2  | 99 1/2  | + 9 1/2 |
| SherWm   | 6 1/2 | 595   | 126       | 118 1/2 | 116 1/2 | 117     | + 1 1/2 |
| Signal   | 8 1/2 | 594   | 391       | 100 1/2 | 98 1/2  | 100     | + 1 1/2 |
| Sinclair | 4 1/2 | 588   | 85        | 77 1/2  | 76 1/2  | 77 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Sinclair | 4 1/2 | 586   | 34        | 125 1/2 | 124     | 124     | - 2     |
| Singer   | 8 1/2 | 576   | 78        | 108     | 106 1/2 | 107     | + 1 1/2 |
| SkellyO  | 8 1/2 | 576   | 40        | 106 1/2 | 106     | 106 1/2 | + 1     |
| SkellyO  | 8 1/2 | 576   | 98        | 78 1/2  | 77      | 78 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| SkellyO  | 8 1/2 | 576   | 21        | 112 1/2 | 111 1/2 | 112 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| SkellyO  | 8 1/2 | 576   | 10        | 71 1/2  | 70      | 71 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 96        | 84      | 83 1/2  | 84      | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 12        | 83 1/2  | 83 1/2  | 83 1/2  | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 67        | 106     | 105     | 105 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 344       | 111 1/2 | 109     | 111     | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 4         | 79      | 78 1/2  | 79      | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 17        | 62      | 57 1/2  | 62      | + 2     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 70        | 82 1/2  | 80 1/2  | 81 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 60        | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 40        | 11      | 110     | 110     | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 23        | 34      | 34      | 34      | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 52        | 111     | 108 1/2 | 108 1/2 | - 2 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 213       | 103     | 102 1/2 | 103     | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 22        | 78 1/2  | 77 1/2  | 78 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 120       | 75      | 73 1/2  | 75      | + 2 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 72        | 86 1/2  | 84 1/2  | 86 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 8         | 43 1/2  | 43 1/2  | 43 1/2  | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 23        | 70      | 69      | 70      | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 2         | 62 1/2  | 62 1/2  | 62 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 30        | 62 1/2  | 62 1/2  | 62 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 394       | 109 1/2 | 107 1/2 | 109 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 101       | 61 1/2  | 59      | 61 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 10        | 108 1/2 | 107 1/2 | 108 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 184       | 98      | 93      | 96 1/2  | + 3 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 75        | 73      | 72 1/2  | 72 1/2  | + 2 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 38        | 65      | 64      | 64      | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 58        | 59 1/2  | 58      | 59      | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 20        | 57 1/2  | 57 1/2  | 57 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 18        | 93 1/2  | 91      | 91      | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 20        | 127     | 116 1/2 | 116 1/2 | - 8 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 93        | 87 1/2  | 86 1/2  | 87      | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 96        | 80 1/2  | 78 1/2  | 80 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 233       | 91 1/2  | 89 1/2  | 91 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 187       | 90 1/2  | 88 1/2  | 90 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 61        | 81 1/2  | 79 1/2  | 80 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 187       | 91 1/2  | 89 1/2  | 91 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 223       | 91 1/2  | 89 1/2  | 91 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 140       | 92 1/2  | 91 1/2  | 91 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 78        | 99      | 11-32   | 99-32   | -13-32  |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 48        | 108 1/2 | 108 1/2 | 108 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 34        | 100     | 97 1/2  | 100     | - 3     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 20        | 68      | 65 1/2  | 68      | + 2 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 120       | 75      | 72 1/2  | 74      | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 218       | 82 1/2  | 80 1/2  | 82 1/2  | + 1     |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 44        | 98 1/2  | 96 1/2  | 98 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 117       | 74 1/2  | 69 1/2  | 73 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 3         | 89 1/2  | 89 1/2  | 89 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 129       | 69 1/2  | 67 1/2  | 68 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 12510 1/2 | 107 1/2 | 108 1/2 | 108 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 5         | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 2         | 71 1/2  | 71 1/2  | 71 1/2  | - 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 39        | 79      | 77 1/2  | 79      | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 172       | 96 1/2  | 95 1/2  | 96 1/2  | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 2         | 87      | 87      | 87      | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 3         | 93      | 93      | 93      | + 1 1/2 |
| Socony   | 4 1/2 | 593   | 7         | 92      | 92      | 92      | + 1 1/2 |

|           |        |        |     |         |         |         |         |
|-----------|--------|--------|-----|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| UnGasP    | 8 1/2  | 589    | 149 |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 5 1/2  | 580    | 12  |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 5 1/2  | 582    | 20  |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 5 1/2  | 577    | 5   |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 5 5/8  |        | 3   |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 4 7/8  | 572    | 9   |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 4 3/4  | 571    |     |         |         |         |         |
|           | 18 98  | 21-32  |     |         |         |         |         |
| UnGasP    | 4 1/4  | 572    | 4   | 98 1/2  |         |         |         |
| UnArch    | 9 1/2  | 595    | 384 | 103     |         |         |         |
| UnArch    | cv     | 4590   | 152 | 87      |         |         |         |
| U Nuclr   | cv     | 5888   | 88  | 7       |         |         |         |
| USGyps    | 4 7/8  | 591    | 9   | 71 1/2  |         |         |         |
| US Leas   | 9 1/4  | 574    | 153 | 104 1/2 |         |         |         |
| US Sml    | 5 3/4  | 593    | 182 | 75      |         |         |         |
| USSml     | 5 1/2  | 595    | 14  | 64 1/2  |         |         |         |
| US Steel  | 4 1/2  | 586r   | 1   | 72 1/2  |         |         |         |
| USSteel   | 4 5/8  | 596    | 240 | 66 1/2  |         |         |         |
| USSteel   | 4 1/2  | 586    | 107 | 75 1/4  |         |         |         |
| USSteel   | 4 5/8  |        | 211 | 75      |         |         |         |
| UnlUtl    | 9 1/4  | 575    | 95  | 106 1/2 |         |         |         |
| UnlUtl    | cv     | 5593   | 127 | 99 1/2  |         |         |         |
| UnvtyCpg  | 7 1/4  | 5      | 557 | 80      |         |         |         |
| VaEIPw    | 2 3/4  | 575r   | 3   | 87 1/2  |         |         |         |
| Vanad     | 4 1/4  | 576    | 2   | 84 1/2  |         |         |         |
| Vando     | cv     | 4 1/2  | 580 | 5       | 72 3/4  |         |         |
| VerYkp    | 9 5/8  | 598    | 74  | 108 1/2 |         |         |         |
| VaEIPw    | 3 3/8  | 586    | 87  | 75 1/2  |         |         |         |
| VaEPw     | 2 3/4  | 575    | 57  | 87      |         |         |         |
| VirgRy    | Inc    | 6508   | 12  | 73      |         |         |         |
| Virg Ry   | 3      | 595    | 6   | 49 3/4  |         |         |         |
| WabashRR  | 7 3/4  | 577Reg |     |         |         |         |         |
|           |        |        | 3   | 102     |         |         |         |
| Wabash    | 7 3/4  | 577    | 244 | 102 1/2 |         |         |         |
| Wabash    | 4 1/4  | 591    | 17  | 52 1/2  |         |         |         |
| WasGas    | 8 3/4  | 575    | 28  | 106     |         |         |         |
| WeanUn    | 5 1/2  | 593    | 112 | 54 1/2  |         |         |         |
| Wean      | 5 1/2  | 593-68 | 80  | 55      |         |         |         |
| vjWShr    | 4      | 52361f | 71  | 161 1/2 |         |         |         |
| vjWShr    | 4      | 52361r | 79  | 15      |         |         |         |
| WnAlrL    | 5 1/4  | 593    | 22  | 87 1/2  |         |         |         |
| Wn Elec   | 8 5/8  | 595    | 125 | 108 3/4 |         |         |         |
| Wn Md     | 5 1/2  | 582    | 9   | 73 1/4  |         |         |         |
| WnPac     | 5      | 584    | 20  | 60 3/4  |         |         |         |
| WnUnCp    | 7 1/4  | 595    | 605 | 141     | 13 1/2  |         |         |
| WnUnTel   | 6 1/2  | 589    | 77  | 85 1/2  | 84 1/2  |         |         |
| WnUnTel   | 5      | 592    | 6   | 68 1/2  | 67      |         |         |
| WstgEl    | 8 5/8  | 595    | 22  | 108 3/4 | 107 1/2 |         |         |
| WstgEl    | 5 3/8  | 592    | 9   | 82      | 81 1/2  |         |         |
| Weyhrsr   | 8 1/2  | 576    | 65  | 107 3/4 | 106 3/4 |         |         |
| Weyerh    | 7.65   | 594    | 46  | 102 1/2 | 100 1/2 |         |         |
| Weyerh    | 5.20   | 591    | 91  | 82 1/2  | 80      |         |         |
| Wheels    | 3 3/4  | 575    | 9   | 77 1/4  | 76 3/4  |         |         |
| Whlrt     | 5 1/2  | 586    | 30  | 83      | 83      |         |         |
| WhiteCn   | 5 1/2  | 592    | 236 | 88 1/4  | 85      |         |         |
| WhiteMl   | 6 1/2  | 593    | 3   | 81      | 81      |         |         |
| WhiteMl   | 5 1/4  | 593    | 309 | 63 1/2  | 61      | 61      |         |
| Whltlkr   | 4 1/2  | 588    | 598 | 48 1/4  | 46 1/4  | 46      |         |
| Wickes Cp | 6      | 592    | 3   | 78      | 77 3/4  | 77 1/2  |         |
| Wickes    | 5 1/4  | 594    | 148 | 100 1/2 | 98 3/4  | 98 1/2  |         |
| Will Ros  | 5 1/4  | 589    | 65  | 97 1/2  | 97      | 97 1/2  |         |
| Wms Bro   | 11     | 581    | 294 | 111 3/4 | 111     | 111     |         |
| WmsBr     | 5 1/2  | 588    | 26  | 243     | 241 1/2 | 243     |         |
| Wls Cen   | 4      | 2004   | 2   | 48      | 48      | 48      |         |
| WlEIP     | 2 3/4  | 576    | 7   | 82 1/4  | 82 1/4  | 82 1/4  | +       |
| WlIcoCh   | 4 1/2  | 593    | 10  | 81 1/2  | 81 1/2  | 81 1/2  | +       |
| Womet     | 5 1/2  | 594    | 87  | 104 1/2 | 101 3/4 | 104 1/2 | +       |
| Xerox cv  | 6      | 595    | 434 | 145     | 142 1/2 | 143     | + 2 1/2 |
| YngSh     | 10 1/2 | 2000   | 446 | 110     | 107 3/4 | 109     | + 1 1/2 |
| ZapNor    | 4 3/4  | 588    | 106 | 84      | 82      | 83 1/2  | +       |
| ZapNo     | 4 3/4  | 588B   | 110 | 83 1/2  | 82      | 82 1/2  | +       |



explosion beyond time and space—one flash in the darkness and nothing else.”

**Sacred and Inviolable.** In his personal life and his earlier writings, Mishima had openly expressed his despair over the materialistic decadence that he saw in the Westernization of his country. Largely at fault, he felt, was the U.S.-imposed constitution, which “forever renounces war as a sovereign right of the nation.” Mishima wanted the pre-war constitution restored so that the Emperor would once again be “sacred and inviolable” and so that Japan could regain the honor it had lost in its defeat. To that end, he created his private army, which numbered fewer than 100 young men, trained regularly, and wore expensive uniforms designed by Mishima himself. Most Japanese considered his army only a harmless and eccentric aberration of a talented man.

Seeking converts for his cause, Mishima last year trained with defense-forces commando units and since last March repeatedly visited Japan’s 32nd Infantry Regiment. He had little luck in winning converts, but he then concocted a fantastic plan: to make a dramatic “last appeal” to the defense forces at Ichigaya in the hope that they would overthrow the government. Mishima sought and was granted an interview with the garrison commander of the defense forces, General Kanetoshi Mashita.

**Sword and Dagger.** Dressed in their natty uniforms, the novelist and his four acolytes entered the general’s office bearing swords and daggers. Mishima drew and raised his mean-looking blade before the general, exclaiming: “A good sword, this?” Believing that Mishima was joking, Mashita grinned and nodded his head. The drawn sword was a signal. Without warning, Mishima’s men pounced on the general and tied him to his chair. When Mashita’s aides realized what was happening and rushed into his office, the students slashed eight of them with their swords and daggers. After locking out the injured aides, the students demanded through the closed doors that soldiers be assembled on the parade ground below to hear a speech by Mishima. Some 1,200 gathered rapidly, and the police arrived.

Mishima went onto a balcony, wearing, in kamikaze style, a headband that fluttered in the wind. He spoke for ten minutes, his words often inaudible because of the lack of a public address system and noises from the men. His expression frozen in a fanatic vise, Mishima shouted: “Listen to me! I have waited in vain for four years for you to take arms in an uprising. Are you warriors? If so, why do you strive to guard a constitution that is designed to deny every reason for the existence of this organization? Why can’t you remain that so long as this constitution exists you cannot be saved? Isn’t there someone among you willing to hurl his spear against the constitution that has made Japan spineless? Let’s stand up

and fight together and die together for something that is far more important than our life. That is not freedom or democracy, but the most important thing for us all, Japan.”

The soldiers were incredulous. “Fool,” they shouted, and “You idiot! What the hell are you talking about?” Gesticulating with his white-gloved hands, Mishima shouted himself hoarse trying to be heard. Finally, he realized the futility of continuing and turned to re-enter the general’s office, first declaring: “We are going to enter our protest against this constitution with our deaths.” His last words to the crowd were: “*Tenno Heika Banzai!*” (Long live the Emperor!)

As General Mashita looked on in helpless horror, Mishima stripped to the waist and knelt on the floor, only inches away. “Don’t be a fool, stop it!” the

of four years later. Mishima had written a short story, *Patriotism*, about that revolt, and in 1965 he made it into a movie. He himself acted the lead role of a young army lieutenant who commits hara-kiri with his wife after a night of passionate lovemaking. Writing about the experience afterward, Mishima referred to it as “the ultimate dream of my life.”

His real dream was to die a hero’s death for Japan. He was born Kimi-take Hiraoka, son of an aristocratic samurai family, and was imbued with a warrior code that apotheosized complete control over mind and body and loyalty to the Emperor. At 18, he felt an almost erotic fascination with the death that, he was certain, awaited him when he would be drafted. But his wish to die for the Emperor was thwarted by a weak body and a frail constitution.

His “romantic impulse toward death” prompted him to begin writing—and building his body to be worthy of destruction. After publishing his first book at 19—a pretty, sensitive collection of short stories called *A Forest in Flower*—he finished his studies at Tokyo University and took a job in the Finance Ministry. In 1948 he quit the ministry, changed his name to Yukio Mishima, and published *Confessions of a Mask*. A fierce portrait of homosexuality—a subject with which Mishima had a lifelong fascination and, some say, involvement—*Mask* brought him fame. His best-known work, *Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, brought him a small fortune as well. From that point on, even his art was devoted to the spirit of the samurai.

His highly polished style, stripped of embellishment in order to emphasize action, helped him to create the psychological realism that led to great critical acclaim and commercial success in Japan and abroad. Perhaps better than any other contemporary Japanese author, Mishima was able to articulate the conflicts of his people in their transition from the old culture to the Western mode of living.

Although Mishima lived in a luxurious house with his wife and two children, incongruously surrounded by English antiques, he was fundamentally an ascetic. He wrote at night and for years spent hours each day punishing his body with weight lifting so that it would be—in both the Greek and the Japanese ideals—“beautiful” enough for the noble death he wished.

Mishima was an impassioned romantic whose real despair at his country’s course commingled like sacrificial blood with his own deep need to return to an earlier and, in his view, much nobler Japan. Many critics in Japan felt that he passed the peak of his career as a



MISHIMA'S FOLLOWERS SURRENDER  
Overriding obsessions.

general cried. Mishima paid no heed. He followed to the letter the seppuku, the traditional samurai form of suicide sometimes called hara-kiri. Probing the left side of his abdomen, he put the ceremonial dagger in place, then thrust it deep into his flesh. Standing behind him, Masakatsu Morita, 25, one of his most devoted followers, raised his sword and with one stroke sent Mishima’s severed head rolling to the floor. To complete the ceremony, Morita plunged a dagger into his own stomach, and yet another student lopped off Morita’s head. Shedding tears, the three surviving students saluted the two dead men and surrendered to the general’s aides.

**Ultimate Dream.** Evidently Mishima hoped—vainly—that his seppuku might arouse the 125,000 Japanese who belong to the 400 or so right-wing organizations in the country. When a similar revolt was staged in February 1936 by a group of young soldiers who tried to overthrow the government, it foreshadowed the disastrous Tojo regime





—By Alan Truscott

he led a club and East the ten. South permitted to win, and East had to do something helpful. East naturally turned a club, since a shift to a red suit was due to give South a trick. The marked finesse of the club line was taken, and a heart was led. West's nine was covered by the king, which was taken by the ace leaving this position:

|       |        |      |       |
|-------|--------|------|-------|
| NORTH |        |      |       |
| ♠     | 4      |      |       |
| ♥     | 7 3 2  |      |       |
| ♦     | Q 7    |      |       |
| ♣     | —      |      |       |
| WEST  |        | EAST |       |
| ♠     | —      | ♠    | —     |
| ♥     | Q 10 4 | ♥    | J 5   |
| ♦     | 10 9 6 | ♦    | K 5 4 |
| ♣     | —      | ♣    | J     |
| SOUTH |        |      |       |
| ♠     | A      |      |       |
| ♥     | 8      |      |       |
| ♦     | A J 8  |      |       |
| ♣     | K      |      |       |

East cashed the heart jack and played a third heart, which South ruffed. He led the club king, which squeezed West. To keep his heart winner, he threw a diamond. South then ruffed his winner in dummy and played the diamond queen, making the last three tricks in that suit.

Solution to Friday's Puzzle

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U | P | P | O | P | U | S | H | A | N | D |
| G | O | O | N | E | D | O | N | E | A | R |
| H | A | N | D | M | E | D | O | N | E | R |
|   | G | A | D | S | D | E | N | D | A | C |
| S | C | R | A | P | S |   | D | E | V | I |
| P | R | I | M | E | S | S | T | I | N |   |
| R | A | C | E |   | L | O | C | A | T | E |
| A | V | I | S | D | A | R | R |   | S | H |
| T | E | N |   | S | P | R | A | G | S | A |
|   | A | T | A |   | H | D | W |   | S | I |
| P | A | S | T | E | L | S |   | A | T | T |
| I | N | C | H |   | M | A | N | A | T | E |
| N | O | R | A |   | O | P | E | N | H | A |
| E | D | E | N |   | F | O | R | E | S | E |
| D | E | E | D |   | F | R | O | W | E | R |

## BOOKS

### THE LIFE OF MAYAKOVSKY

By Wiktor Woroszyński. Translated from the Polish by Bolesław Taborński. Grossman. 559 pp. \$16.

Reviewed by Thomas Lask

IT is hazardous for one with no Russian to pass judgment on the merits of the poetry of Vladimir Mayakovsky. With the best will in the world, one ends judging poems in English, and their faults and virtues may be those of the translator rather than of the original poet. Yet this bulky, cumbersome, though continually revealing collection of materials by and about Mayakovsky has an interest above and beyond that provoked by the quality of his work. In fact, the nature of his literary achievement is virtually ignored in the book. One can get a better idea of the texture of his writing from the introductory essay by Patricia Blake in "The Bedbug and Selected Poems," just reissued by World (\$6.95). Mayakovsky's career has an extraliterary fascination. For he experienced in himself the artistic freedom and experimental exuberance of those early years right after the Russian revolution, and he lived long enough to see the shadow of the prison house descend on all artistic endeavor. He saw art lose its autonomy and become a slogan-making activity, an element in production goals, a cheer leader for the state. He did not have to face the worst of that situation. He committed suicide in 1930 at age 36.

There were a number of reasons for his action, but surely he could see that every artist would eventually have to agree to the decisions laid down by the lowest party hack. His death, ironically became a strong strand in the policy he despised. For in the mid-thirties it was charged that Mayakovsky had been the victim of an anti-Soviet apparatus in the Association of Proletarian Writers (RAPP), one of the more Stalinoid of literary groups. Thus his death was not only an excuse to do away with RAPP, but also became part of Russian propaganda during the purges. In Herbert Marshall's "Mayakovsky and His Poetry," published in England after the poet's death, the now silent faction in RAPP was accused of being part of a Trotskyite plot to bring down the Russian state.

Mayakovsky's error was fundamental. He equated political revolution with the experimental and avant-garde impulse in the artist. It seemed natural to him that those who were destroying time-encrusted governmental forms would want to do the same for the arts. It took him a while to learn that the Bolsheviks in artistic matters were as puritan, reactionary and philistine as the most rigidly bourgeois state. Right at the beginning, Lenin castigated Lunacharsky, a commissar and high in revolutionary councils, for permitting large printings of "futuristic" writings. Lunacharsky admired the poet, but it was then at a time of ferment, when the central government was busy with the civil war and with the dislocations

that had resulted from the last war that had just ended.

What gave the later attacks Mayakovsky a sadistic tinge, that both in literary and political matters the poet had been revolutionary before there was a revolution. While still a teen-ager he had participated in underground political activity and had served time in jail. Turning to painting and literature, he embraced the "futurist" philosophy of Marinetti, welcoming the world of technology, industry and the machine. Much of his aesthetic revolt took sophomoric forms; dressing in outlandish costumes, putting on Dada-like productions, interrupting traditional meetings. Audacious behavior, bad manners and violent assertions kept the artistic pot boiling. But Mayakovsky was also writing powerful and fresh verses, poems that were a stimulus and spur to the young. He was an impressive reader; reading was for him an extension of the creative act. He knew how to call attention to himself. He knew, in short, how to create a personality, and he did.

When World War I came, he opposed it; when the Bolshevik revolution came, he joined with it. He never quarreled with the state over politics. There is nothing in the book to indicate that he was upset by the carnage that went on around him. And he did try to play the proletariat game, writing hortatory poetry for the masses. It was at this time that Pasternak decided it was time to take his own road. But there was always a sardonic side to Mayakovsky, and with the plays "The Bedbug" and "The Bathhouse" he left himself open to the most meretricious criticism. He was good at infighting, but the state held all the weapons.

The compiler of these records, which include official statements, newspaper clippings, love letters, telegrams, is a Polish poet and biographer, now living in Warsaw. His book seems to me to be more than a literary exercise, as if he were trying to show what happens to a great talent under Communism even in the best of times. In this, he succeeds flawlessly. But the form of the book does not make for satisfactory reading. The significance of much of the material is never explained. A great many questions are left unanswered. The evidence is thrown in untidily. Surely it cannot all be of the same value. Much of the text reads as if it had been written in official state prose. The material is there; what it needs is a shaping hand, and Mr. Woroszyński would seem to be the man for the job. But perhaps this collage is as far as he can go at this time. His book has been banned in Russia, and it's only 53 years since the revolution.

Mr. Lask is a New York Times book reviewer.

## CROSSWORD

By W.

- ACROSS
- 1 Organic compound
- 5 Béchamel, for one

- 49 Double helix
- 50 Most positive
- 54 Defame
- 60 City in Bengal
- 61 Norwegian

22







# Carmichael Cools His Militance In Talk at Technical Institute

By Ivan C. Brandon  
Washington Post Staff Writer

Stokely Carmichael, militant former head of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, returned to Washington yesterday not with the fierce rhetoric that made him famous but instead with soft, slow words.

"I'm a teacher. I got a degree from Howard University and I'm not ashamed of it. I'm here to teach you," Carmichael told a group of 300 students at the Washington Technical Institute.

Carmichael, 28, urged the students to "learn everything you can because you got to take it back to help your brothers and sisters."

There was no call to immediate revolution that used to be the main theme of a Carmichael presentation. Now he says "it may be another 400 years before the revolution



STOKELY CARMICHAEL

... 'I'm a teacher'

comes but we all have to do our part."

Carmichael read often from

a book of the writings and speeches of Malcolm X, quoting him especially on what he felt was a need for blacks to acquire land, and equating land with power. The place to acquire land, he said, is Africa.

Carmichael left the U.S. more than two years ago and now, except for brief visits here lives in Guinea. He has been studying, he says with former Ghanaian leader Kwame Nkrumah.

He is no longer a member of SNCC or the Black Panther party and says that organizations come and go and only the masses count."

Although he now leads no formal organization, Carmichael still attracts a huge following among younger blacks. Yesterday students called out to him and struggled to shake his hand.

See CARMICHAEL, B5, Col. 1

THE WASHINGTON POST

Saturday, March 13, 1971



# For D.C. Law Institute

By William L. Claiborne  
Washington Post Staff Writer

Frank Carlucci, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, said yesterday that the OEO has no plans to fund the Urban Law Institute "directly rather than through a university."

Earlier in the week, an OEO official had said that continued federal funding of the controversial student-lawyer public interest law firm "depends on what kind of grant application if submitted, no matter who submits it."

Carlucci's statement yesterday appeared to leave the fate of the institute in the hands of George Washington University, which for nearly three years has contracted with OEO to run the clinical law education program, with federal grants totaling more than \$1 million.

He said: "Under the program plan previously approved for the institute, direct funding would not be feasible since the institute does not provide, by itself, the neces-

sary law school cooperation and sponsorship."

Robert Kramer, dean of GWU's National Law Center, has said that "under no circumstances" would the university continue sponsorship of a program that is engaged in the active practice of law.

The ULI conceivably could associate itself with another university, but Jean Camp Cahn, the institute's director, said that other area law schools have not responded favorably to suggestions of sponsorship.

She also said that three years' work in developing new instructional techniques and drafting reforms in law education at GWU as models for schools throughout the country would be wasted if ULI switched affiliation.

Since its inception, the institute has persistently filed court challenges to government and businesses on behalf of minority groups, poor people and consumers.

Suddenly on Thursday, March 11, 1971, HAZEL E. PEAKE of 3709 Tilden St., Brentwood, Md., beloved wife of Raymond F. Peake, Sr.; mother of Patricia D. Rubin, Raymond F. Jr., Kenneth D. Sr., Melvin H. and the late Lytton E. Peake, Sr. Also survived by 22 grandchildren. Sister of Henry C. and Stanley Horan. Friends may call at the Nalley Funeral Home, 3200 Rhode Island Ave. at Eastern Ave. NE, where services will be held on Monday, March 15, at 10 a.m. Relatives and friends invited. Interment Fort Lincoln Cemetery. Friends may visit with the family on Saturday and Sunday, 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. In lieu of flowers contributions may be given to St. John's Episcopal Church Building Fund, Mt. Rainier, Md.

PEAKE, LYTTON E., SR. (BUB)

Suddenly on Thursday, March 11, 1971, LYTTON E. PEAKE, SR. (BUB), of 3709 Tilden St., Brentwood, Md., beloved father of Hazel M., Lytton E., Jr., and Richard D. Peake, son of Raymond F., Sr. and the late Hazel E. Peake; brother of Patricia D. Rubin, Raymond F., Jr., Kenneth D. Sr., and Melvin H. Peake. Friends may call at the Nalley Funeral Home, 3200 Rhode Island Ave. at Eastern Ave. NE, where services will be held on Monday, March 15, at 10 a.m. Relatives and friends invited. Interment Fort Lincoln Cemetery. Friends may visit with the family on Saturday and Sunday 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. In lieu of flowers contributions may be given to St. John's Episcopal Church Building Fund, Mt. Rainier, Md.

PROCTOR, WILLIAM B.

On Thursday, March 11, 1971, at Prince Georges General Hospital, WILLIAM B. PROCTOR, beloved father of William S. Proctor, devoted brother of Mrs. Gertrude V. Harley, Mrs. Irene Sheppard, Mrs. Thelma M. Watson, Herbert F., George B., Hannibal F., and Ralph G. Proctor. He is also survived by two grandchildren, many other relatives and friends. The late Mr. Proctor may be viewed at The Stewart Funeral Home, 4001 Benning Rd., N.E., after 12 noon Sunday, where the rosary will be recited at 7:30 p.m. Mass will be offered Monday, March 15, at the Church of The Incarnation, 880 Eastern Ave., N.E., at 10 a.m. Interment Mt. Rainier Cemetery.





## A l'école des jeunes sourds-muets

Faits et



120 él

« Qu'importe la surdité de  
entend. La seule surdité, la  
c'est celle de l'intelligence

Pour les  
l'Ecole de  
boulevard  
tifiée  
par

# L'affaire des otages du FLO

AFRIQUE

LES LIVRAISONS D'ARMES

ACCIDENTALES A PRETORIA

**NOUVELLE ETAPE**

**EN DE L'O.U.A.**

*is ne modifierait  
on attitude*

le président  
des deux  
ou qui le  
Selon  
ation  
qui





Che-Leichnam, Betrachter: „Wir wollen kein Blutvergießen“

...ute regierenden Gustaf VI. Adolf, sollte im ersten jüdisch-arabischen Waffengang um Palästina schlichten. Im September 1948 wurde er in der Jerusalemer Altstadt erschossen.

Die Israelis konnten die Mörder offiziell nie finden. Jetzt, nach Ablauf der israelischen Verjährungsfrist, präsentiert sich der Journalist Nadel als Mittäter. Er habe den Anschlag geplant. Ausgeführt worden sei er von vier Mann der radikalen „Stern“-Gruppe, die zuvor auf das Liquidieren von Offizieren der Palästina-Mandatsmacht England spezialisiert war.

Baruch Nadels Beichtbuch kam bereits vor zwei Jahren in Israel auf Hebräisch heraus, fand indes kaum Käufer. Erst jetzt geriet es in Dänemark zur Sensation.

Zwar liefert der Kopenhagener Verlag Branner & Korch die dänische Ausgabe erst Anfang November aus. Aber die dänische Übersetzerin, Hanne Kaufmann, resümierte den Inhalt in der zweiten September-Woche auf einer Pressekonferenz.

Dänemarks KZ-Überlebende, die von Yke Bernadotte 1945 in Neuengamme Freßpaketen aufgepäppelt und mit



Attentat-Ploner Nadel, Nadel-Buch  
So dumm...

ändern, votierte für die Internationalisierung Jerusalems. Kurz: Er habe die proarabische Politik der Briten gefördert.

Diesen Steckbrief erließ Nadel bereits 1948 nach der Lektüre von Dokumenten über Bernadottes Aktivitäten. Britische Geheimagenten, so sagt er heute, hätten sie ihm zugespielt und damit das Attentat bestellt: Bernadottes Ermordung sollte die Welt gegen Israel aufputschen, um die arabisch-freundliche Politik der Briten zu erleichtern.

Gegen Nadels Behauptung, der Schwede sei Antisemit gewesen, erhob Stockholms Mosaische Gemeinde prompt Protest, ebenso Direktor Gil Storch, der den Jüdischen Weltkongress und das Jüdische Rettungskomitee





Revolutionär Guevara, Kameraden: „Durch die Guerilla zum neuen Menschen“







## THE PERFECT YEAR

It was not a perfect year.  
 But has there ever been a perfect year?  
 Has there ever been a year  
 When all the love and health and fame  
 We wished for one another  
 Ever came to pass?

Yes, despite the disappointments  
 Of these, our complex lives,  
 We learn to make do  
     make better  
     make believe  
 That better days will come.

And if we do continue to believe  
 Who is to say  
 The perfect year  
 Will not yet be here?



# HAIRDOS LONG OR SHORT



HAIRSTYLES BY ALAN LEWIS



...of a cock, guests will  
be served specially prepared  
plates of food, with tubes of  
sperm offered as a condiment for  
the dessert. On the following  
night the same scene in various  
states of disintegration will be  
shown, plus a ritual slaughter of  
the "corpse" to complete the cel-  
ebration.

I might be jocular and tend to  
kind of pick out the more sensa-  
tional elements, but talking to  
Bayrak—I should make perfectly  
clear that this Turk doesn't smile  
much—convinced me that he has  
thought all of his work through  
and can explain just what he is  
about. And remember there's a  
tradition of this kind of art—back  
in 1964, Robert Delford Brown  
did "Meat Show"; then there's  
Ralph Ortiz and his chickens,  
Herman Nitsch and his Orgy

## CRAFTIQUE

302 E. 52nd St.  
688-1570  
11 am - 7 pm

Needlepoint  
Fine Jewelry  
Crochet  
Macrame  
Leather  
Pottery  
Classes  
Etc.

## UNPAINTED



Bookcase  
Chairs  
Cabinets  
Tables

In  
WORK

because they were effec-  
tious or ineffective? Or is a doctor  
likely to teach the fact that 29,000  
people died last year from  
"good" drugs—that is, drugs  
prescribed by a doctor?

Perhaps doctors should be  
required to include career au-  
topsies, like those obtained in  
obituary columns, to really edu-  
cate everyone, including young-  
sters, about the pathology of our  
current health system. Here is a  
sample from a New York Times  
obituary of a distinguished  
Columbia medical professor who  
had won every honor of his pro-  
fession, which I happened upon  
on the day of this writing: "He  
became head of the division of  
pharmacology in the Institute for  
Medical Research established  
that summer in New Brunswick,  
New Jersey, by E. R. Squibb and  
Sons, drug manufacturers, simul-  
taneously holding an honorary  
professorship at Rutgers Univer-  
sity. He served as a member of  
the graduate faculty and re-  
search consultant in its bureau of  
biological research."

How does the doctor think E.  
R. Squibb would react if  
breaking the drug habit spread  
beyond "bad" ones and over into  
"good" ones? Or how would drug  
manufacturers feel about losing  
the \$2,078,000 in profits from bar-  
biturates and \$4,658,000 profits  
from tranquilizers (1967 sales fig-  
ures)—to say nothing of their  
views on the \$10 billion profits  
from hard liquor and the \$9.735  
billion from beer and wine?

It's true that drug manufac-



**MEA**

FLIGHT

**ME 303**

FLIGHT

**ME 303**

**BOARDING PASS**

**TOURIST  
CLASS**

SEAT



RACHID KAHIA TANI  
SPORTS - LOISIRS - ANTENNE SOCIALE

SN REPAL BP 50

HASSI MESSAOUD



N° SIEGE/SEAT N°

N° VOL/FLIGHT N°

بطاقة الاجتياز الى الطائرة

CARTE D'ACCES A BORD  
BOARDING PASS

**AIR ALGÉRIE**

